

**CROSBY,
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ROLLING STONE

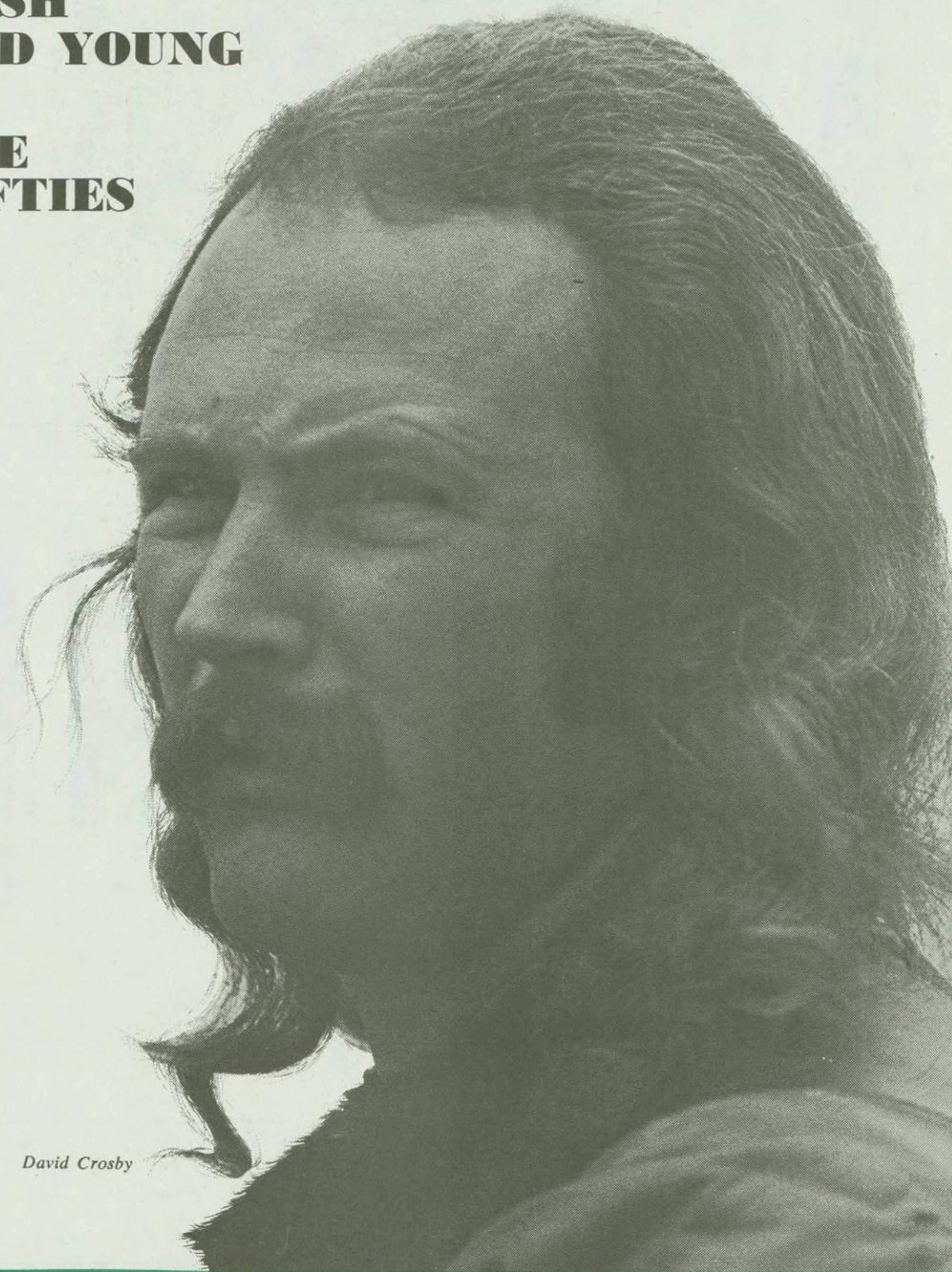
ACME

OCTOBER 18, 1969

No. 44

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**THE
FIFTIES**



David Crosby



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

ROCK AND ROLL REVIVAL SURPRISE: JOHN & YOKO

BY MELINDA McCracken

TORONTO—Rock and roll history was celebrated in a college football stadium here September 13th by such oldie-but-goodies as Gene Vincent, Little Richard, Bo Diddley, and Jerry Lee Lewis. And a bit of rock and roll history was made the same day with the first public appearance of the Plastic Ono Band, with John Lennon performing in concert for the first time in four years.

The Lennons flew into Toronto from England with their hastily-assembled band—Eric Clapton, guitar; Klaus Voorman, bass; and Alan White, drums. Their limousine crept through the backstage area at Varsity Stadium, site of the Rock n' Roll Revival, while Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys were on. While

flashbulbs popped and kids scrambled over fences, the car, protected by police, went straight to the locker rooms being used as a performers' dressing area. They stayed there until performance time.

Revival MC Kim Fowley asked the audience of 20,000 to light matches when he confirmed day-long rumors and announced the arrival of the Plastic Ono Band on stage. The stadium was soon bright with the lights of thousands of little flames.

Wearing a white tropical suit and a black T-shirt, Lennon greeted the crowd: "We're going to do numbers we know, 'cause we never played together before." The first was a bow to rock and roll revival, the Carl Perkins tune, "Blue Suede Shoes." Then it was "Money,"

"Dizzy Miss Lizzy," "Yer Blues," and a new Lennon-McCartney composition, "Cold Turkey." While John sang, Yoko crawled into and out of a white sack, sometimes screaming a chorus of non-harmony. Lennon moved around the stage as if he were just discovering it again. But the famous voice came through his full beard with the same tone and force as always.

After "Cold Turkey," Lennon told the stunned quiet audience, "This is what we really came here for. I think I know the verses if you know the chorus." The crowd slowly came alive for the "Give Peace a Chance" singalong, while Yoko flashed the two-digit peace sign with both hands.

Then a surprise, as John left the stage

to his artist wife with a short introduction: "Now Yoko is going to do her thing—all over you." All music stopped, as Yoko began singing in a high, eerie voice. The words, screamed in slow-motion, were "Don't worry; don't worry, John. Let's hope for peace." Her singing, which lasted for about ten minutes, sounded like the *cri du coeur* of a woman in intense anxiety.

The rest of the Plastic Ono Band used their instruments to produce feedback on the amps, as apparent sound effects, behind her siren-like soliloquy. John thoughtfully studied his guitar, put it down, producing a bassy hum, walked around the stage with his arms folded behind him, twiddled his fingers, and

—Continued on Page 6

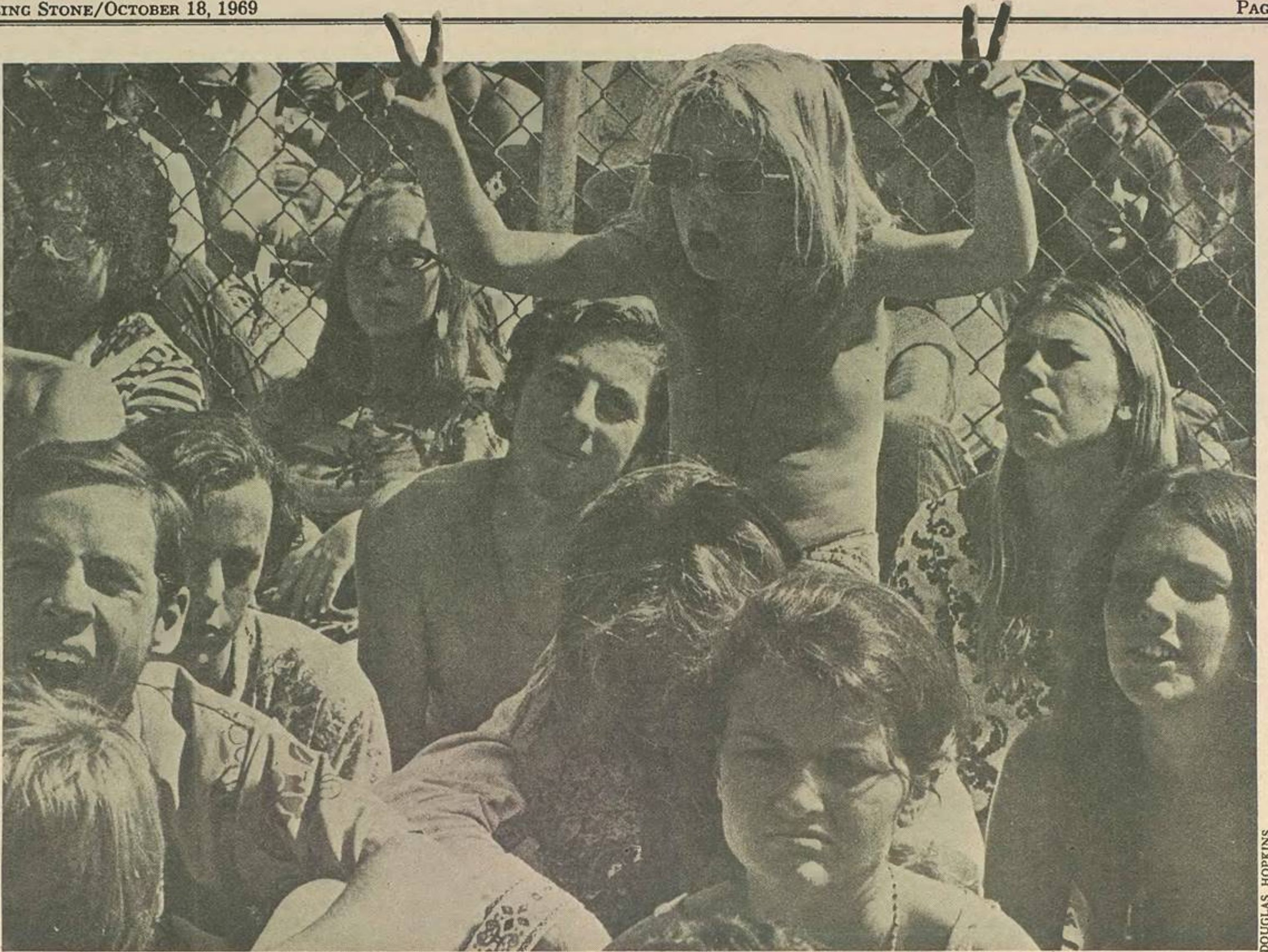
HEAVY AND HORNY



RHINOCEROS comes thundering with *Satin Chickens*. But don't let the title fool you. There's nothing fowl about it. Their latest album on



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"Captain Milkshake"

DOUGLAS HOPKINS

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

It was good to read Jim Morrison's kind words about my book *Only Lovers Left Alive* (Issue No. 38, July 26th). Lovers are, I am, but the book isn't—it's out of print in the States, though still available in Pan paperbacks in the U.K. and Canada. The hardback by Dutton might be available to anyone who thinks it worth 1 1/2 dozen beers.

I've long since spent all the money *Only L.L.A.* brought me on travel, booze and freedom from servitude, and am now back teaching in a junior high here near an Indian Reservation. It is near the perfectly-named Lesser Slave Lake.

I'd like to hear from anyone else who likes the novel if they have time to write. It was gratifying to think young artists still find it readable. I wrote it in '61-'62, and it was published in '64 and I am now 52 and as broke as I was at 22. Oh well.

DAVE WALLIS
BOX 351, LAC LA BICHE
ALBERTA, CANADA

SIRS:

How come you people are too damn lazy to answer questions? Learn to respond. Now answer Saul Davis' questions! Where the hell are the Rolling Stones? Where the hell is Mick's *Performance* flick? Where the hell is the Stones album? Where the hell is the Stones world tour? Where the hell is the Stones world TV special? Where the hell are the Rolling Stones? MICK NUNO

SAN FRANCISCO

The Rolling Stones are in London, and expected to arrive in Los Angeles in mid-October to rehearse for a U.S. tour sometime in November, which will be followed by dates in England and around the world, if they can keep it together that long. One Plus One, featuring a scene of them recording "Sympathy for the Devil," was shown at Cannes; *Performance*, in which Mick takes a leading role, will be released by Warner Brothers-Seven Arts next year. Mick is currently playing the lead part in Ned Kelley, a film being made in Australia.

Their television special, *The Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus*, is com-

pleted and is a fantastic show. However, it features Brian Jones, who was in the group at the time, and is being held from release partially because of that and partially because of Mick's desire to re-shoot several scenes. It should be released as it is, being a great fucking film.

SIRS:

One comment on Ralph J. Gleason's *Perspectives: Festival Paranoia*: right on! ROSS PLAMBECK
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Bullshit. Bullshit. Bullshit. I have read drivel before, but very little to compare with Ralph Gleason's assault on the processes of reason in the September 6th *ROLLING STONE*.

I'm certainly not in sympathy with the assholes who destroyed the Wild West Festival, but anyone who really believes "rock music in America has been the single most potent social force for change" ought to have his head examined.

What change? Rock music hasn't stopped the slaughter in Vietnam. It hasn't made the pigs any nicer. It hasn't stopped any racism or war or poverty that I know of. It has made some corporations a lot of bread. On the plus side, about all it has done is make pop music a lot more fun and a great deal easier to listen to—and, everything else considered, what else can it do?

Rock has a part in the revolution (as groups like the Airplane now realize—listen to some of their new songs), but to say it is the revolution is to say there is no revolution. Rock is nothing more and nothing less than the major art form of the new youth culture. It is not the revolution and by itself it can do nothing to stop all the shit that's going down these days. That will be up to those people whom Gleason despises and fears precisely because they are what really make a revolution—the politicians.

JEROME CLARK
MOOREHEAD, MINN.

SIRS:

Last night I went to the Fillmore East

assuming I'd hear a full set by B. B. King as advertised. Instead, after a couple of numbers, King announced that the set was being taped for a live-performance "jam session" album and brought out six or eight jazz horn players. From that point on (till I left) King played mostly rhythm guitar behind an endless series of jazz horn breaks, many of them lame.

People were yelling for him to turn off the tapes and do his stuff or jam with Albert King (who had played a fine set earlier). This shook him up because he had a pre-planned patter he was trying to lay down for the tape. Finally he said, "If you turn off the tapes you turn off B. B. King—do you want me to go?" There was a chorus of no's so the set went on.

Between numbers people were still shouting for blues, ruining his patter (based on the fiction that a week of jam sessions was going on). His response was a sarcastic, "Thanks a lot." On one number he promised to sing and got a big cheer. He turned to the band and said, "Let's get something going in B flat"—it was the same jazz breaks; he didn't sing.

Now, maybe some jazz buffs got a pleasant surprise out of all this, and maybe I've got limited tastes—but the point is I paid \$5.50 to hear blues, not to hear jazz—and certainly not to sit around and be nice while ABC Records tries out a new gimmick for hyping B. B. King. If Bill Graham is going to participate in a deal like this he should have the honesty to advertise it as such—he didn't.

BILL HENDERSON
NEW YORK

SIRS:

I occasionally read that some of your readers are disgruntled at the fact that you give wide coverage to the name groups and somehow imply that they can do no wrong. I don't know about the rest of your readers but I happen to like the Beatles, Bob Dylan, and especially the Rolling Stones. Your coverage of their activities is primarily the reason I subscribe to your paper. Sure, they occasionally put out shit. We're all but

mere mortals. But the instant you drop your interest in them and concentrate on worthless pieces of shit like the MC5 and others, hell with *ROLLING STONE*. I want to read about the professionals and up and coming groups with talent and not the money hungry fuckheads who are running a good thing in the ground with their pure showbiz shit and sensationalism.

HARRY VARGAS
SAN ANTONIO

SIRS:

I was pleased indeed to see your article on Rockin' Ronnie Hawkins and his old Hawks (now the Band). You picked an unknown great who had something to say and a humorist. In reviewing Ronnie's first two albums on Roulette, however, you got right messed up and flaked out!

Whilst Levon Helm did play on both albums, Robbie Robertson on the second, it was Ronnie's fifth album, *The Best of Ronnie Hawkins* (Roulette 25255), and only this album, that had the entire band of Hawks as they line up today. May I suggest this is reviewed post haste! The other album you would have been wiser to cover is titled *Mojoman* (Roulette 25390) which contains the first two sides recorded and released by the present Band, cut in '63 with Levon Helm vocals, great tracks too.

At this time, the Hawks really were a fantastic combo. I'll camel walk for a week if they ever equal their brilliant version of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love" or Ronnie's cousin Dale Hawkins' version of "Susie Q," with Ronnie on rockin' vocal gymnastics leading his second-to-best Hawks! WILD LITTLE WILLIE SANDERSTEAD, SURREY ENGLAND

SIRS:

Regarding the article about Woodstock (Issue No. 42, September 20th) and the section about Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: Steve Stills is not from Canada. He's from somewhere in the southern U.S. Neil Young is from Canada. As an old Buffalo Springfield teenybopper, I should know.

NORA KELLY
DOWNEY, CALIF.

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ROLLING STONE is published by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Main editorial and business offices are located at the same address. Telephone (415) KLondike 2-2970.

NEW YORK: 377 Park Avenue South.
 Telephone (212) 684-1510.

LONDON: 19 Hanover Square. Telephone 01-629-5856.

ROLLING STONE does not assume any responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs.

Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional entry office. Published bi-weekly in San Francisco.

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For information regarding retail and

wholesale distribution (not subscription), please contact: Acme News Company, 140 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011, (212) 691-8550.

This edition printed on September 24th for newsstand sales until October 18th.



The watchtower: In Kansas, marijuana plants are still plentiful, and there are maps available to lead you straight to the wildest, most remote fields. Since it hasn't been declared a noxious weed, it's not a crime to let the good grass grow—only to harvest it (possession). But beware. It seems that the law is just as ubiquitous as the cannabis. The KBI (that's the Kansas Bureau of Investigation) is watching an average of four fields a day in different parts of the state, according to Sheriff Charles Heidebrecht. And the narcs are patient. Late last month, they busted two Illinois TV engineers leaving a patch south of Medora with a map and yessir, yessir, two bags full. The lawmen had been watching for something like four hours before spotting the harvesters. So again: beware.

The name game: Dino Valente and Gary Duncan's still-evolving band is called "The Outlaws." Miffed at not being invited, Valente broke it up, nonetheless, at the Sky River festival and fair and got ovations and encores, the whole trip... More juice from the Moby Grapevine: The band has given up its long-fought-over name and decided to start anew as The Rhythm Dukes. Honest. The lineup reads Jerry Miller, lead guitar; Don Stevenson, rhythm guitar (moving over from drums); John Oxendine (once a Son of Champlin), drums; John Barrett, bass. Peter Lewis and Bob Mosley just sort of disappeared into Southern California. Then, about two weeks ago, word got out that they're planning to re-surface with a new band. The name: Moby Grape. Stay tuned. There's bound to be more to come... Among the hundreds of record companies listed in Billboard's 1969-1970 Buyer's Guide, just released, are dandies like Elbejay, Ha-Ha, Stoned, Lucky Leprechaun, Gun, Varmint, Zip Code, Mace, and those two old standbys, Sound of Money and Hype... And speaking of names, the promotion arm of Canned Heat's Boogie Productions is called Make Me A Star Publicity...

Ginger Baker and Steve Winwood had their spats during Blind Faith's debut tour around the States (Steve likes quieter, more lyrical tunes; Ginger is a drummer). And the band was unhappy through at least the first half of its six-week, 24-gig tour, learning, the rough way, that the concept of big auditoriums meant generally poorer sound systems, not to mention the chagrin of rock fans who don't like their music presented in a circus/football atmosphere at outrageous prices. But the rumors about the band breaking up, with Ginger being replaced by Jim Capaldi, are little more than blind talk. Next are solo LPs by Winwood, Clapton, and possibly Baker. Winwood's is to meet a contractual promise with United Artists, part of the deal letting him move from UA to Atlantic. He'll be helped by Capaldi on the record. Clapton will cut an LP in Los Angeles, with Bonnie's Delaney being producer. And Clapton, on another front, has followed the lead of Tiny Tim, having announced his engagement to the youngest daughter of Lord Harlech, Alice Ormsby-Gore. The swinging Miss O-G, like Tiny's future missus, is 17.

Bill Graham and the Fillmore West are staying in San Francisco. Sort of. Seems that the construction designers for Howard Johnson, the hotel-ice cream chain buying the Fillmore property, made an error in their placement of subterranean girders. They would have gotten in the way of a new subway tunnel system now being built in the city. So demolition of the site has been delayed by some six months past the origi-

Random Notes



SATTY

nal December 31st date. Graham, who announced his plans to forget the San Francisco ballroom scene last month in an emotional burst of obscenities and tears at the Family Dog, now says he'll "probably stay on" as long as the Fillmore West stands up. "But," he says, "one thing for sure: We would never relocate in San Francisco."

Right. But it wasn't long after his announcement—it was three days, in fact—that Graham said he would keep his Millard Agency here, and he'd maintain his Pacific Heights digs here, and... well, maybe he'd stay. (He's been on radio twice these past weeks discussing his scene.) Maybe what we have here is, rather than the Sol Hurok of Rock and Roll, the Ted Kennedy of San Francisco.

The Fillmores, by the way, are into audition, jam, and sports nights again. For the West room, it's the second cycle of Tuesday night "Sounds of the City," with one-buck admissions for 7 PM basketball game, three new bands, and a midnight jam of unpredictable quality and quantity. Last year's auditions produced such acts as Aum, Cold Blood, Sanpaku, and the Elvin Bishop Group.

Fillmore East's audition nights begin October 8; groups interested in performing should call Mark Spector there. The San Francisco spots are booked up through March already; no one need call there before November 1st, in fact...

Pope music: The Roman Catholic archdiocese of Seattle, in a two-page newspaper ad, has called for criminal prosecution to put a stop to rock festivals and their "drug-sex-rock-squalor culture." The ad, run in the Sunday (September 14th) Seattle Post-Intelligencer, was complete with photos from the Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter than Air Fair showing nudity, narcotics use, and other no-nos, with some specific no-nos blacked out, scandal magazine-style.

"We know the photographs will shock the sensitivities of many of our good readers," the ad acknowledged. "This we deeply regret. But we hope and pray that these people will understand that there is a growing number of parents who, either through neglect or lack of available information are simply not aware of what rock festivals are all about." What it's all about, readers are told, is that the drug-sex-etc. culture "now per-

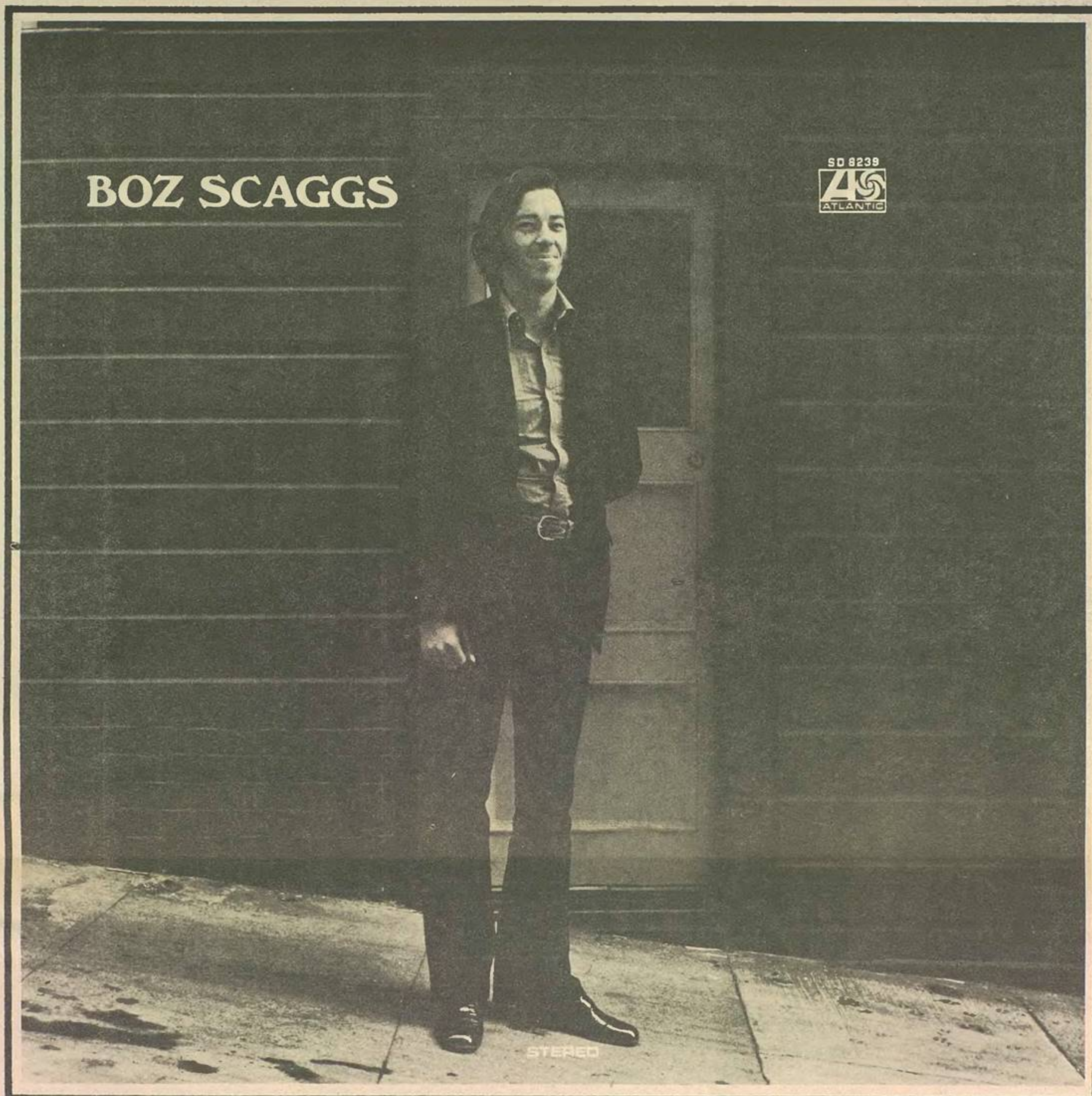
meates colleges and high schools" and that the law should stop it. First step would be to bust people photographed ingesting dope, showing their toy-toys and boobies, etc. Hell. What it's about is that pop festivals are like Decency rallies. Only at Tenino there was no violence, and Decency in Baltimore scored seven stabbings, 38 hospital visitors and at least a hundred injured in all...

A man named Sue: Matthew Katz, the once-upon-a-time manager of Jefferson Airplane who divides his time between putting out records called "The San Francisco Sound" and suing people actually involved with the city's rock scene (Moby Grape, Airplane, Graham, It's a Beautiful Day), is contemplating legal action against Ralph J. Gleason. The reason: Gleason's book on the SF rock scene is called *The Jefferson Airplane and the San Francisco Sound*. Katz says he has a copyright on "San Francisco Sound."

It's become some sort of a tradition now that radio stations go loony when a Beatles LP is about to be released. Every station claims to have it first, their claims lead to injunctions from Capitol/Apple, and for what, really? But just so you'll know, the first to get *Abbey Road* (latest release date was September 26th or October 1st) was the Drake-Chenault radio programming firm in Hollywood. People there were slipped one LP and got tapes out to the Drake stations (KHJ in LA; KFRC in San Francisco, KGB, San Diego and CKLW, Detroit among them) for airing by September 13th. KYA in SF got a tape of "Something," "from an illegitimate source in Florida," aired it September 10th and got slapped with an injunction by Capitol. The next round begins early next January. That is when the *Get Back* LP, previously scheduled for a Christmas release, is due.

Weird things are happening at The Session, a club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. Well, weird things have been going on there for about a year now, since the club was taken over by Pat Collins, the sultry "Hip Hypnotist." For years, one of her favorite bits was to put volunteers from the audience into a trance and have them do impressions, dance, sing bawdy songs, act drunk—all the things they'd do anyway, hypnotized or not. Used to be when she ordered, "Act like you're stoned," the platoon of volunteers would twist their mouths, stagger around, and smell bad. Couple of weeks ago, Miss Collins told her eight hypnotees, "You're stoned," and all of them went into a dope/trip/freakout thing—all except this one chick who made like she was rolling a number!

Erotica rears its beautiful head again. A breathtaking single, "Je T'Aime... Moi Non Plus," is riding high on the charts in England, France, Holland, Italy and Germany—and without any airplay. Why it isn't on the air is why it's selling so well: The performers, model Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg, simulate a balling session over music reminiscent of Paul Mauriat. But it's the heavy breathing and the heavier "lyrics" that are curling Establishment hairs. The breathing you can guess. The words? Well, at one point, Jane whispers, "You are the wave, I am naked before you; You go, you go, and you come between my loins." Serge keeps repeating "je me retiens," or "I hold myself back," until the record's climax, when Jane goes, "No! Now, come." It's being released, in an English translation, in the States on Fontana. And so to bed-rock.

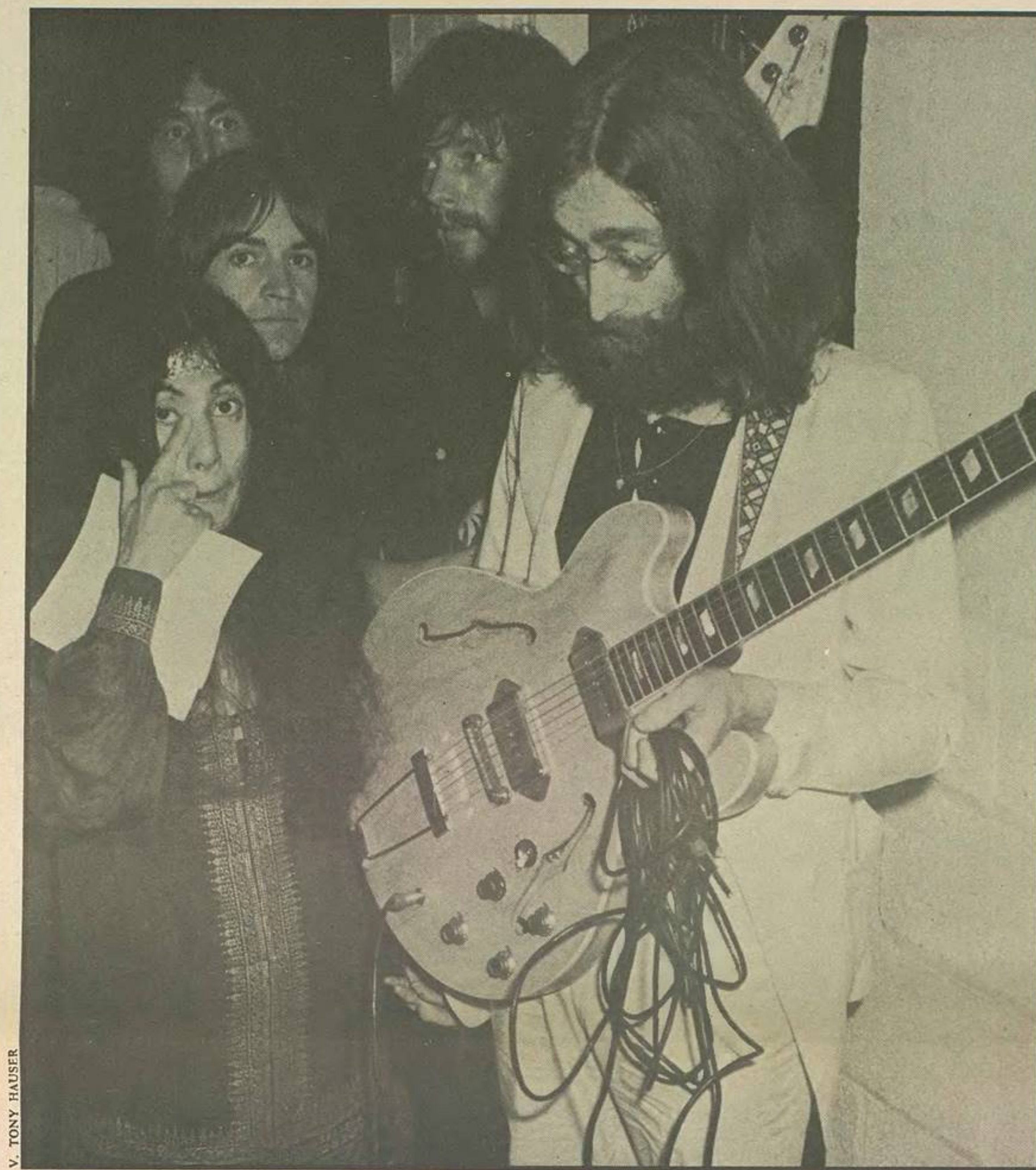


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V. TONY HAUSER

A nervous pair, Yoko and John, wait to go on stage

Continued from Page One

smoothed his moustache. As the droning of the amps grew louder, boos began to drift towards the stage from various sectors of the crowd. Suddenly, the pair disappeared. Photographers scrambled around the vacated stage, photographing whatever remained of the blitz.

At a short press conference in the barren locker room, Yoko dismissed the booing. "We are interested in exploring new sounds," she said. "You don't expect something new to be accepted overnight." John's hair was stringy and damp around the edges. He looked hot, weary, like a hothouse flower. When people rushed after them, trying to find out where they were staying, Lennon said wearily they were going to bed, and they slipped away into a little room guarded by police.

* * *

The rest of the one-day Revival was a seemingly haphazard potpourri of old-timers, relative newcomers, and weirdos. Bo Diddley, his chunka-chunka guitar and chunky-chunky body both in fine shape, kept yelling, "Live it like you feel it," fell to his knees, and got the day started right. Chicago Transit Authority earned respectful rounds of applause, while swamp fox Tony Joe White took the crowd to its feet.

Jerry Lee Lewis, now steeped in country-western music, did his mid-Fifties number for the Revival, singing "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On" and jumping atop his grand piano. Chuck Berry did a string of his classics and a sing-along, "Ding-a-Ling." Berry was at his leering, strutting best.

Doug Kershaw, sprung out of nonentity on the Johnny Cash show this fall, served up his sweet Cajun fiddle music and got out one group of youngsters doing square dances. Lord Sutch from England followed, screaming old tunes over the blues backing of Whiskey Howl, and Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys

did their usual tight set, including "Along Came Jones."

Probably the wildest part of the day was Alice Cooper's freaked out performance. They sang a tribute to Myra Breckinridge, Alice Cooper (who is male) singing "Nobody Likes Me"; his side-men singing, "We do! We do!" A kid dressed up as Super Freak, wearing a Canadian flag as a cape, handed Alice a carved-out watermelon. Alice hammered it into little bits. The drummer in goggles threw away his sticks and climbed up on top of the speakers, then got into a fight with Alice.

Their music was a background to their act. Then they used a red cross flag for a bullfighter's cape, let off a whole bag of feathers with a blower and released two live pigeons. Alice threw a live chicken into the audience, they threw a huge wobbly penis-pink balloon into the crowd and Alice ended the act shooting off a flare gun.

Gene Vincent, accompanied by a troupe of bikers, came on in black leather pants. He tired out fast, puffing and panting before his set was over. Little Richard, out of the same era, was another story entirely. While his new group sports beautiful Afro naturals, Richard maintains his enormous pompadour—and his gusto. Dressed in silver lame pants, silver boots, and a mirrored top, he pounded his piano for awhile, got on top of it and sang "Tutti Frutti"—three times. He'd say "Thank ya! Want more?" and sing it again.

The Plastic Ono Band was next, followed by the headline act, the Doors. They, understandably, were almost anticlimactic. People were getting tired and the Doors looked past the peak. Jim Morrison's hair was cut short, he wore faded blue denim, and he looked as down as the Doors' most morbid songs. Still, his dramatic voice came across pure and clean and "The End" was a supremely fitting climax for the set and for the event.

Lennon on Toronto: 'Bloody Marvelous'

BY RITCHIE YORKE

LONDON—John Lennon and Yoko Ono were beaming when they arrived at their plush white office in Apple's Savile Row headquarters in London on Tuesday afternoon. They had spent the previous day resting after returning from the hectic and historic 36-hour visit to Toronto for the weekend's Rock 'n' Roll Revival. It was Lennon's first public, pre-announced appearance in four years.

Lennon ordered a lunch of apples, oranges, toast and tea before gleefully recalling his weekend in Canada. "It gave me a great feeling; a feeling I haven't had for a long time. It convinced me to do more appearances, either with or without the rest of the Beatles. Everything went down so well.

"We only had time to run through the numbers on the plane coming over, but the band was so funky I couldn't believe it. We did all the old things like 'Blue Suede Shoes.' Things from the Cavern days in Liverpool. Gene Vincent was standing on the side of the stage crying when we did our number. Backstage he came up to me and whispered: 'John, remember Hamburg. Remember all that scene.'"

"The ridiculous thing was that I didn't know any of the lyrics," continued John. "When we did 'Money' and 'Dizzy,' I just made up the words as I went along. The band was bashing it out like hell behind me. Yoko came up on stage with us, but she wasn't going to do her bit until we'd done our five songs. Then after 'Money' there was a stop, and I turned to Eric and said, 'What's next?' He just shrugged, so I screamed out 'C'Mon' and started into something else.

"We did 'Yer Blues' because I've done that with Eric before. It blew our minds. Meanwhile, Yoko had whipped off stage

to get some lyrics out of her white bag. Then we went into 'Give Peace a Chance' which was just unbelievable. I was making up the words as we went along, I didn't have a clue. After that, we just wandered off to the back of the stage, and we lit up and let go.

"Yoko's first number had a bit of rhythm [Yoko laughed, 'It was a bit of rock'] but the second was completely freaky. It was the sort of thing she did at Cambridge '69 but it was more like Toronto 1984.

"Yoko just stopped when she'd had enough, walked off and we left all the amps on, going like the clappers. Wow-ow-ow. It went on for another five minutes, just flat. Then Mal Evans [the Beatles' road manager] went out and turned them off.

"All the people were singing 'Give Peace a Chance' and it was fantastic. I didn't know anything about that booing bit [the Toronto press had reported that Yoko was nearly booed off the stage]. Mal said there were 15 or 20 people booing in a corner, but we didn't even know.

"It was bloody marvelous. The Doors took another hour to come on. They weren't going on after that, so they waited 60 minutes before going out." Added Yoko: "It was one of those things where nobody could come on afterwards."

Yoko's set seemed to go over the heads of some members of the audience. According to the Revival promoter, John Brower, "It was clear what was going down. Firstly John did 'Blue Suede Shoes,' then 'Money,' 'Dizzy,' 'Yer Blues,' 'Cold Turkey' (an original), 'Give Peace a Chance,' and then two un-named numbers by Yoko. It was simply a chronological progression of music and I don't think too many people were ready for it."

John and Yoko's Toronto visit was, in fact, on official invitation from Canada's Immigration Department, which rubber-stamped a welcome to the couple into the country for the weekend. The clearance was obtained by John Brower and Ken Walker, the producers of the Revival and the earlier Toronto Pop Festival. Finally, after going through a whole network of flacks and various assistants, their invitation got through to John at his office at Apple.

His first reaction was "But we can't do that; Yoko and I sitting in the audience would be like a King and Queen number." Then the idea to perform there flashed, and Lennon leapt up from behind his desk to call George Harrison, who would help get a band together.

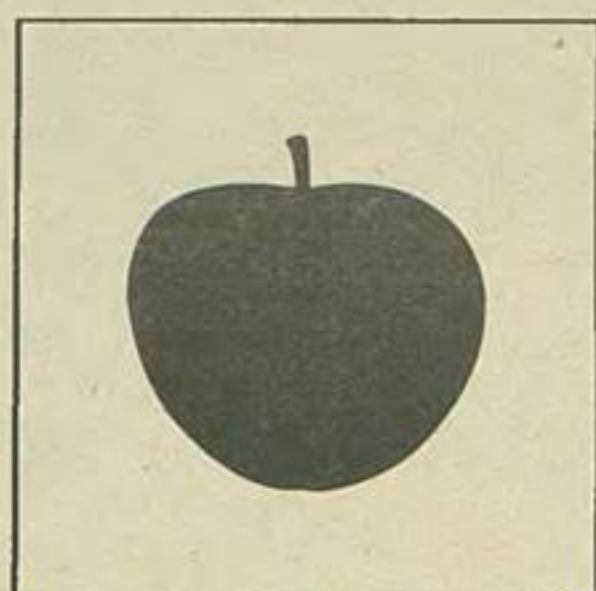
When Harrison called Eric Clapton, Lennon was becoming aware of the possibilities of playing an old-fashioned rock and roll show. He burst into the first verse of "Blue Suede Shoes," which brought a hearty cheer from the six people present and an embarrassed grin from John. "We'll go," he said, "we'll go if we can get the band together." Lennon talked to Brower about the arrangements, and then sat back to await official confirmation from the Canadian Immigration Department about his admissibility.

Through the night, Harrison and Lennon's assistant, Anthony Fawcett, worked on organizing a band.

Clapton couldn't be reached until about lunch time Saturday, and at one point, the trip was canceled. Then, at last, Clapton was found, agreed to go, and the trip was on.

John was ill most of the way across the Atlantic, the result of nerves. "My God, I haven't performed before a large audience for four years. I mean, I did the Rolling Stones' Circus film with a small audience and I did the Cambridge '69 gig, but they didn't even know I was coming. There were only 200 people there, and they only expected Yoko to arrive anyway." When news of Lennon's trip reached North America (14 hours before the Revival was to commence at 1 PM Saturday) the Detroit to Windsor auto tunnel was jammed with traffic from hip Michigan people anxious to see Lennon perform.

There was no doubt later that Lennon had really enjoyed himself. "We took our cameraman with us, and our business manager, Allan Klein, flew up and made a few quick deals. I understand there's going to be a film of the Revival, done by Richard Pennebaker, who did Dylan's *Don't Look Back*. The whole thing was just fantastic, I'm really glad we went. And because of it, we're going to be doing more things like it soon. You get such a great feeling from a gig like that."

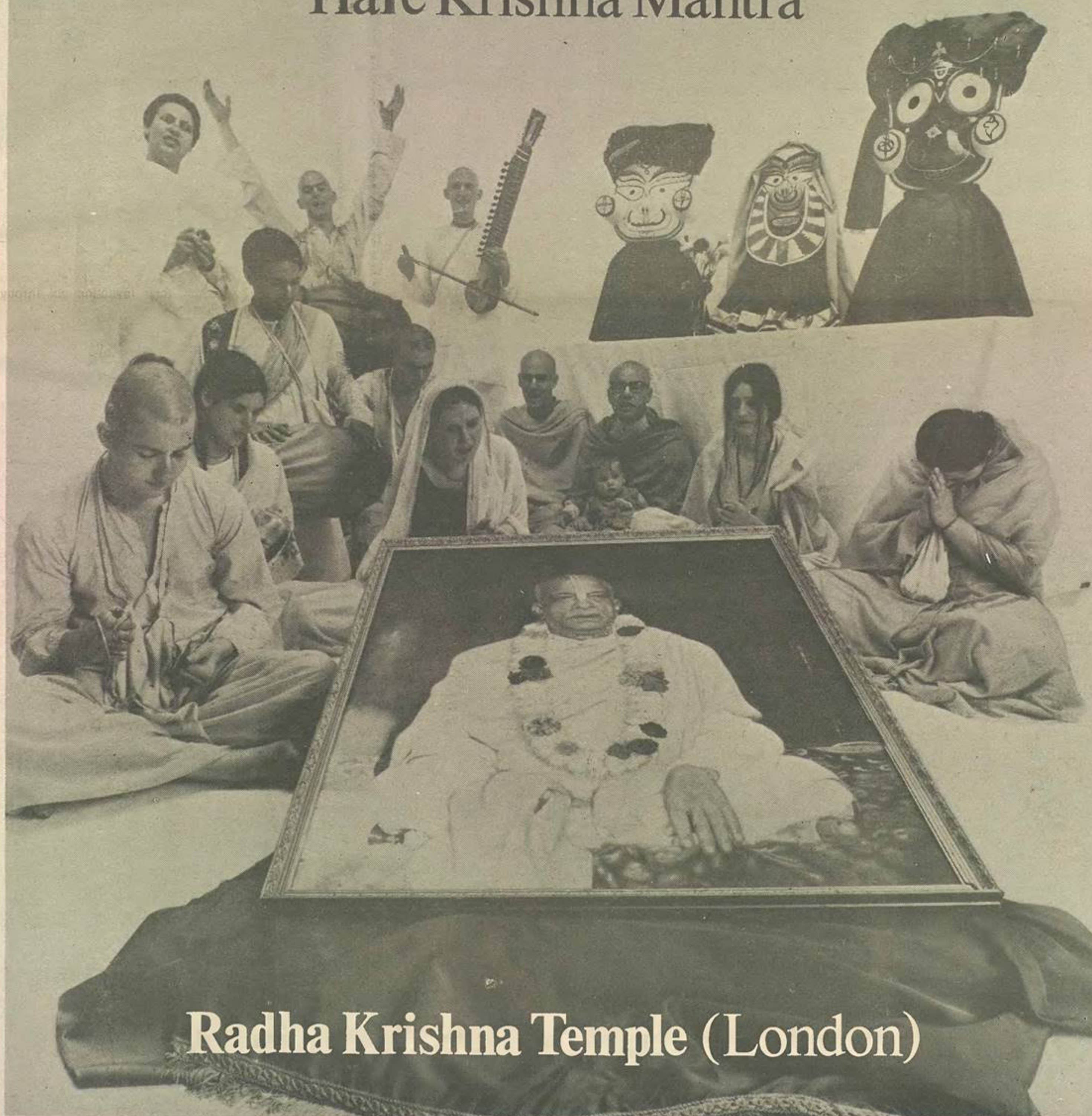


Apple

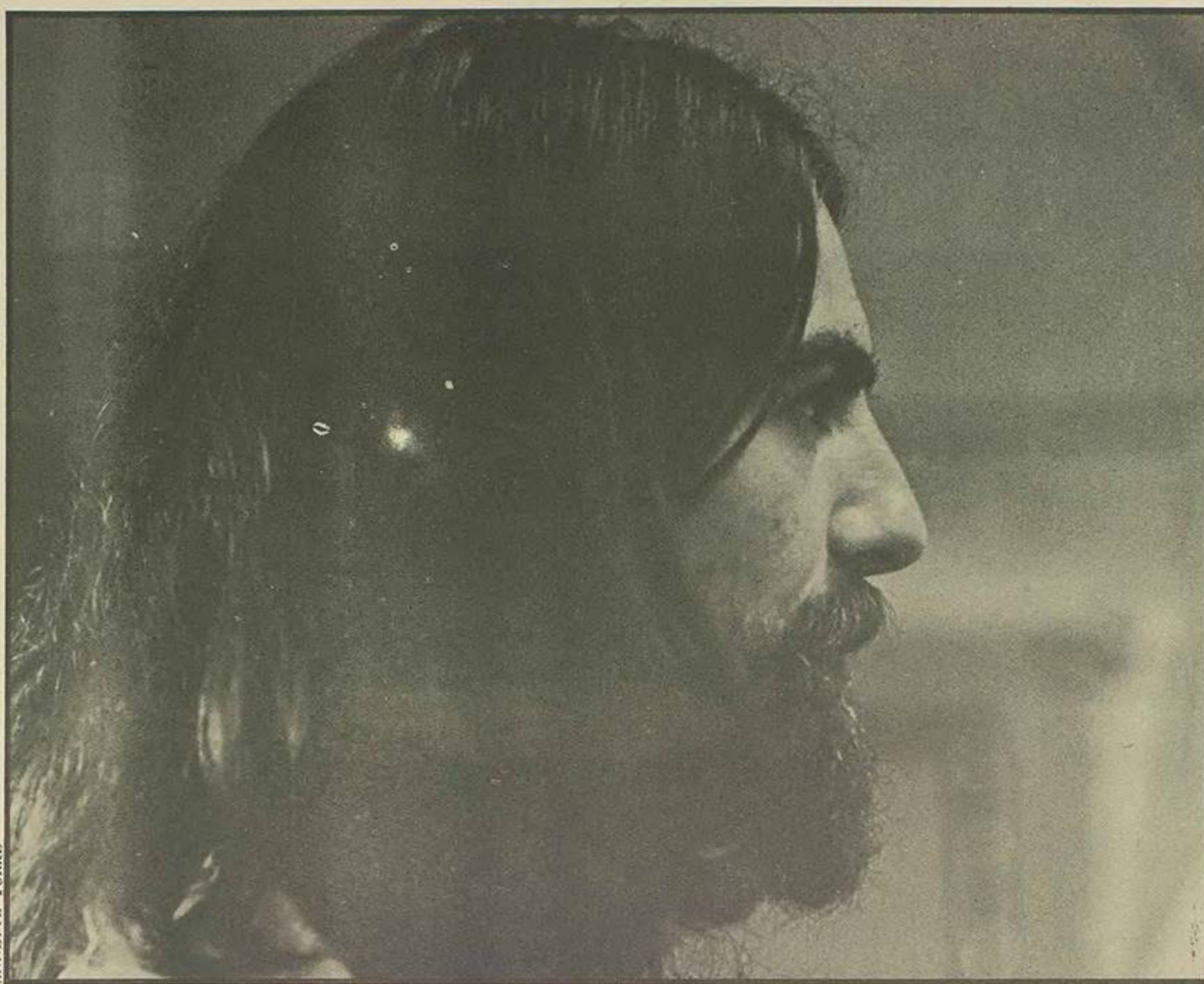
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Radha Krishna Temple (London)



ANNETTE YORKE

George: Ringo is deeper than he knows

George Harrison On Abbey Road

LONDON—*Abbey Road*, the Beatles' upcoming new LP, came about as suddenly as any Beatle project. As George Harrison told it: "We had *Get Back* in the can, but one day we just decided that we'd like to do a newer album. There was no particular reason—we just wanted to use some of our newest songs. The trouble with making albums is that it is difficult to represent the group as it is at present, I mean like right now. *Abbey Road* was only finished a few weeks ago, so it does fairly present the Beatles as we are at this point in time."

Harrison contributes two tunes to *Abbey Road*, "Something" and "Here Comes the Sun." However excellent his compositions, Harrison stays in the shadows of the Lennon-McCartney team. Still, he writes because "I feel you can say more in two minutes of a song than in ten years."

George gave ROLLING STONE the following track-by-track observation of the 16 songs in *Abbey Road*:

"Come Together," the first track on side one, was one of the last tracks to be recorded. John wrote it a month ago, just after his car accident. It's a 12-bar type of tune—and one of the nicest things we've done musically. Ringo's drumming is great. [Ringo, sitting across the room, grinned]. It's an upbeat, rock-a-beat-a-boogie, with very Lennon lyrics.

"Something" is a song of mine. I wrote it just as we were finishing the last album, the white one. But it was never finished. I could never think of the right words for it. Joe Cocker has done a version too, and there's talk of it being the next Beatles' single. When I recorded it, I imagined somebody like Ray Charles doing it, that was the feel I thought it should have. But because I'm not Ray Charles—I'm much more limited in what I can do—we just did what we could. It's nice though, probably the nicest melody I've ever written.

"Maxwell's Silver Hammer" is just something of Paul's. We spent a hell of a lot of time recording this one. It's one of those instant, whistle-along tunes which some people will hate and others will love. It's like "Honey Pie," a fun sort of thing, but probably sick as well because the guy keeps killing everybody. We used my Moog Synthesizer on this track, and I think it came out effectively.

"Oh! Darling" is another of Paul's songs which is typical 1950-1960 sort of period in its chord structure. It's a typical 1955 song which thousands of groups used to make—the Moonglows, the Para-

gons, the Shells and so on. We do a few ooh-oohs in the background, very quietly, but mainly, it's Paul shouting.

"Octopus's Garden" is Ringo's song, the second he's written. It's lovely. Ringo gets very bored playing the drums, so at home he plays the piano. But he only knows about three chords. And he knows about the same on guitar. He mainly likes country music, so this has a C&W feel. It's really a great song. On the surface, it's a daft kids' song, but I find the lyrics very meaningful. I find very deep meaning in the lyrics which Ringo probably doesn't even know about.

Lines like "resting our head on the seabed" and "we'll be warm beneath the storm." It makes me realize that when you get deep into your consciousness it's very peaceful. So Ringo writes his cosmic songs without knowing it. [From across the room Ringo grinned again].

"I Want You (She's So Heavy)" is very heavy. It has John playing lead guitar and singing the same as he plays. This is good because the riff he sings is basically a blues.

But it's a very original Lennon-like song, even though you thought I'd written it. The middle bit is great... John has an amazing thing with his timing. He always comes across with different timing things, for example "All You Need Is Love," which sort of skips beats out and changes from 3-4 to 4-4 all the time, in and out of each other.

Yet when you question him about it, he doesn't know. He just does it naturally and you can't pin him down. The bridge section is like that—it's an excellent chord sequence he's using.

"Here Comes the Sun," the first cut on side two, is the other song I wrote for the album. It was written on a very nice sunny day in Eric Clapton's garden. We'd been through real hell with business, and it was all very heavy. Being in Eric's garden felt like playing hooky from school. I found some sort of release and the song just came.

It's a bit like "If I Needed Someone" with that basic riff running through it. But it is very simple really.

"Because" is one of the most beautiful things we've ever done. It has three part harmony—John, Paul and George. John wrote the song, and the backing is a bit like Beethoven. It does resemble Paul's writing style but only because of the sweetness it has. Paul usually writes the sweet things and John does the rave ups and freakier things. But every now and then, John just wants to write a simple 12-bar thing.

I think this is my favorite track on the album, it's so simple, especially the lyrics. The harmony was very difficult to do, we had to really learn it.

I think this is the tune that will impress most people. Hip people will dig it and the straight people and serious music critics will too. It's really good.

Then begins the medley of Paul and John songs all shoved together. It's hard to describe them unless you hear them at the same time. "You Never Give Me Your Money" is like two songs, the bridge of it is like a completely different song. You whip out of that and into "Sun King," which John wrote. He originally called it "Los Paranois."

"Mean Mr. Mustard" and "Polythene Pam" are two short songs which John wrote in India 18 months ago.

"She Came In Through the Bathroom Window" is a very good song of Paul's with great lyrics. "Golden Slumbers" is another very melodic song by Paul which links up.

"Carry That Weight" keeps coming in out of the medley all the way through.

"The End" is just that, a little sequence which ends it all.

Despite the fact that *Abbey Road* was only recently completed, George says he has no overall image of it yet. "I just can't get any complete impression of *Abbey Road*. With *Pepper* and even the white album, I got an overall image of the complete product, but with this one, I'm still at a loss. I think it's a bit like *Revolver*, but I still feel very abstract about it. I just can't see it as a whole entity yet."

Mothers' Day Has Finally Come

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—Frank Zappa, "tired of playing for people who clap for all the wrong reasons," has dissolved his Mothers of Invention.

The first indication that the revolutionary nine-member band was approaching the end of its musical career came with an announcement that the Mothers had cancelled all bookings from now until the end of the year so Zappa could concentrate on other projects long in progress. A talk with Zappa revealed the break was more complete than that.

"It all started in Charlotte, North Carolina," he said. "We'd been booked by George Wein on a jazz concert date as bait to get the teenaged audience. We went into a 30,000 capacity auditorium with a 30-watt public address system, it was 95 degrees and 200 per cent humidity, with a thunderstorm threatening. It was really horrendous."

"After that I had a meeting with the group and told them what I thought

about the drudgery of grinding it out on the road. And then I came back to LA and worked on *Hot Rats* (an upcoming solo album). Then we did one more tour—eight days in Canada. After that I said fuck it."

"I like to play, but I just got tired of beating my head against the wall. I got tired of playing for people who clap for all the wrong reasons. I thought it time to give the people a chance to figure out what we've done already before we do any more."

"The last live Mothers performance was in Montreal. The last 'otherwise' performance was a television show in Ottawa the following night"—August 18th and 19th.

Which is not to say the Mothers are completely dead. The band will not be performing, or recording, as a group, but they will be seen on film. Three short films are now complete—two of them documentaries from Germany—and a fourth is in the works. All these, Zappa said, will be offered to colleges as a package in lieu of live performance, probably beginning in late Fall.

Zappa also said he had recorded material for a dozen full-length LPs on the shelf in his Hollywood Hills home, records he hopes to release through a Mothers of Invention Record Club, now being planned. The albums cover the band's five-year development and were recorded on tour (in Europe as well as throughout North America) and in studios stretching from Los Angeles to New York.

Meanwhile, the individual members of the band are making plans of their own. Jimmy Carl Black, the drummer known as "the Indian in the group," for example, has formed a band of his own (as yet unnamed) and already has begun preliminary recording, while Don Preston, one of Mothers' keyboard men, has gone to New York to work with a company that combines dance with electronic music.

At the same time Zappa has holed up in his basement workshop to concentrate on:

- *Captain Beefheart vs. The Grunt People!* This is a feature-length film, presently in script form, written by Zappa in 1964. Zappa said that thanks in part to *Easy Rider* and the Woodstock Music & Art Fair—"two of several things finally showing the youth market really means business"—three major studios have made offers to back the flick. Zappa also said that if anyone had shown interest in the film five years ago, he would never have played rock and roll. His "ideal cast" includes parts for, among others, Don Vliet, who is better-known as Captain Beefheart, an old high school chum of Zappa's; Chester Burnett, better known as Howlin' Wolf; several of the Mothers of Invention; and Grace Slick.

- An unnamed weekly television show. For this a major deal is imminent, too, he said, but details could not be discussed. He did say, however, the program would be a "music show" and not a talk or interview show.

- Continued activity in production of records for his own Bizarre and Straight record company labels. This includes final editing of the debut LP for the GTOs, recording of the second Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band LP for Straight, and final work on a new Mothers album called *Burnt Weenie Sandwich*, which relates to an 18-minute color film just completed. (This film would be one of the four offered the colleges.) Zappa has additionally produced an album by Jean-Luc Ponty, an electric violinist from France, and has completed his own solo guitar debut, *Hot Rats*, to be released by Bizarre and distributed by Reprise in October.

- Supervision of planning the Mothers of Invention Record Club, which he said he hoped would be announced in (get ready) Playboy magazine. "Those are the people who need to listen to us most," he explained, adding that Mo Ostin, president of Reprise, was "working on it." The titles of the 12 LPs are *Before the Beginning*, *The Cucamonga Era*, *Show and Tell*, *What Does It All Mean*, *Rustic Protrusion*, *Several Boogie*, *The Merely Entertaining Mothers of Invention Record*, *The Heavy Business Record*, *Soup and Old Clothes*, *Hotel Dixie*, *The Orange County Lumber Truck* and *The Weasel Music*.

Zappa mentioned one final project. He said he might be accompanying Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band to Europe in October—not as a musician, but as road manager.

The Best of Both Worlds on One Record

"Best Jazz Guitarist 1969"

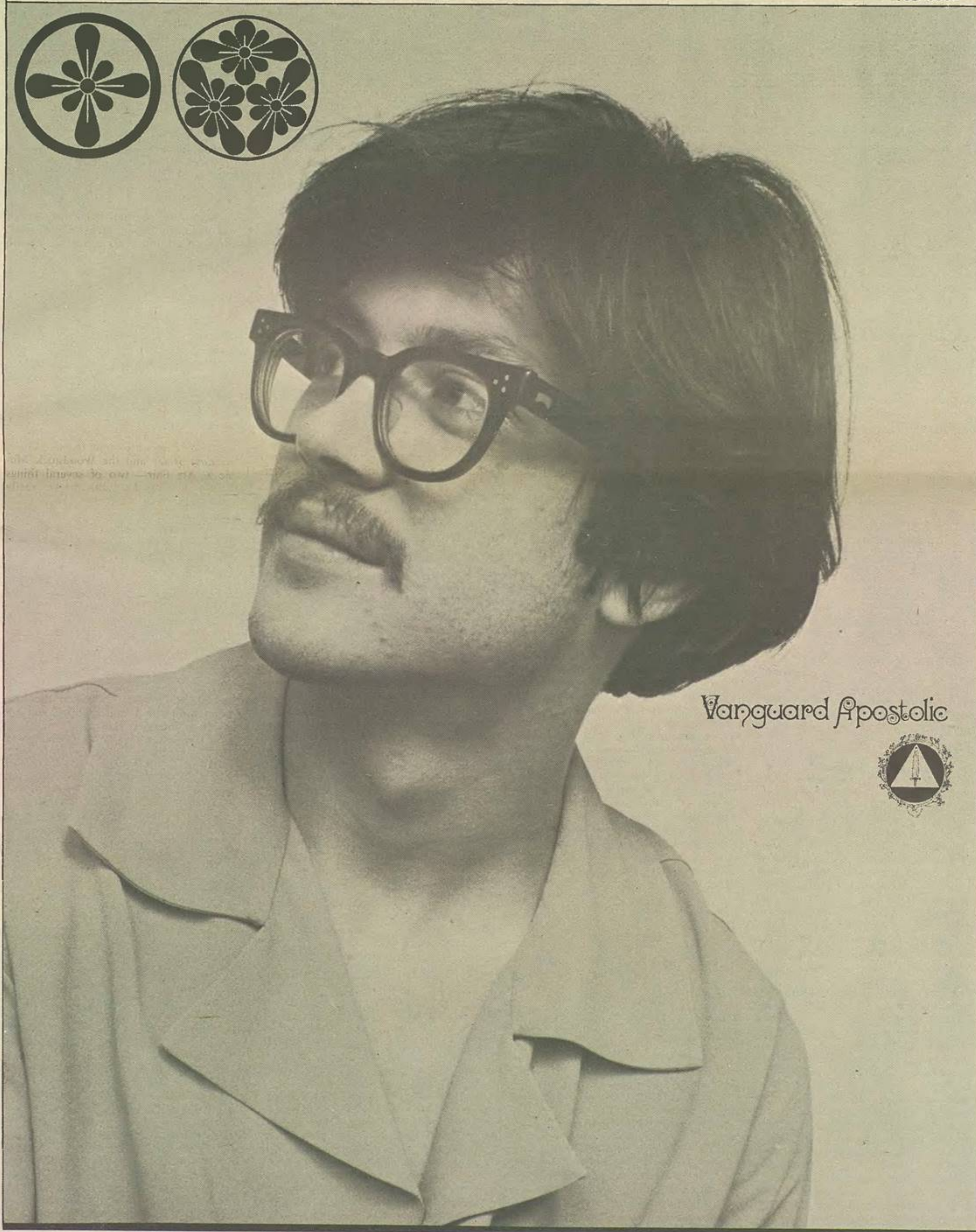
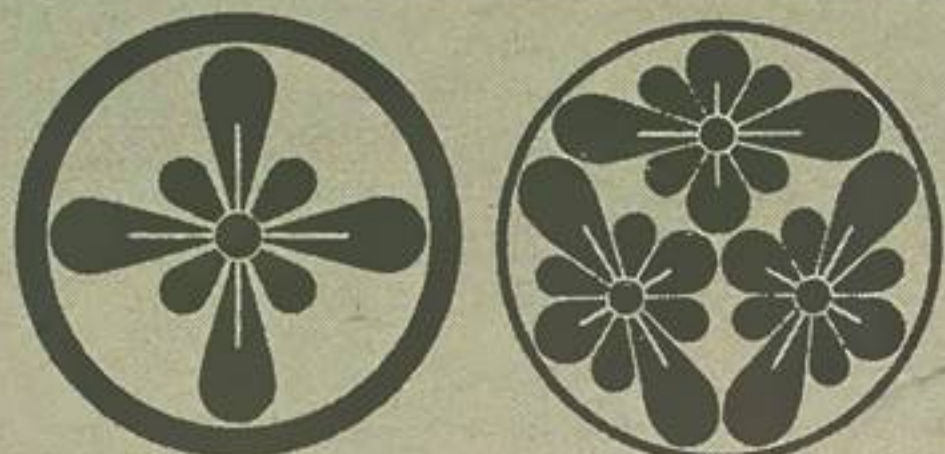
JAZZ & POP MAGAZINE

"...one of the most important things to happen to rock this year."

N.Y. TIMES

LARRY CORYELL / LADY CORYELL

VSD-6509



Vanguard Apostolic





The following report comes from many sources, most notably Andrew Kopkind, editor of the weekly *Hard Times* in the nation's capitol.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It's clear that the same tensions between repression and cooptation exist in the Nixon Administration's treatment of the drug "problem" as they do in the handling of the war in Vietnam, domestic insurgency, campus protest, etc. Weeds of rhetoric grow tall; the harvest of action—in any direction—is thin.

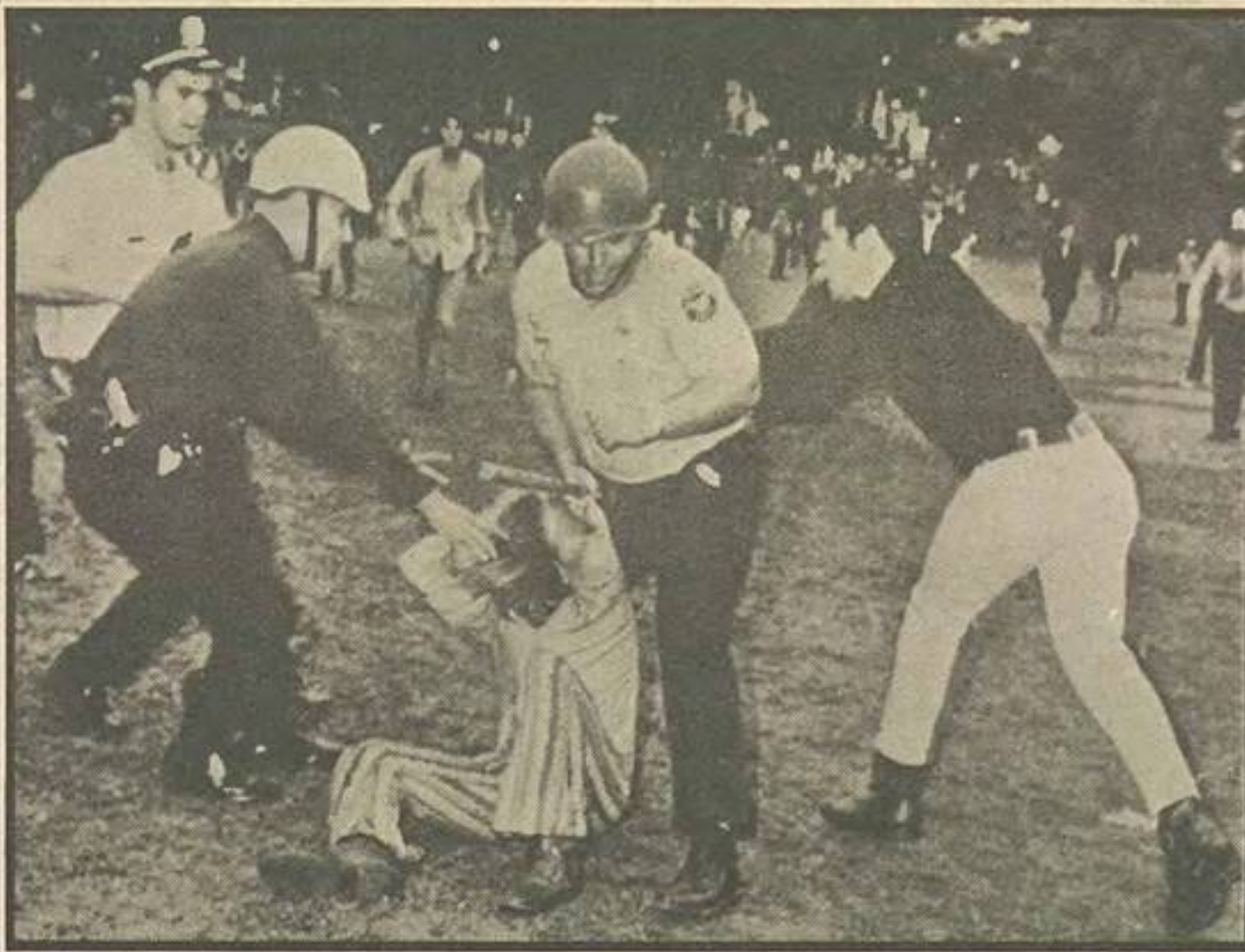
There is an unmistakable feeling in Washington that some degree of tolerance of marijuana possession is in the offing. The current history of this trend (the roots, of course, are in the disintegration of bourgeois culture and morality) may, more or less arbitrarily, be found last year when the *Wall Street Journal* ran an interpretive article and editorial suggesting that anti-pot laws caused more trouble than they were worth. The *Journal's* line was that although there were obvious reservations about the medical and social value of marijuana use—and that research was scanty—the penalties imposed were inappropriate to the "crime." Now, other more or less "liberal" establishment forces—e.g., the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, big-city politicians, etc. have adopted that position.

"Cigarette makers," began a remarkable story in *Business Week*, "now suffering through their second consecutive year of failing sales, may take a closer look at something they once swore they would never resort to in order to hypo sales—marijuana." The story went on to suggest there might be larger profits than anyone had suspected in legal, commercial grass, and told how a number of good dope names ("Acapulco Gold," "Morocco Red") had apparently been registered by tobacco manufacturers. Nowhere in the story did *Business Week's* tone imply that mass distribution of pot for profit might be an evil thing.

Life Magazine, while it does not favor legalizing pot, editorialized: "Bad drug laws, like bad acid trips, can have terrible side effects. By branding many youngsters as felonious criminals, the present laws make it difficult for teenage dropouts from society ever to drop back in; they discourage young drug takers who need medical help from seeking it; and they give parents and educators an untenable choice between tolerating defiance of the law or turning in their children for retribution they believe to be harmful and unjust."

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

GREAT DOPE PURGE OF 1969



ATLANTA—Often police, looking for one kind of trouble, will fall into another. These photos illustrate the results of one narc's Sunday afternoon undercover spying at a free rock concert at Atlanta's Piedmont Park. The narc, city detective C. R. Price, seated among the freaks, wearing sports clothes, was spotted by a 17-year-old head, who immediately began warning the crowd, in loud tones, that they were in the presence of the Man.

With that, the detective grabbed the young man to arrest him. The audience, hundreds of long-hair hippies and radicals, sprang to their feet, encircled the narc and his prey, demanding to know what the charge was against him. It looked menacing to Detective Price, who drew his pistol. In the excitement, the 17-year-old arrestee got away and hid behind a phone pole. Detective Price split, then returned in minutes with a couple dozen police reinforcements.

The first cat they busted (for "interfering") was Bill Fibben, photographer for Atlanta's underground *Great Speckled Bird*, who had taken pictures of all the earlier incidents. But the crowd angrily stormed the police car in which Fibben was held prisoner, broke its windows, slashed all its tires, refused to let it pass. By the time the police driver was able to pull away, flat tires flapping, police clubs were flailing the heads of the freaks, and tear gas filled the air. To the amazement of SDS-type radicals, who had backed off to the sidelines, it was the non-"political" street people and heads who did most of the fighting, and to the amazement of all sides, the bands (all local) continued playing rock and roll through it all, except when the tear gas got too thick. After an hour's riot, the cops had made 25 busts, and calm returned along with a light rain. The bands played a little longer before the bruised heads split the park. There were—significantly—no dope busts, though there had been quite a bit of frantic unloading of baggies and pills upon the arrival of the main police force.

This theme is amplified by a number of high officials.

"I know of no clearer instance in which punishment for an infraction of the law is more harmful than the crime," says Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH). Though he remains unconvinced that pot is safe, Yolles is certain that the "social and psychological damage caused by incarceration is in many cases far greater to the individual and to society than was the offense itself."

Other wings of the established media have ceased to temporize regarding dope, and carry dope news simply as a public service to heads. Sample, for instance, the following letter from a dealer, as it appeared in Herb Caen's prestigious *San Francisco Chronicle* column:

"Now \$10 to \$15 a lid. Down from \$20 a lid in August. We have several greenhouses in the Sacramento river area, some equipped with sunlamps to give a total of 20 hours sunlight. These are small greenhouses, each producing only 10 'keys' per growth cycle, but it's a safeguard against the Mexican situation. . . . Wholesale prices have seen some fantastic excursions in the last three months, but are now locally stable at \$125 to \$160 for good quality grass. I bought a 32-ounce 'key' of roasted leaves last week for \$200 and the stuff looked like it came out of Liggett & Myers' ovens. Zap ambrosia!! Dealers' delight. . . . It is still possible to grab a New York flight with two 'keys' of grass (about \$320), exchange it for smack or coke in the Village or Harlem, and sell the hard stuff here for over \$3000. Even subtracting trip expenses, that's a lotta bread, no matter how you cut it. . . . One successful innovation we are now dropping is the use of float planes from Baja Cal to a private lake just this side of the border. This was undetected for nine months but a leak finally sprung. The times they are a-changing!"

There are several ways to view this trend.

First, the establishment obviously fears that young white recruits for the "leadership" elites are being permanently turned against authority by their experience with anti-dope repression. Never before in U.S. history have so many middle-class people been so aware that "the law" is used to punish them for something which is fun, beneficial, harmless and in almost universal use. Beyond that, many young people are having "career" options closed to them by bust records.

—Continued on Page 16

Mother Earth Awaits You

Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Forgot To Tell You
Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Forgot To Say
Maybe I Wasn't Everything I Was Supposed To Be
But Wait A Minute, Oh Before You Leave
Wait, Wait, There's Something I Think You Should Know
There Will Be Some Changes Baby
Like Never Before
Gonna Make You Forget About Everyone That You Ever Knew
There's Gonna Be No One In This World But Me And You
So Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Forgot To Tell You
Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Forgot To Say
Maybe I Wasn't Everything I Was Supposed To Be
But Wait A Minute, Oh Before You Leave
Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Think You Should Know
There's Gonna Be Changes Baby Like Never Before
I'm Gonna Crown You With Love
I'm Gonna Please You Baby
With Love, Love, Love, Love
Wait, Wait, Wait, Give Me Just One More Chance
To Make These Changes Baby
In Our Whole Life's Plan
Wait, Wait, Please Wait, Please Wait, Please Wait, Please Wait,
Please Baby, Please Wait.

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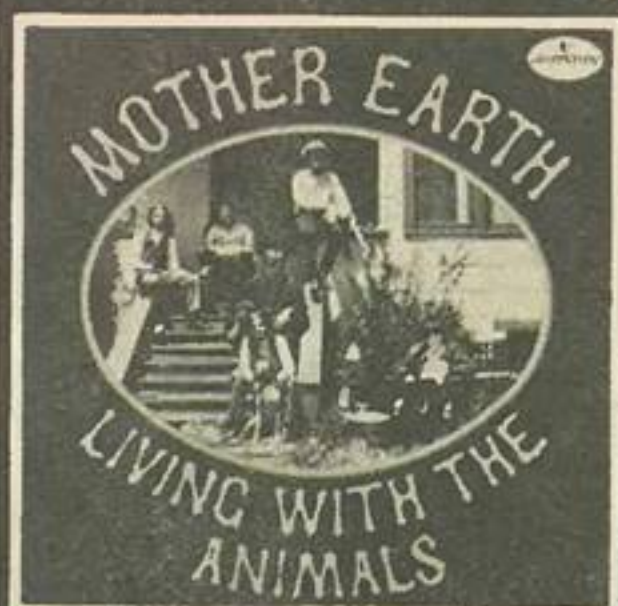
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“WAIT, WAIT, WAIT”

from Their Latest Album

“Make A Joyful Noise”

SR 61226



Living With The Animals
Mother Earth
SR 61194



Make A Joyful Noise
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Mother Earth presents
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James Brown, 15 years ago, with the Original Flames

James Brown Off His Night Train

MEMPHIS — "Soul Brother Number One," James Brown, has announced his retirement from personal appearances.

Brown made the announcement in his dressing room after a performance at the Mid-South Coliseum here September 6th. "I'm tired, man," he said, mopping his forehead. "My brain seems to get much heavier. I will retire from personal appearance dates before next July 4th."

Besides his heavy load of stage shows, Brown has been busy with numerous business ventures and stomps through such disadvantaged areas as South Vietnam and Harlem. Brown said he plans to continue recording for King Records and maintain his various businesses.

But "I have to put on a good show," he said. "It's those people out there in front of me that took me off the streets of Georgia. They are my people."

Brown has other burdens besides physical enervation. He is involved in a paternity hearing in Sacramento in which a 20-year-old former James Brown fan club president is accusing the star of fathering her one-year-old baby. The girl, Mary Florence Brown (no relation to James), is asking for \$5,000 a month child support. Brown has claimed a frame-up, dismissed his attorneys, and sent the trial into a two-month recess.

FM Hang-up: 'You Can't Say That...'

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO — Revolution and radio, no matter how many "underground" stations there are, aren't yet ready to mix.

That point was made clear in the recent case of Milan Melvin, who quit his announcing post at Metromedia's KSAN-FM after a series of "Smothers Brothers-type hassles."

Melvin, a staff producer at Mercury Records and one of the originals in the family scene as a time salesman at KMPX, had been doing a weekend program on KSAN. Two months ago, Melvin, brother-in-law of Joan Baez, turned in his draft card along with a letter condemning the U.S. government for,

among other flaws, its "organized violence."

What put Melvin's viewpoint out of the run-of-the-mill resister's was his background, which he revealed for the first time. From 1960 to 1963 he worked for the FBI as an undercover agent at UC Berkeley, joining and informing on such as the W.E.B. DuBois Club, the Young Socialist Alliance, and the Progressive Labor Party. But his spying, he said, turned him on to how "meaningful" the leftist groups were, as compared to how fearful the government was.

Melvin gave copies of the letter to each of his colleagues at the station, and one of them read it on the air, sending immediate shivers up KSAN's mellow-yellow spine. And Melvin, now having committed a "crime," continued to discuss his situation and plug the Resistance on the air. The day after the letter was read, Melvin received a memo from Metromedia's attorney, via program director Stefan Ponik. In effect, Melvin was told that any editorializing had to be "an expression of an opinion held by the management of KSAN," that the station couldn't advocate draft refusal, therefore "you can make no mention of your act without the prior approval of Willis [Duff, General Manager] or myself. To do otherwise would be cause for immediate dismissal."

"Which was cool," Melvin said. "I understood about not laying my propaganda on everybody. But I decided to resign because I couldn't work full-time and still be a revolutionary. My draft situation, and that of a lot of people listening, is of major importance. How could I go on the air and hope to attempt anything honest or meaningful without mentioning one of the most important things in my life?"

KSAN, Melvin emphasizes, is sympathetic and understanding, but its parent company—Metromedia—is hung up by a couple of clauses in FCC regulations that can be interpreted either as real threats or mere bothers. One is the fairness doctrine that allots equal time in answer to any editorials aired (Metromedia's reaction: No editorials). The other—written out only to the extent that stations are licensed to serve "the public interest, convenience, and necessity," means a station must answer to the FCC for any complaints by the public—complaints, say, over a "criminal" espousing draft resistance—and, as Ponik

said, "makes the license renewal scene that much more difficult."

"It's the same kind of problems the Smothers Brothers faced," Melvin said. "It's not government censorship, but rather a company overreacting to a fear of government censorship."

What's needed, Melvin says, is a new station run by a fat cat "interested in making half the money and doing twice the work."

As for KSAN—again, Melvin understands. "It's a national corporation, and when we went there from KMPX, we knew we couldn't really expect freedom."

"Still, I'd like to see that station have more balls than it's got."

Split, Fight Over Woodstock Stock

NEW YORK—As expected, the four promoters of the Woodstock Music and Arts Festival have split up. Now, when they get together, it's to do battle over retaining control of Woodstock Ventures, the debt-ridden corporation with a now magically-attractive name.

The quartet split up into two teams, with John Roberts and Joel Rosenman retaining control of Woodstock Ventures and its assets and Mike Lang and Artie Kornfeld trying to raise enough money to buy out the corporation.

"Our breakup is a matter of different philosophies," said Roberts, the 24-year-old heir whose personal fortune has been used to pay off most of the reported \$1.3 million in losses incurred by the three-day bacchanal in White Lake a month and a half ago.

Both sides want to put on another festival under the Woodstock banner. Woodstock Ventures' current assets include a movie of the festival (to be distributed by Warner Brothers/7 Arts), program book, posters and T-shirts with the festival's guitar-and-peace dove emblem on them.

Lang (who provided Woodstock's hair and hype, while the other two put up the money) is reportedly hooked up with Albert Grossman, whose offer to put up \$1 million to buy out Roberts sliced the quartet in half. Woodstock was Lang's idea in the first place, and he is thinking about pulling off another festival next August.

The bankrollers—Rosenman (a 26-year-old Yale Law School graduate) and Roberts—are thinking along the same lines. Rosenman outlined some of the problems of planning another Woodstock.

"We're arguing," he said, "about whether or not kids will turn out for another festival because of the 'heavy' music acts, the site, the cultural things, the dope, or the feeling of togetherness that Woodstock has created. We have serious disagreements about it. And I don't think anybody actually knows the answer."

The Lang/Kornfeld school of thought defines the ideal rock festival as "a groovy meeting of the tribes, a part of the revolution," as Kornfeld, a former Capitol Records A&R man, puts it. The Roberts/Rosenman agrees to the theme, with a slight variation: While at the revolution, why not try and soft-sell a couple of programs and make a couple of bucks?

At this point, none of the four can claim to be an economics expert, with Woodstock Ventures still moaning about \$1 million-plus losses. And one of them, Roberts, is having a tough time explaining how he managed to spend \$1.3 million in excess of their \$1.4 million receipts. Total fees for performers—with Jimi Hendrix paid the high of \$18,000—added up to only around \$150,000. Roberts talks about \$600,000 for helicopters, food and medicine, \$500,000 in "duplicate costs" for moving the festival from Walkill to Bethel, and \$200,000 for advertising. On the third and last day of the fair, members of Woodstock's publicity office were talking about expenses totaling around \$1.5 million. Somehow they doubled before the ledger books were closed.

The how-dry-we-are tone of talk may be strategy on the part of the corporation in the face of anticipated lawsuits from various owners, parents, and ticket-buyers. Then, profits anticipated from movie, book, and novelty item royalties wouldn't be soaked up by litigation costs. That being the case, Woodstock Ventures should be, within months, just as valuable a piece of property as its four promoters—and various friends and financiers—seem to believe.

A Pop Festival in The Mother Lode

LAKE AMADOR, Calif.—One of the year's final rock festivals will be a one-day benefit affair October 4th at Lake Amador, a private lake located in the heart of California's Mother Lode between Sacramento and Stockton. A sixteen-hour schedule includes Bo Diddley, Ike and Tina Turner, Albert Collins, Sons of Champlin, Taj Mahal, Santana, Al Wilson, John Fahey, Kaleidoscope, Country Weather, Cold Blood, Linn County, and Southwind.

Music begins at 9 AM and goes through at least 1 AM. Trained medics will man a Revolutionary Medical Center to handle spills and bummers, and people are welcome to camp out the night before the festival. Gates open at 6 AM, and tickets are \$3.50 at the door, \$3 in advance.

Blues' Josh White Dead at 61

NEW YORK—Josh White, one of the most versatile and influential artists in blues and urban folk music, died while undergoing heart surgery September 5th. He was 61.

Josh White was known for taking the blues where they weren't, to whites in New York cabarets and through the radio; to European audiences on tours with the late Big Bill Broonzy.

White (known best, in terms of records, for his Depression tune "One Meat Ball") absorbed the blues early in his life. At age 7, he acted as a seeing-eye guide to some 30 blind blues and gospel singers who traveled through the South, including Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Blake and Blind Joe Taggart.

The South Carolinian began recording in 1933 with gospel and blues music. He played back-up for such artists as Sonny Terry, Buddy Moss, and Brownie McGhee. Later in the decade, he was introducing folk blues to new "intellectual" audiences at the Village Vanguard and the Cafe Society in New York, often sharing the bill with Leadbelly.

Buddah, The Bubble Gum Label, Has Not Sold Out!

True, we were responsible for distributing "Oh Happy Day" by The Edwin Hawkins Singers. And we've got The Isley Brothers' "It's Your Thing" and Curtis Mayfield and The Impressions' "Choice of Colors".

True, we're releasing albums this month by Melanie, Barry Goldberg, Motherlode, and The Brooklyn Bridge.

We've even got the album "Bengali Bauls At Big Pink".

And our First Generation album series will bring you Little Richard, Memphis Slim, Billy Preston, John Lee Hooker, Joe Simon, as well as other major artists from the history of rock and roll including: The Dells, Richie Valens, Billy Boy Arnold, The Flamingos, and Rosie And The Originals, among others.

But don't kid yourself, Yummy yummy, chewy chewy, and goody goody gumdrops, we'll never grow up. We'll keep rocking those mushy, happy-go-lucky, bubble gum million sellers to you. Even if you keep buying all that heavy stuff.



Buddah Records, the Sound Promotion and Marketing Company

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Tiny Tim Loves 'Miss Vicki'

TRENTON, N. J.—Some wonderful, wonderful news has come out of the New Jersey State Fair here: Tiny Tim has found a lady of his very own, and they plan to get married.

The future Mrs. Tim is 17-year-old Vicki Budinger of Haddon Field, New Jersey, just recently graduated from high school.

Tiny made the announcement September 17th at the State Fair here where he is performing. He said no wedding date had been set. Miss Budinger added, however: "We have been engaged for some time."

Tiny (Herbie, to close friends) met teen-age Vicki, who had just graduated from a secretarial course at Lenape Regional High in nearby Medford, N. J., and who was working for the summer at the Camden County Music Fair as a stage hand, while signing autographs for his new book *Beautiful Thoughts* in the lobby of the John Wanamaker department store in Philadelphia on June 3rd.

Vicki, seeing a bandage on Herbie's hand, went through the autograph line twice to inquire after his health. A Philadelphia Bulletin reporter who was at the scene recorded the touching moment in a news story that appeared the next day. Someone showed the story to Herbie and when he saw Vicki again on June 7th (while signing more autographs at the Moorestown Mall), he singled her out: "Hello, Vicki," he said, and from that moment on, their love knew no bounds.

In July, during an appearance on a television talk show, Herbie told the world of his love for some one he called "Miss Vicki."

"I was so moved I shed a tear and put it in an envelope that I always keep in my ukulele," he said breathlessly.

Herbie and Vicki will go to New York City to pick out a ring, according to the bride-to-be's mother.

Herbie, who has announced that his deep religious convictions prevent him from using birth control methods, said he hoped to have many children.

Delaney & Bonnie's 'Super' Friends

LOS ANGELES — In the latest of several Los Angeles area "super sessions," Eric Clapton and Dave Mason have joined Delaney and Bonnie and Friends in what probably will be Delaney and Bonnie's next single for Elektra.

Three songs have been recorded, with Clapton and Mason, who formerly was with Traffic, both playing lead guitar.

One is titled "Goin' Home" and was written by Clapton, with Delaney (Bramlett). A second, "Only You Know and I Know," was written by Mason. The third, tentatively titled "The Groupie Song," was composed by Delaney and Bonnie. No decision has been made which ones will be on the single.

The recording sessions were held here in September (at the local Elektra studio), when Blind Faith was here for a concert. Delaney and Bonnie and Friends had been accompanying the English band on its first American tour; in fact, Clapton stayed with them at their San Fernando Valley home during the area gigs.

Scheduled for release at about the same time as the new Elektra single, meanwhile, is an album Delaney and Bonnie started more than 18 months ago when they were the only white act signed to Stax.

This LP, called *Home* (and showing Mr. and Mrs. Bramlett sitting in the doorway of a 150-year-old cabin in rural Mississippi where Delaney was born), has much of the Stax, or Memphis, sound, and was produced in the Stax Studios by Duck Dunn, bassist for Booker T and the MGs.

When Delaney and Bonnie got their release from Stax last winter, it was specified that this LP couldn't be released until they went back to Memphis to finish the vocals. This also was done during the Blind Faith tour, when Delaney and Bonnie were "in the neighborhood." While still more work on the Stax album—the addition of horns to some songs—was done here in Los Angeles in the eight-track studio in Leon Russell's home. Russell is one of the "Friends."

The next album from Delaney and Bonnie and Friends, on Elektra, has not been recorded yet, but is expected to be acoustical.



Tiny Tim (Herbie Khaury) and fiancée (Vicki Budinger)



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGWORTH

Love is the Uniting Force of Creation. The other of the two basic forces is that which separates. At the beginning and at the end of an Eternity all is one, but in the immeasurable meantime of all time, there is that which pulls together and that which pulls apart. Both are righteous, evil dwells in the extremes of both.

Creation moves through a system of seven eternities, the Seven Days of Brahma, of the Judeo-Christian Genesis, etc. What we call 1970 A.D. is a microcosmic speck just past "noon" of the fourth day of creation. The memory of orthodox history of mankind is said to cover a little more than a minute of an hour of a Day, or Eternity, of the Creation. Before noon is Involution, from noon on is Evolution (although both together are popularly referred to as evolution). Involution means folding up or in, Evolution means unfolding.

The human spirit is a single spirit composed of both masculine and feminine principles. Through all seven eternities of the Creation, each individual experiences and expresses and lives as both together, as the single being that the human being is. There is one exception as taught in the schools of the Wise. The exception is the noon hour of the fourth Day of Creation.

For the purpose of total experience and expression through form or matter, temporarily, for a few million or billion years, the human spirits are living their incarnations not as whole beings but as only their masculine or feminine half.

For this temporary period only, Adam is divided into *Adamandeve*; and the human form is temporarily not produced by the individual human spirit but is re-produced by two individual bodies of opposite other halves. For this was the Sign of Libra created by the immortals during the Lemurian period of the nearly out-of-reach past. Before that Virgo and Scorpio were one Sign and there was no Libra.

Libra is the Sign of marriage and partnership and of the uniting opposites. Libra represents the fact that we are, each of us, only half here, the other half is in Heaven. Love is the unity of spirit, marriage (ideally) is the duplication of Earth of the same unity.

Venus is the Ruling Planet of Libra, Sign of response. Sun, Moon or Ascendant in the Seventh Sign responds directly to both their surroundings and circumstances as well as their Earth-mate or not. Not only is Libra the Sign of Partnership, but Librans need the response of an interested other person to stimulate them and inspire them in whatever they are doing. The regenerative power of a true partnership in the Light is inexhaustible. That of appropriate Earth-mates is the crown of the incarnation. One and one make three in every creative process.

Appropriate response is the Key to military success. Libra is not only the Sign of love but also of war and the game of chess.

Recovery of equilibrium or balance is the activity of justice. Libran people are very concerned with the fairness of things and many of them know a lot or at least have accurate instincts about what is just and fair. So they weigh and they measure and sometimes they never decide. With nothing strong enough to respond to they may let things hang in the balance.

Refinement is also a major concern to Libra. The Seventh Sign is the expert in what's crude or clumsy and what's graceful. Harmony is the object in the Seventh House of Heaven. Not discord but harmony, sometimes at all costs. Sometimes the laziness of the Sign hides the basic interest in refinement and neatness.

Beautiful may include the pretty but it's also different. Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty, shines twelve ways. In Libra is shown beauty of line and form, not depending upon inner beauty. When we say "beautiful person" we usually are referring to the person inside the form. But what the Seventh Sign tells us is that there is such a thing as beauty of face and form which can be seen regardless of the Light shining from within or not.

Among the lore of Libra is to be found; F natural, green, aloe, myrtle, clover, rose, peacock, wheat, corn, poplar, cypress, blue-eyed blonde, classical

art, chemistry, cooking, emerald, green jade, moss agate, nectarine, maple leaf. Of the Tarot; the third trump, Daleth, the Empress, and the eleventh trump called Justice, and the two, three and four of Swords.

Band Opens Up Old Fillmore

SAN FRANCISCO—The original Fillmore Auditorium has been re-opened as a rock and roll dance-concert hall.

The auditorium, located on Fillmore Street near the foot of one of San Francisco's two black ghetto areas, was vacated by Bill Graham when he took over the Carousel Ballroom (now Fillmore West) a year ago July.

Last weekend (September 26th and 27th), the venerable old hall was open again for a concert with the Flamin' Groovies, Fast Bucks, and Sebastian Moon. The Flamin' Groovies, in fact, are the new operators of the Fillmore along with manager Al Kramer.

Kramer and the five-man band have taken a lease on the room and are hoping to run regular weekend dance/concerts. The dance part of their plans, however, is running into snags similar to the problems faced by Bill Graham early in his operations in 1966. The city police, which issues dance permits, has refused to sanction dancing at the Fillmore, which was used as a ballroom for 30 years before Graham's takeover.

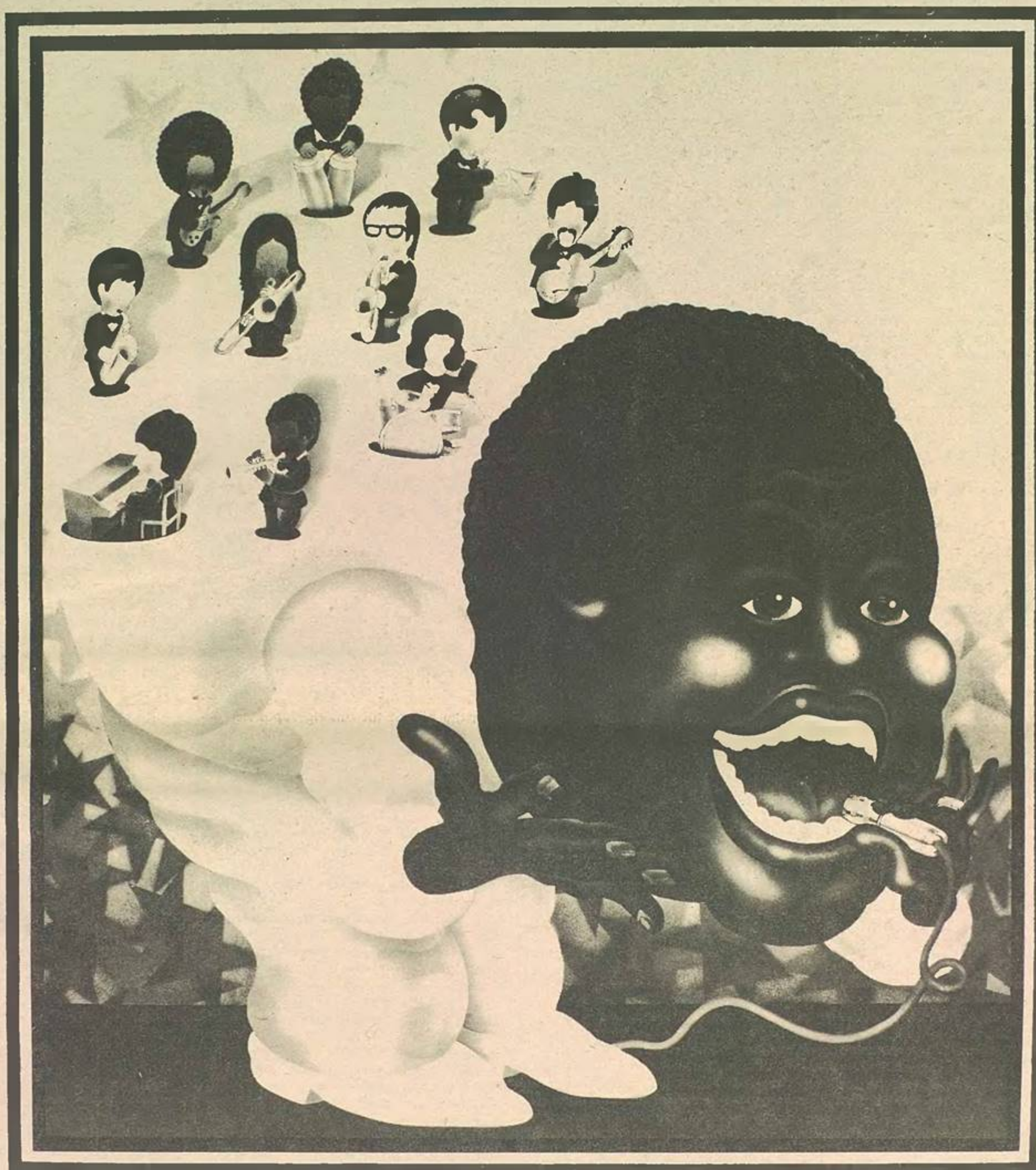
According to Kramer, the police cited a petition signed by 59 persons around the neighborhood in opposition to the Groovies' plans. Foes included 31 apartment dwellers in a nearby building owned by a church. The petition protested the "hippie types" that rock dances would draw into the neighborhood and expressed fears of violence between blacks and whites in the vicinity.

Various incidents of hassles between Fillmore patrons and street kids were one reason for Graham's move to the larger Carousel Ballroom. Graham then maintained his Fillmore lease and donated the hall to the black community for dances and theatrical productions. Such events have been sporadic and unsuccessful.

Still, Kramer insists, "you've got to have a dance hall, a place for people around here to congregate." He and the band are asking for a meeting with the Board of Appeals for a dance permit. "We don't want a big political to-do," Kramer said. "Just a dance hall."

The Flamin' Groovies have been in San Francisco for more than two years. Last year they produced and pressed their own EP on their own Snazz label. Since then, they've had a mild seller on Epic with the single "Rockin' Pneumonia" and a just-released LP called *Super-Snazz*.

THEY AIN'T PRETTY,
BUT THEY SURE GOT **CHOPS.**



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by J.J. JACKSON



CS-7000

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Dope Purge '69

—Continued from Page 10

Second, many of the sons and daughters of leading figures in the world of politics, the press, the law, etc., are getting busted—or narrowly escaping (often with the help of the privileged status their parents enjoy). Tuli Kupferberg, of the Fugs, is compiling a book of famous people's offspring who are heads (or, at least, who have been arrested). The case of Senator McGovern's daughter was well publicized last year. Latest victim is Peter Hoyt Dominick, Jr., 28, who was fined 200 New Guinea dollars in Port Moresby last month for possession of two ounces of cannabis, according to a story in a local paper there, the *Post Courier*. It is well-known in Washington that Kimberly ("Kim") Agnew, Spiro's teeny daughter, was caught with weed in the john at the National Cathedral School for Girls (where the Johnson girls once were enrolled) near the end of the term last year. What's news here isn't so much that they've been smoking dope—it's that they're protected by privilege while lesser names get fucked over.

Third, the younger Establishment cadre are turning on more and enjoying it more. It is well known that many of Bobby Kennedy's best speeches during the primaries were written, at least in part, by aides while stoned. It would be a matter of great surprise if very many young congressional aides did not smoke dope now and then, or regularly. The same goes for young lawyers in the Justice Department, young assistants at OEO, HEW, etc. One former assistant U.S. attorney was a pretty heavy head, into mesc, acid, etc. The Washington Post has recently become very much anti-repression for drug use; and many people at that paper report one big reason is that most of the younger reporters regularly turn on.

Fourth, control is clearly impossible, especially of marijuana, acid, mescaline and non-opiates—those which are not dealt by Mafiosi.

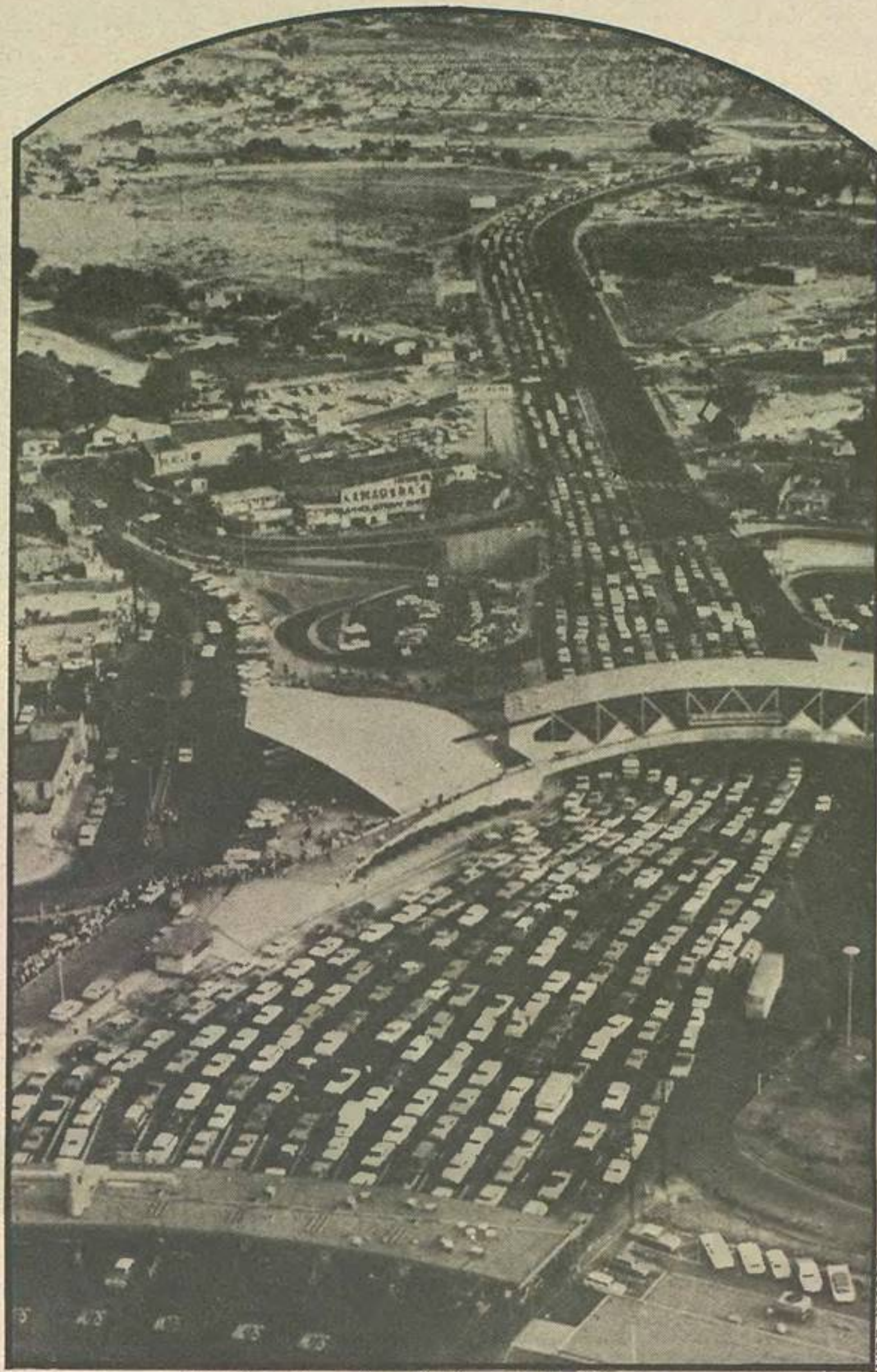
The Nixon Administration's drug control "program" actually acknowledges all of this. Although it sounds very tough, there really is very little that can be done. As Geoffrey C. Stokes (Director of Program Development for the Addiction Services Agency in New York City) points out in the current *Nation* magazine (September 22; p. 271), the Administration's new drug law is really an anti-student law, aimed at the occasional user.

It in no way diminishes that government's prerogative to use dope as an excuse for incarcerating political activist/undesirables, as has been done in the past with Abbie Hoffman, Mark Rudd, Huey Newton, not to mention dozens of lesser radical lights around the nation like the black militant in Houston who is serving 30 years for holding. Dope is also proving a handy means for jailing anti-war soldiers; one Texas military militant was sent up for seven years after authorities found traces of grass in the *lint* of his shirt pocket.

The Nixon bill (S.2367) does not lower penalties for possession. It increases penalties for dealing. It gives the narcs permission to enter premises without knocking (although they are supposed to have a warrant).

"Operation Intercept," reported September 9th in the *New York Times*, is the same sort of rhetorical or PR device. Staffers at the Senate committees investigating drugs say it is pure bullshit, that it is impossible to police the 1,200 miles of border between the U.S. and Mexico. The car checks at Tijuana are harassment tactics to discourage servicemen and hippies from bringing a few lids of weed back from the fleshpots of Mexico. Big importers use airplanes and more sophisticated methods of transportation. Total control of air traffic is impossible. Planes take off from ranches in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona or New Mexico, fly to deserted, impassable areas in the north of Mexico, load up hundreds of keys, and return unnoticed. (For the import of heroin, the planes can load the shit in a basketball, fly low and drop it on a road where a car waits, and then fly on without even touching down.)

The *Times* story said that "sensor" devices will be used in planes to detect marijuana and opium farms in Mexico; the story said NASA is developing the device. But an NASA source says that this is absolute poppycock (so to speak). The sensors are almost completely ineffectual for such work. They have



Operation Intercept, or Six Hours in the Tijuana Sun

failed utterly in Vietnam for similar purposes. NASA says the story is an invention of the Administration, used to frighten, no control.

Our Feds are trying to foist a chemical called benzyl-diethyl amino benzoate upon the Mexicans. This spray (used in Vietnam to similar effect) would defoliate the fields of dope. But there is no clear indication that the Mexican government is buying the idea.

"Agreements" between the U.S. and Mexico are practically unenforceable at the local Mexican level, because of *mordida*—the system of bribery. Highup Mexican officials humor U.S. politicians, but what one drug control agent called the "Mexican way of life" cannot be changed.

"Intercept" and the Administration anti-drug bill are both based on the task force report, "Narcotics, Marijuana & Dangerous Drugs," dated June 6th, 1969, but not yet made public—although it is available if you know where to look, and is in a cheap printed form. Nixon set up the task force last year. It had 18 members, plus an executive secretary and two co-chairmen, Richard Kleindienst (deputy Attorney General) and Eugene T. Rossides (Assistant Secretary of the Treasury). Most of the members were narc enforcement types of one variety or another; there was one HEW pharmacological "expert"; and one very well respected psychiatrist from the National Institute of Mental Health, Dr. Stanley F. Yolles.

The report is a 35-page document, plus 3 charts. It is a pretty dreary and pedestrian affair. Most of the marijuana section is a re-hash (no pun intended) of 30-year old stuff, which says more or less what the newspapers have been saying: grass isn't very harmful, but it represents a "problem" that must be controlled. After all the talk, there are only three recommendations on marijuana: more research, more education, and more provision for treatment of "mari-

juana users in need of mental health care."

This week, Dr. Yolles testified about drugs before a Senate committee. He was much stronger against repression than the task force report, which he signed, would indicate:

Yolles estimated that between eight and 12 million Americans have turned on with pot at least once. Over two-thirds of these, he told the subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, only experiment with grass. They use it one to ten times and then drop it.

A mere ten per cent of these—or 1,200,000 at the very most—might be considered "chronic users," Yolles says. And perhaps five per cent of these people—no more than 60,000—are likely to proceed on to other, "harder" drugs.

As the term is most often bandied about, the *marijuana menace* has not so much to do with the use of pot, as to its leading to more dangerous drugs. And yet, according to the director of the NIMH, whose sources are presumably excellent, only one-half of one per cent of those who ever use pot ever so much as sample anything stronger.

Compare this with figures supplied by Alcoholics Anonymous: one in 16 Americans who drink booze is an alcoholic—which is to say that six per cent of those who get into liquor wind up hooked. And NIMH director Yolles is not saying that all the pot-heads who move into heavier shit wind up hooked.

There is substantial medical proof that liquor destroys the heart, the liver, and even the brain. There are six or seven million alcoholics in the United States.

While the NIMH's Yolles is not for legalization, he, like most mental health experts, is for dropping severe penalties for possession. The head of HEW's health division, Dr. Egeberg, is of the same opinion; he recently offered to "take on" Attorney General Mitchell on the subject before Senator Hughes' committee.

Hughes is the head's best friend, so far, in the Senate. (Several committees are in the act, including Tom Dodd's Juvenile Delinquency subcommittee. They are nearly all against the narc bureaus.) Hughes is an admitted ex-alcoholic stumblebum, who has been busted for booze. He is said to be sympathetic. The impression, though, is that he is patronizing—drug users are a mental health "problem," he thinks, rather than a crime problem.

There are three positions in all of this: one is the reactionary position that drug use is an evil, vicious crime and should be stamped out. The "liberal" position is that it is a social problem, like homosexuality, wife-swapping or alcohol use and should be controlled by tolerance and brainwashing. The radical position is that it's nobody's fucking business what a cat wants to smoke or drop; and that the only "problem" is the society which is too grotesque to confront un-stoned. Needless to say, the radical position is not represented on any task force or on any political body.

Meanwhile, Operation Intercept got into full swing the third week-end in September. It was not a raging success. As one customs official put it: "Any smuggler with any brains at all is taking a vacation." Despite lines of angrily honking traffic backed up as many as five miles along the 31 entry points back into the U.S., only insignificant amounts of dope were confiscated.

When it was suggested to a Tijuana customs official this summer that an effective way of stopping the dope traffic might be to search every car, he had snorted that this would be unworkable because it would create outrageous congestion. It did cause outrageous congestion, but the Nixon Administration determined to end the "rising sickness" of dope use.

"It is not," said Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, "our objective to make thousands of arrests in the United States. . . . We hope to drive the price so high it will be unavailable to students in colleges and high schools who are using it so commonly today."

At about the same time, California Attorney General Tom Lynch was telling a San Francisco gathering of lawyers that the shortage of pot makes heads turn to harder stuff. If this is so, it would seem almost immoral—by their standards—for the Feds to cut down on the flow of marijuana.

Operation Intercept did make for plenty of consternation among the tourist class, however.

A CBS-TV reporter sidled up to one convertible, whose owner had been broiling under the hot Mexican sun outside Tijuana for six hours, waiting to get back into the U.S. He was a young man with longish hair and mustache in his mid-twenties. Did he object to the wait? "When you've fought for your country in Vietnam and risked dying, and they don't even trust you coming home from Mexico, it doesn't speak too well for the government. This is just harassment. But they ought to consider who they're harassing, man, and how all these people are going to think of them. I think they're going to close down the border."

The TV newsmen found the same lack of enthusiasm from everyone he questioned, young or old.

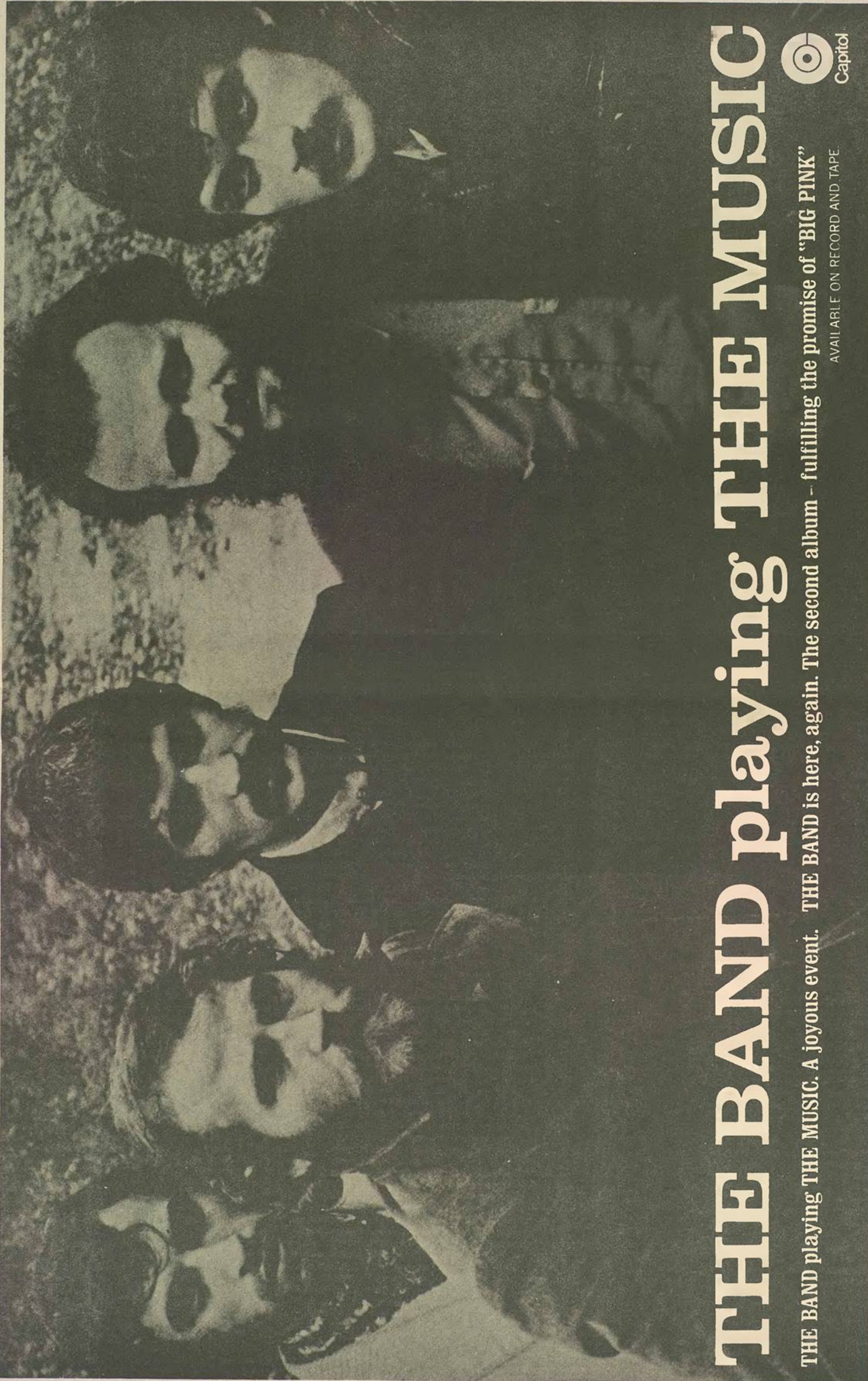
During Operation Intercept's first few days, the government could claim only three major hauls—and they were by no means anything out of the (pre-Intercept) ordinary. A 19-year-old Brooklynite was caught at El Paso Airport with 15 pound of grass in his suitcase. A 29-year-old Colombian was caught with seven pounds at the New Orleans airport.

And a 23-year-old University of Washington student, Michael Thomas Mitchell, of Seattle, was forced to land his rented Piper Cherokee light plane at Bakersfield, California, when narc radar picked him up flying across the border. Authorities say they found 532 keys packed in suitcases and burlap sacks.

According to the agents, Mitchell bought the shit at Mazatlan for \$27,000, and intended to fly to Berkeley, where it would, at current prices, bring something like four times the purchase price.

It is worth noting that despite Operation Intercept and the storm of publicity, the Great Grass Drought of 1969 appears to be at an end. Good quantities of killer weed, reportedly grown around Guadalajara, are flooding into the San Francisco Bay area, and the prices are—as the San Francisco Chronicle accurately reports—descending.

It should be a tasty winter.



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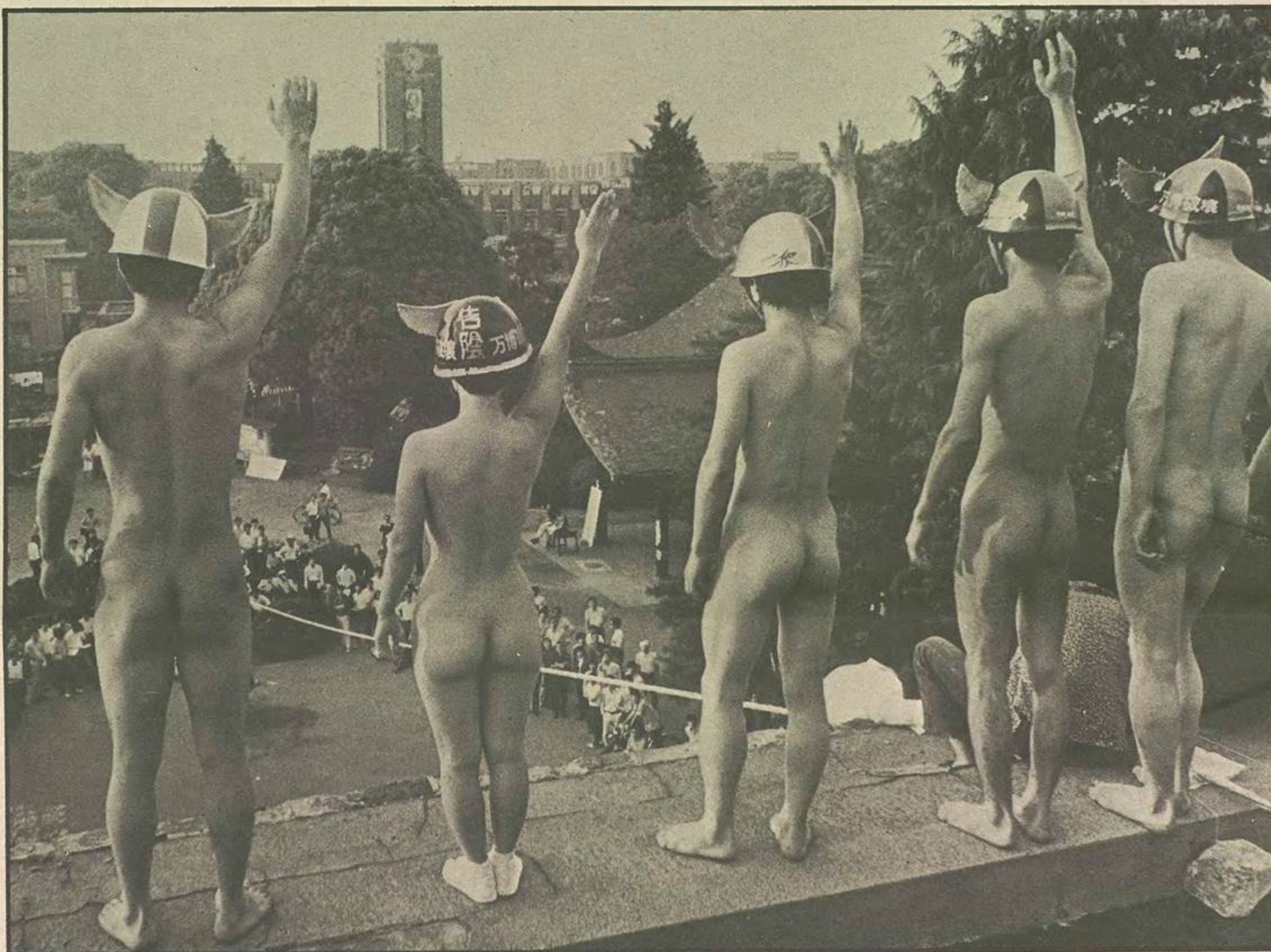
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Doing it naked:
"I can't understand
them at all. They look
filthy. They give me
a headache."

HARENCHI



MINORU HIRATA

BY MICHAEL BERGER

TOKYO—The Japanese Establishment is worried about radicals of all kinds—students, professors, politicians—but now comes a new breed, some cultural revolutionaries who call themselves "angura" (underground) people.

The government thinks it has the other ones figured out, but these new underground radicals . . . "They take their clothes off; what's that supposed to mean?" asks a policeman.

The meaning, say the underground people, is simple: their nudity is a symbolic protest against Expo '70, which, they feel, is the beginning of government control of the arts.

"Crush 'Expo '70 with art power," they say.

That, however, is too simple a slogan for the police, who are trying—so far without success—to link the underground people to violently radical groups.

Student activists have announced that they intend to "attack" the Expo '70 site next year as part of their anti-government strategy. The year 1970 long has been a focal point for political action, since after next June either Japan or America may end their Security Treaty on a year's notice. The conservative Japanese government supports the treaty; the opposition and all radicals want it torn up.

Japanese police already are increasing their forces in anticipation of widespread

rioting, and the appearance of any strange group, even these non-violent underground people, makes the police apprehensive.

"I can't understand them at all," said a Tokyo police officer. "They look filthy and wear hippie glasses. They give me a headache. They are nothing but a group of 'futen' (a kind of Japanese hippie.)" The underground people do not deny this. In fact, they are a "futen" offshoot of the Japanese underground theater. The more conservative underground people produce avant garde plays, but the so-called "futen" wing is divided into two groups. One makes experimental films. The other strips.

They began by performing "Black Festival" shows in Tokyo underground theaters, nude ceremonies mocking the Establishment, even the political radicals. On May Day, leftist marching day, the underground people marched, too—with lighted candles on their bare buttocks.

They took their show on the road early this summer, traveling in a microbus southward from Tokyo, toward the Expo '70 site near Osaka. And in leaving their underground world, they began to get publicity.

When they got to Kyoto, the most traditional of all Japanese cities, the underground people went to Kyoto University, one of many campuses now barricaded and paralyzed by student strikes.

The students held a main campus building and they invited the underground people to display another kind of protest. Eleven of them, ten boys and one girl, climbed to the roof of the building and removed their clothes. Then they put on helmets resembling something worn by a Wagnerian extra, stood in line facing the crowd below, and raised their right hand.

It was their first nude performance above ground—in public—and to conclude the happening, a group member, clothed, decided to slide down a rope from the roof to the courtyard below. Halfway down, he fell, narrowly missing his wife standing nearby.

He was hospitalized and later released, but the few free lance photographers covering the event agreed not to divulge his name lest he be arrested. The photographers, some of whom obviously sympathize with the underground people, also agreed not to publish any pictures showing the group members' faces. The only frontal view published was shot from so far away that it would have taken a microscope even to make a sex check.

It was about the only sympathy the underground people received, however, because when they returned to Tokyo, four of them were arrested and held about 12 days because of their earlier nude shows.

They're more cautious about their nudity now, but the protest goes on. "This," said an underground group leader, "is a 'harenchi' (shameless) revolution against the 'gewalt' (violence) revolution."

"Harenchi" has become a kind of protest word in Japan. The literal meaning, shameless, is a strong adjective in a society as shame-conscious as this one. But in recent months it also has taken on another meaning—cool. In selecting "harenchi" to describe something positive, many young Japanese are criticizing the restrictiveness of their society.

That same restrictiveness has forced the underground people to cover up—in public. Their next happening, a protest ceremony at Expo '70 site in August, was sardonic.

The underground men stripped, all right, but this time they left on loin-cloths and paper banner which covered the sensitive area and said simply: "obscene thing."

Though police are puzzled by these underground revolutionaries, a few naked bodies may seem innocuous compared to the fully clothed ones which carry wooden staves and throw rocks and Molotov cocktails.

Japanese police may, in fact, wind up wishing the student radicals would join the underground protest, and take their clothes off.



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT ALTMAN



Mimi: A folk "jam"

BIG SUR

BY JERRY HOPKINS

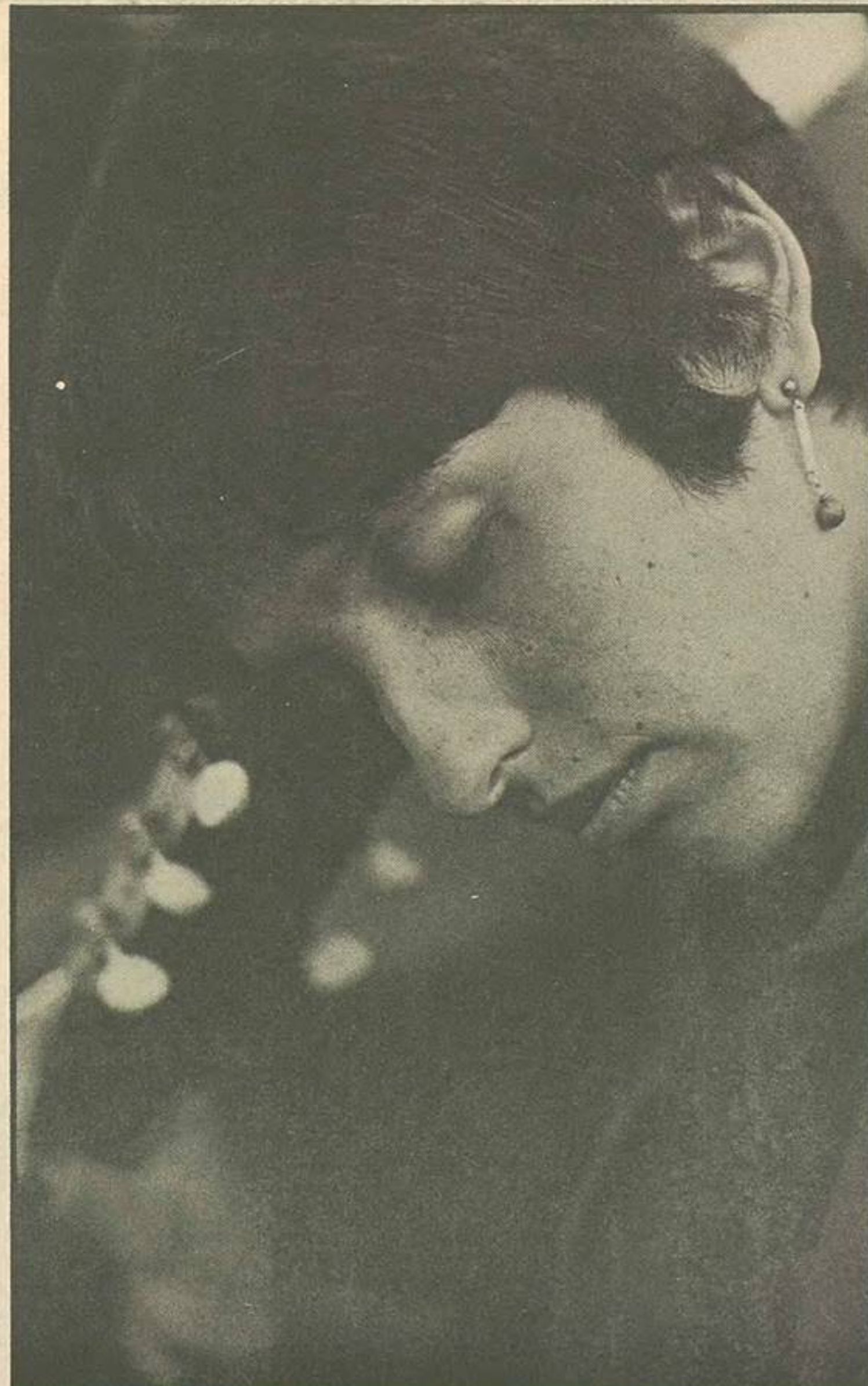
BIG SUR, Calif.—Some of the finest folk singers and musicians in the world positioned themselves on the edge of some of America's most glorious scenery for a farewell to summer and a celebration of nonviolence in mid-September. It was the sixth annual Big Sur Folk Festival, one of the season's smallest (in attendance) and loveliest (in mood).

In contrast to many other festivals held this past summer, perhaps only 10,000 or 15,000 attended the two-day event and unlike what happened at last year's Big Sur gathering, there was no police rousting of festival celebrants as they camped along the shoulder of California's magnificent State Highway 1.

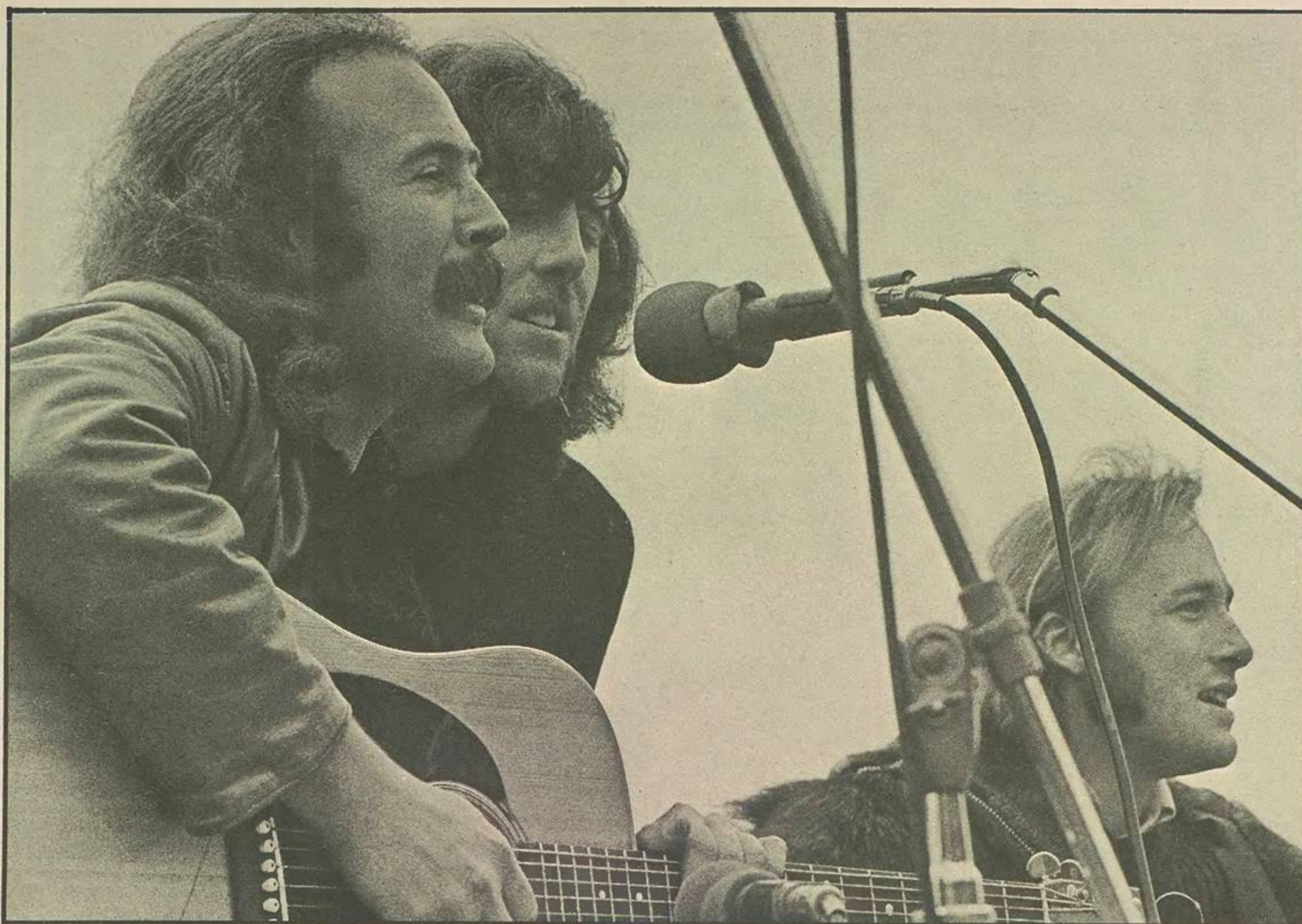
Most people know that Big Sur, besides the Esalen Institute and the beautiful weather and ocean, offers a couple of shops that just don't cater to long-hairs. "If you're unkempt, unclean, and shoeless, your business is not wanted here." Or, more directly, "No Hippies Allowed." But the festival has always been kept a compact event, usually held in mid-week days, and it was compatible then, with even the most inhospitable of residents.

The festival, held on the tree-shaded lawns of Esalen, also differed from other recent celebrations in that here the "scene" did not eclipse the music, but merely served as a complement. According to its producers, Nancy Carlen and Paula Kates, Big Sur was designed as a "performers' festival," an opportunity for artists to come together after a hectic summer on the festival circuit for some peace and solitude. For the performers it was that. For those out front, even more.

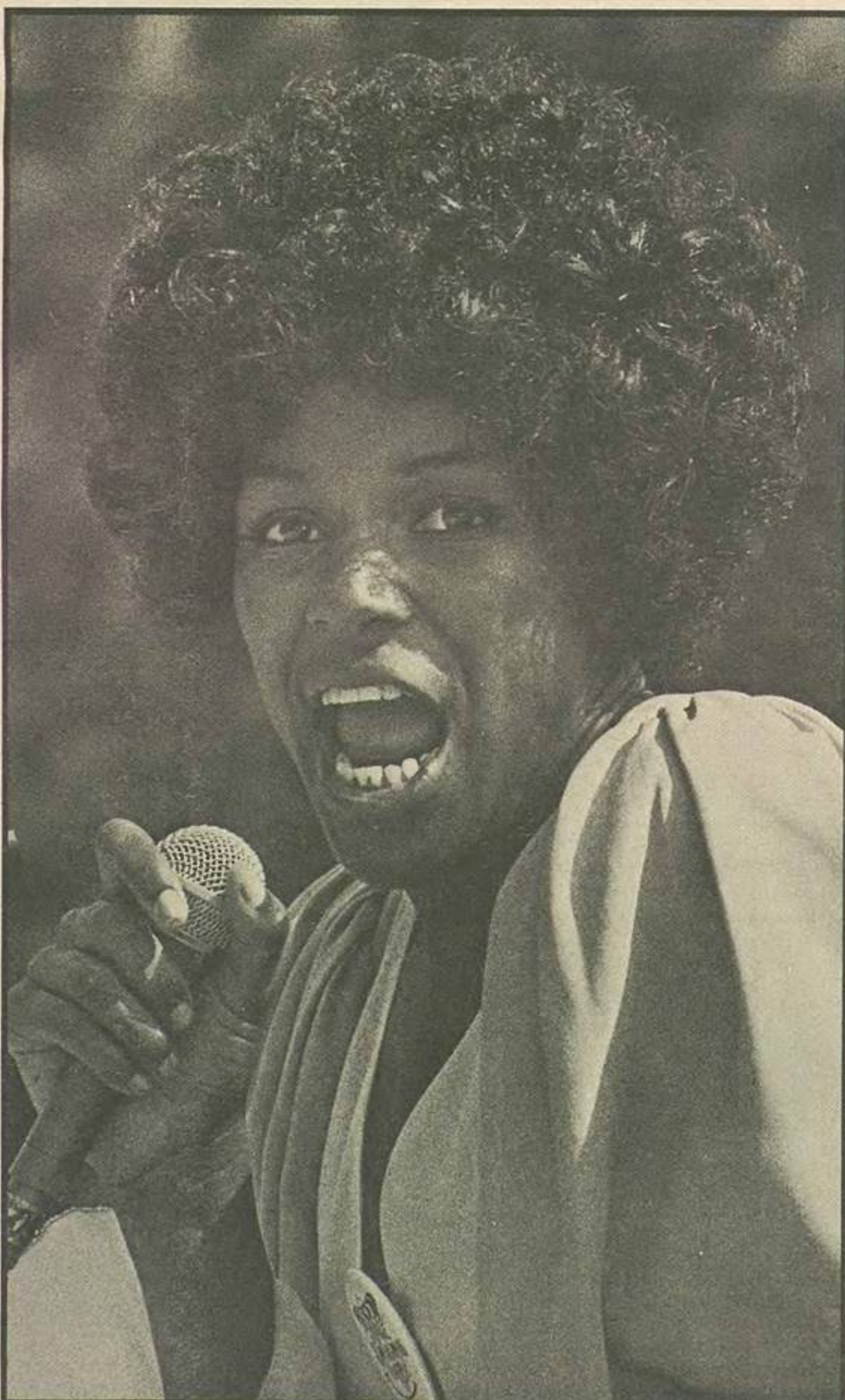
Joan Baez opened the Saturday program singing "I Shall Be Released," a song which along with "Get Together" and "Oh Happy Day" seemed to represent the mood and style of the fete. Proceeds (tickets cost \$4 a day) went to her Institute for the Study of Nonviolence and the hope and joy of these melodies were what the festival, and the Baez-sponsored institute, traditionally have offered.



Joan: A crystal-clear echo from a quarter-mile away



Crosby, Nash & Stills, of Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young



Dorothy: All God's children got soul!

The Incredible String Band followed, appearing in a vast assembly of instruments, singing their tales of troubadours, one of them about a pig, dedicated to "the Hog Farm people who've done a lot for us and for the country."

A half hour later Sal Valentino, late of the Beau Brummels, accompanied himself in a too-brief set of three songs, then quickly he was supplanted by Carol Caseros, a 17-year-old from Texas, who as quickly brought the audience to its feet following her own three-tune set.

Dorothy Morrison's portion was interrupted by a boy's leaping into the Esalen pool—situated in front of the performers, who sang, their backs to the sea—but no one seemed to care very much. Then Joni Mitchell sat at the piano and offered a song she said she had written about Woodstock: "We are stardust/We are golden/We have got to get ourselves back to the garden."

And so it went—with John Sebastian, Mimi Farina (who was married to Milan Melvin here last year) and Julie Payne next, then Joan Baez again, singing, among others, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "As Tears Go By," being joined by Dorothy Morrison in a long, joyous sing-along version of "Oh Happy Day."

Somehow the closing act topped even that, as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young played and sang every song in its repertoire. "This is the last one we know," Crosby said at 7 PM, and half an hour later, for miles north and south along the coast, the swell of voices still soared.

Along the highway, it looked like the Volkswagen company had recalled all its campers, perhaps to have the banners, bumper stickers ("Yea God," "There's a Dick in the White House") and paintings adjusted. Local sheriff's deputies and highway patrolmen ticketed some, but so few, really, it seemed as if the only way to earn a citation was to park with the wheels touching the white line down the middle of the two-lane highway.

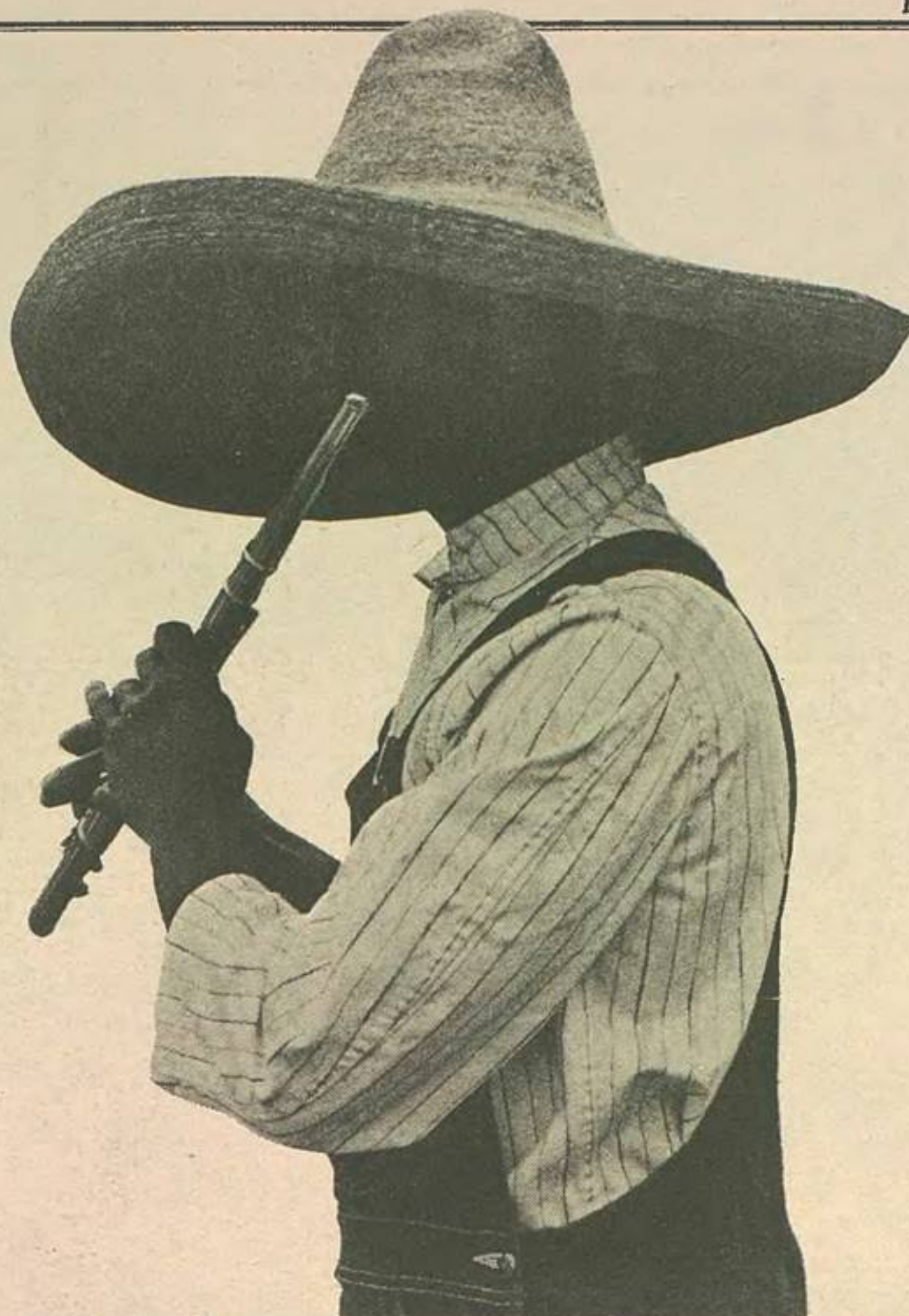
Saturday night the sleeping bags and tents stretched three miles each way, under the pine and eucalyptus trees. Strangers stopped being strangers, gathering around Coleman stoves to smoke and listen to guitars and dulcimers.

Sunday's program was similar to Saturday's, beginning with Dorothy Morrison and next a 20-voice Big Sur Folk Choir. The sky was overcast and the choir leader said, "We'll begin with a moment of silence. For those of you

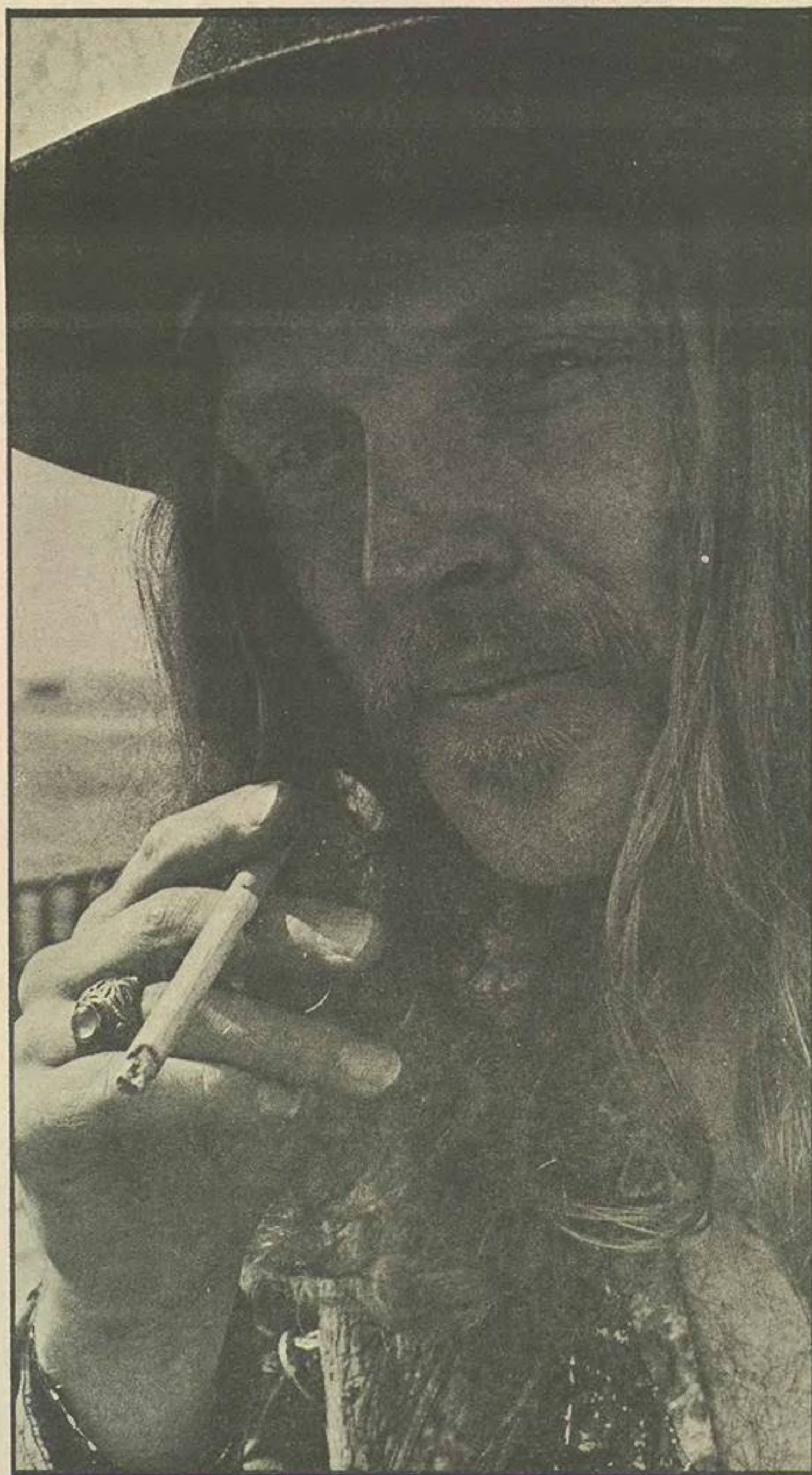
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Young: Every song they knew



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT ALTMAN



Incredible: A dedication to Hog Farm

—Continued from Preceding Page
with God in your vocabulary, think about Him for a moment. For the others, if you'll think about love, well, maybe we can make the sun come out and we'll all have a great time." By the time they'd sung their final song, the sun had broken through.

Sebastian returned, sang "Goin' Fishin'," "She's a Lady," "You're a Big Boy Now," "Daydream," then dedicated another of his songs to the memory of Woodstock and the mood of Big Sur: "I had a dream last night/Oh what a dream it was/I dreamed we all were all right/Happy in the land of Oz."

When Mimi Farina and Julie Payne appeared, the festival had become a folk "jam." Backing them were Stephen Stills and Dallas Taylor, both of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, and Chris Ethridge, formerly of the Flying Burrito Brothers. This same "backup band" next supported folksinger James Hendricks and later, when Joni Mitchell returned, Sebastian joined the band.

Out front, the thousands sprawled on blankets drinking beer and wine, drawing on joints passed from hand to hand, or carefully and slowly picked their way, stepping over bodies and belongings, to visit the refreshment stands to buy hot rice, yogurt, fresh melon, and broth. While thousands provided colorful subject matter for the hundreds of amateur photographers.

Carol Caseros provided her second short set of the weekend, Dorothy Morrison and the Comb Sisters sang "Get Together" again (along with "If I Had a Hammer" and a lively but almost interminable "All God's Children Got Soul," among others), and one of the truly fine but sadly unrecognized singer-songwriters, Ruthann Friedman, spun three superb musical poems that nearly topped everything that had come before.

Sal Valentino came out and then Joan Baez, who talked about how her husband David was doing in jail. "It's a kind of general rehabilitation place, but he hasn't been rehabilitated one iota." Cheers. She also sang "I Shall Be Released" again, this time changing the last line to "We shall be released," then sang "Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word." The high point of her set was a song sung *a cappella*, displaying in mind-whistling clarity another of the region's natural gifts—the crystal-clear echo that returned from a mountain a quarter mile away.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young played the final set, as on Saturday, repeatedly bringing the thinning crowd to its feet. And for a finale—with the audience pushed forward around the pool, closer to the performers now—everyone at the



Stills: Standing applause

festival reprised "Oh Happy Day."

Everyone performed without charge. Some of the best batiks ever made decorated the spongy Esalen lawn. Children danced. Conga drummers gathered to pound the earth. A flower bed was destroyed, but the audience cleaned the trash from the grounds. The hundreds who hadn't money to get in lined the highway on top of the hill, and didn't crash the gates—even though there were no "gates."

"I finally figured out the difference between this and a love-in," someone said Sunday. "Four dollars."

Chér In Muscle Shoals



3614 JACKSON HIGHWAY

Includes: For What It's Worth • (Just Enough To Keep Me) Hangin' On • I Walk On Guilted Splinters • Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You • (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay • I Threw It All Away • Lay Baby Lay • Please Don't Tell Me • Cry Like A Baby • Do Right Woman, Do Right • Save The Children





Frankie Avalon



James Dean



1. Jim Morrison is the victim. He wore his hair straight back on both sides with a wave in front. Above is 'before.'



2. The first step is to comb all hair forward toward the center and comb down on all sides like the above photo.



3. Next is to trim sides just like normal hair trim. Leave sides full so that it can be combed back to form ducktail.



4. Square off back of hair. Straight line across bottom of hair is to be cut 1/2 inch below the ear lobe. Shave later.

H
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g

Du
Ha



Five members of the "Edwardians," a teen-age club in London, England have created headlines with their dress and hairdos. Note the velvet jacket collars which many of the teenagers have adopted. Three cats hook their fingers into vest pockets in correct Edwardian style. The cat far right has a watch fob and fancy lapels on vest. Left to right: Dorek Saunders, 16; Raymond Hoy, 16; John Hiscoke, 17; Arthur Brown, 17 and Peter Howe, 20. Do you dig these styles?





The Fifties

The following piece originally appeared several months ago in *Esquire Magazine* (copyright 1969, reprinted with permission), and it was so amusing we wanted to share it with more people. The author has expanded it slightly.

BY HOWARD JUNKER

When the time comes, it may not be easy, despite the rebirth of Richard Nixon and Elvis Presley, to muster nostalgia for the Fifties. (Davy Crockett and Roy Cohn, Grace Kelly and the Playboy Bunny, *My Fair Lady* and adult Westerns, filter tips and instant coffee, Zen and the art of the Roller Derby, Ban the Bomb and togetherness, Harry Belafonte, Jack Kerouac, Dr. Kinsey, and The Golden Age of Television.)

But some of the words we used to use already have the power to charm, so great is the distance between then and now.

Jargonwise, the Fifties spoke a finalized version of advertisingese. (Let's run it up the flagpole and see who salutes.) Euphemists offered: the Police Action, peaceful coexistence, nuclear blackmail, freedom fighter, creeping Momism, desegregation, payola, cleavage, recession, pinko. Korea did little to enrich the language (brainwashing, gook). But from Russia came Sputnik, hence beatnik.

One kind of nostalgia for the Eisenhower Era looks back to an age of innocence. But this apparent innocence was protected at a cost. Irony, ambiguity, complexity were academic passwords that sophomores enacted as apathy. The common language was designed to not say what was meant: Would you like to have a cup of coffee/come up for a drink? (In the Sixties, *pace* Lenny Bruce: "Let's ball.") Sarcasm (Wanna lose ten ugly pounds? Cut off your head) and innuendo (I have here the names) were basic modes of conversation. Much literary imagination went toward developing acceptable variations on Mailer's (1948) fuggin, as in effing, frigging. Sick jokes finally mentioned other umentionables, and with *Lady Chatterly's Lover* (1959) the unprintable became available in drugstores and at your local supermarket.

Beneath much of the (dirty) white buck, saccharine, other-directed innocence of the Fifties lurked smug obliviousness. You could still say colored. (Ixnay, ofay.) Niggerlipping didn't seem such a terrible way to describe wetting the end of a cigarette. A riot was really funny. A soul kiss involved the tongue. The ghetto was where (some of) the Jews had escaped from. Race as in arms, rat and drag. A pill was like a dope. A bust was a pair of knockers, bazooms, lamps, as in M.M., B.B. and Diana Dors. Crash as in going to a party without an invite. A joint was maybe a bar.

Getting stoned meant hitting the hard stuff (not horse, booze). A quick brew: quaff a foamy. Whales' tails, Thumper. Here's to the Cardinal once. Chug-a-lug. Getting blotto, stinko, shit-faced, loaded, smashed, plowed, bombed out of your ever-loving mind. Then: heaving, tossing, blowing your lunch (cookies). Upchuck, barf, puke. The problem of youth was getting served. Do you have proof (an I.D.)? Churchkey.

In short, in the Fifties, culture still enjoyed a literary base. Words (the novel) still mattered. Awareness was limited, not electronically total. And regionalisms, celebrated during the Thirties when the middle class stayed home, were not yet erased by television, which went coast to coast in 1951, and commercial jets, which crossed the Atlantic in 1958. Have gun, will travel.

In the Fifties, it was dangerous to take anyone at face value. (Are you for real?) In conformist times, you worried about Image (status), doubly anxious because words functioned as costume: are you hip?

Now you're talking (speaking my language). Certain key terms, dig, became juvenile gestures: L7 (index fingers together, pointing outward, extended horizontally, descended an equal distance, rejoined) equaled square (cube or octagon meant supersquare). The three-ring sign indicated cool; screwy was the finger twirled at the temple, then flung at the nut.

—Continued on Next Page



Wearing bandannas and pin curl clips in colorful colors, Adrian models Peggy Jacobson and Gail Wagner are well-groomed wherever they go, typically modern teenagers.



5. Next apply Contour Wax or Butch Wax to hair. This makes hair stand straight up. Makes cutting hair flat, easy.



6. Sides are finished, now Jack starts cutting the top so that it will be flat. Keep comb level and run clipper over.



7. Jack advises barbers not to use "butch clipper attachment" because it will not cut absolutely flat on top.



Cali-Fame Ivy League caps go for about \$3.00, and you don't need a convertible to show them off.



dig this!
The chicks are
calling me...

Continued from Preceding Page

Status was divvied up into geographical dualisms: in, out; with it, from squaresville. Hepcat. Beat/Jazz contributed: daddy-o, pad, bread, gig, slip me some skin. And all that, like, well, you know, man, incoherence. (Holden Caulfield, Marty, Brando and the Method, action painting, the silent generation, Nichols and May, taking the fifth).

Don't hand me any of that jazz. (Take five.) Built-in shit detector. And the farmer took another load away.

Alienation was the absurd egghead bit. (Did Adlai sell out?) Psychology was Krazy, man, like, I nearly flipped. The best minds. The orgone box. Or, as the get-well card said: I'm glad you're sick, but I'm sorry you're ill. You only got hung up when somebody flaked out on you. If you psych'd a test, you had it made. What, me worry?

Yes, above all, anti-frantic. Stay cool. Hang loose. No sweat (negative perspiration). Under control. Made in the shade. Big deal.

Duhhhh!

You're so dumb, you think manual labor is President of Cuba. You think Sherlock Holmes is a housing project. If brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow your nose.

Well, I'll be a dirty bird.

The antithesis of cool was the slow burn, indicated by touching the index finger to the tongue, extending it toward the unfortunate victim and announcing "Pss" as if touching a hot stove. A variation: same gesture: Chalk one up for me! Tuftittie. The way the cookie crumbles, The Royal Screw, hence The Royal Shaft, hence The King's Elevator. Up the creek without a paddle.

Cruising for a bruising. Don't give me any grief. You want a knuckle sandwich. Get Bent. Your ass is grass. Blast off. Suck gas. Wise up. Don't bug me. Drop dead. DDT. Finally gonna shut you down. Dump all over you. How's that grab you? Forty lashes with a wet noodle.

Who cut the cheese? The true clue: he who smelt it dealt it. Silent but deadly.

Hardeeharhar.

Antlers In the Treetop or Who Goosed the Moose.

The went over like a pregnant pole vaulter with a broken stick.

What a fake out.

Almost everything was a drag (negative attitude, like it or lump it, better dead than red). Some guys did get a charge (some kicks). Have a blast. Really hairy. Going ape. Bad, Mean, Wicked, Evil. Bitchin. I eat her up. She sends me. Gone, man, gone. Into the air, junior birdmen.

If you weren't grounded, you could take off. And hack, screw, mess around. Goof off.

Where did you go? (Take me to your leader.) I dunno, whaddya wanna do? Catch some rays. (Shades.) Play charades, spin-the-bottle, Frisbee, pogo stick, Hula-Hoop, bowling, knock-knock, why did the moron?

Precisely at age thirteen, you became a teen-ager. And there were pajama parties and sock hops with a thumbful of 45's. Only bird dogs cut in on a slow dance. Every party has a pooper, that's why we invited you. They tried to tell us we're too young. Grow up.

Certain college studs stuffed phone booths, smashed pianos and, from automobiles, displayed their naked asses to passersby, an act variously called dropping trou, mooning, handing out the b.a., gotcha. Slipping them some pressed ham involved pressing one's bare butt against the window. Driving around with your penis hanging out the window was trolling for faggots. In the city, you could nerf a cab, i.e., bump it gently at a light. On the highway: chicken. Five points for a pregnant nun.

M*I*C*K*E*Y*M*O*U*S*E

The J.D.'s emerged. The hood. The Rock. (Don't knock the Rock.) Baddass. Tough as nails. Switchblade and zip

since I started using BUTCH WAX



★Attention Servicemen: I'm 16, like R n' R, foreign countries, good music, drama. Have grey-blue eyes, light brown hair. Love football and basketball, and am interested in things away from home.
Glenda Shuck
4615 David
Lawrence 26, Ind.



★Calling all cats! I am writing for two friends of mine, Sue and Beth. Sue has short blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5'2" and is 15. Beth has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5' and 14. Here are their addresses:
Beth Fox
3703 S. Main St.
Winston-Salem, N.C.



★All Kittens and especially Kats 15 and over, I'm 16, and a junior in high school. I have blonde hair, blue eyes and am 5'5 1/2" tall. I dig most all types of music, love sports. Have many interests and want to find out about yours.
Viv Zimmerman
1501 Wellington St.
Oakland 2, California



★Hey there! Like to write? Here's your chance to swap pen-talk with a brown eyed, blonde cheer leader.
Shari Frank
259 Willis Avenue
Rochester 16, N.Y.



★Wanted: Kats and Kittens 13 to 77 I'm 14, 5'3", blonde hair and blue eyes. Like Elvis, Rick, R n' R, and dancing. Promise to answer all letters with pix, and some without.
Marilyn Morrison
927 West So. Park Avenue
Oshkosh, Wisconsin



★Would like to hear from girls 14-16. Hobbies include hunting and fishing. I like Elvis and Ricky, and go for R n' R. I'm 16, play football and basketball, am 5'8", and think girls are here to stay.
Dennis Golden
Box 4
Cederville, California



★S.O.S. My double crossing boy friend jilted me! Any guys 16-20 (especially one certain 17 year old Navy boot at Great Lakes named Rob) please write. Maybe you can save me from boredom.
Marti
6010 25th Ave.
Kenosha, Wisc.



★Hi kittens! How would you like to correspond with a real man? I'm 19, 6'3" tall, weigh 225 lbs. and have brown hair. I was second last year in the Mr. New Mexico Contest.
Bob Lozier
Box 19, Mesa Vista Porm
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, New Mexico



★Hey all you guys 15-20, anyone interested in dropping me a line? I'm 15, 5'2", with brown hair and hazel eyes. Dig dancing, sports, and service men the most.
Myrtie Gooch
126 East King
Meridian, Idaho

gun for stomping, mixing it up, rumbles. (Squeezing a beer can.) Pegged pants and a greasy D.A.

Or: butch, crew cut, flat top, Princeton. Charcoal-grey flannel, belt-in-the-back, paisley, Shetland, Madras, bermudas. Our fine-quality pink button-down. Tweedy and preppy. Collegiate.

The common ground: blue jeans, as in the one and only Levi's. (I'm wise to the rise in your Levi's.) As in shrink 'em in the bathtub. As in James Dean lives. As in engineer boots. Classy.

With a digression to honor circle pins, knee socks, saddle shoes, fruit boots, straight skirts, ponytails. Which came first, the sack or the chemise? On the one hand. On the other: beards, sandals and leotards—not yet called tights. Who wears short shorts? If you wore green on Thursday...

As for sex, there was going steady (I.D. bracelet, ring-on-the-necklace, letter sweater or jacket). SWAK. And breaking up. But mostly the eternal search for a little quiff, quim, ginch, snatch, pussy, tail, nookey, poontang, action, etc. Bedroom eyes. Hot lips.

(The 4-F Club: findem, feel'em, fuck'em, forget'em.)

The first thing a make-out artist asked: is she fast? (Nice or good.) Does she put out? Lay it on the line? Do the deed?

He, of course, was always horny. (Blue balls.) When really hard up, he would even overlook her b.o., cooties, flat chest. (Scuzzy, grungy.) Her zits. Put a flag over her face and fuck her for Old Glory.

It was suspected that sometimes she, too, was climbing up the wall. Hot to trot.

In that case, if he didn't get shot down (stood up), he might suggest catching a flick. The passion pit. Parking. Let's go watch the submarines race.

For openers, a snow job. Coming on like Gang Busters. Are you trying to feed me a line?

She might come across if he were a big wheel, a B.M.O.C. On the ball, divine, clean cut, casual, snazzy, a really good (great) guy, the living end. Cute. Neat. Smooth. Sensitive. Peachy keen. A hunk. Hey, bobo. She would certainly be turned off if he were grubby, a phony, a sex fiend, bad news; out to lunch, a banana, weenie, yo-yo, turkey, spastic, nebbish. Gross. A fink. With a bad case of the uglies. A dumb cluck. A loser, creep, simp. A nothing. Of course, if he were a straight arrow, there'd be no danger of his trying to go too far. (Goodnight kiss. Heavy petting.) Meanwhile, awaiting his chance to go all the way, a circular bulge (rubber, safe, skin, [going in bareback]; sophisticates referred to her device as a flying saucer) etched itself into his wallet.

Back with the guys, who had probably been wacking (jacking) off, beating the meat, flogging the log. (Keep it bent in Lent.) Pounding or pulling their collective pud, wang, schlong, dong, skin flute, meat horn, beef tube, pecker, as in pecker tracks in bed or, in the shower after gym, pecker checker (about yay! big). In other words, circle jerk, pocket pool, home and away. (Gang bang). After a date they would ask, especially if he had a rep as a hot ticket, an ass man: Get much? Bare tit? In her panties? Your rocks off? Zilch!

And at school next day, where the brains were grinds and usually brown-nosers, her friends noticed the hickey on her neck. And the guys asked, how they hanging? (Lover's nuts.) One in front, for speed, he said.

Which brings us to that ultimate, fabulous Fifties experience: wheels.

Bombing around.

In a '49 Ford.

A '55 Chevy.

A Merc.

T-Bird.

Vette.

Coming and going in a Studey.

(Edsel.)

Stick shift, as in grind me a pound. Hang a left.

Fins and tails and two-tone and one year there was three-tone.

Raked and flamed, decked and lowered, chopped and channeled.

Duals.

Glass pack. Overhead cams.

Fuelie. Frenched lights. Coon tail.

I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I've got my plastic Jesus.

A 4.56 rear end. Zero to sixty.

Driver ed.

I got cut out. Peel out, lay rubber.

Take it easy.

Anyway I can get it.

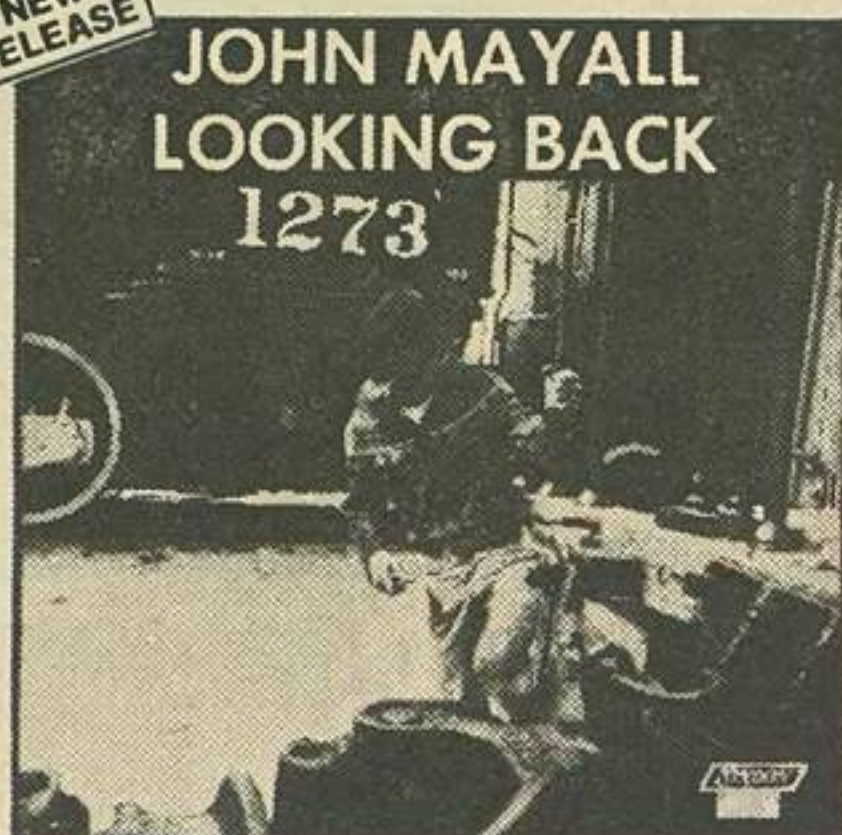
See you later, alligator.

JOHN MAYALL

The Boss of the Blues

7 Great LP's... all on *LONDON*®.

NEW
RELEASE



featuring:

- JACK BRUCE
- ERIC CLAPTON
- ROGER DEAN
- AYNLEY DUNBAR
- MICK FLEETWOOD
- PETER GREEN
- KEEF HARTLEY
- DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
- JOHN McVIE
- MICK TAYLOR



THE JETHRO TULL MESS



Publicizing Jethro Tull has been no bed of roses. Like in what we thought was a pretty witty advertisement for their *This Was* album, we said the group was "four Englishmen who often appear in public as old men: shaggy hair, beards powdered with white, age lines on their faces." And that their namesake was "the man who invented the plough three centuries ago, or so."

Well, no sooner was the ink dry on these ads than Ian Anderson, the group's flutist and lead singer, described, in a prestigious underground rock publication, all of the above as "not a silly milli-particle less than 'absolute bull . . .'" (we at Reprise wish to spare the community the decay Ian's actual wording might cause). According to Ian, Jethro Tull was, in fact, an eighteenth century musician who invented the seed drill. He also said the group has never, nor ever would appear as "old men" in public.

Which made us feel pretty shitty.

But, never ones to let hurt feelings stand in the way of business, we have miraculously picked ourselves up off the floor and written, yes, *ANOTHER JETHRO TULL AD*, this one for their swell new album, *Stand Up*.

Between the time of our Great Embarrassment and the completion of this new bag of groovies, a couple of things have changed with Jethro Tull: (1) Jethro

Tull have made it across the U.S. a couple of times, and not gone unnoticed. In one show we caught, the audience applauded when their amps were wheeled on stage. It built from there.

(2) Their first album—*This Was*—on Reprise has been a rewarding experience to our sales guys, whose initial reaction to Jethro Tull was, "Gawd, not another one?"

(3) And Ian's chagrin over our transgressions has abated. Slightly.

Stand Up. You'll enjoy it and be happy.



STAND UP by JETHRO TULL is on Reprise, where it belongs.

PACHUKO

The following story is reprinted from *Dig Magazine* June, 1956:

BY RAFAEL ESPINOSA (AGE 17)

This is a true story. It happened to me. It is a tragic and shocking story because it is the truth and the truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The same thing that happened to me is happening at this very moment to hundreds of thousands of teenagers all over the United States.

You ask, "what is this terrible thing that is so crucial that it could affect the strongest, most well fed, best treated children in the world, the children of America?" Well, I can explain it in just two words. Juvenile Delinquency. These two words are possibly the two most misunderstood and most socially pondered upon words in the United States today. Yes, this is the land of opportunity where a man is free to live the way he wishes and bring his children up the same way.

Foreign people sometimes state that the people in this country are rich and free from want or worry. They are far wrong. All the hunger, famine, and general uneasiness which exists throughout the world does not compare with the problem which is destroying and degrading the future generation of America.

A rich boy or a poor boy can go just as wrong as anyone else. It doesn't matter which you come from as long as you don't cross the thin barrier between good, and bad, right, and wrong. I come from an average homelife but I was looking for protection in school from the gangs. I was looking for a feeling of importance, I was seeking thrills, and wanted to belong.

When I was fifteen my father was offered a job up in * * * * * in a town called * * * *, just fifty miles from * * * *. I was enrolled in a pretty rough junior high school in * * * *. It was made up mostly of kids of Spanish and white descent.

The students there were not very intelligent. I was put in a class of eighteen and nineteen year olds. I was only fifteen. What the kids lacked in brilliance they made up in toughness. Most of the guys hung around in cliques, gangs, and clubs. The gangs ruled over the clubs and cliques and the cliques over the clubs. Cliques are groups of kids who pal around with each other but aren't organized and haven't any name. These three groups generally make it pretty difficult for a new boy to be accepted.

One way or another you belonged to a group or got your head kicked in. I found that out early. One day while I was walking home from school I happened to pass by a bunch of guys who belonged to one of the wheel [car] clubs in school. They were giving me dirty looks and making cracks at me. They knew I was a new boy in school. I just ignored them. There were about ten of them. They were following me now. I cut [turned] down an alley. It was a dead end. They had me trapped. It was ten against one.

One of the boys who looked like the leader of the club approached me first, the others behind him. All the boys had the name of their club on their plain street jackets put on with paint. They were called the "Loco's." They were considered a car club in school. Outside of school they were a gang, with a wide reputation for doing no good and much bad. The boys in the gang were all Spanish. The leader spoke to me. "You're the new kid ain't you?" I was trembling so much I could hardly speak. "Yeah, I'm the new boy." I tried to sound tough so he wouldn't think I was scared. "Where you from?" the leader asked. "Los Angeles," I replied. "I hear L.A. is a big place for pot [dope]. You know where I can get some?" he asked. "I don't use the stuff," I said. "So you think you're a pretty tough stud [guy] huh?"

He had a gaping scar on his cheek and his front teeth were missing. He muttered something to the other guys in Spanish and started toward me. I was literally paralyzed with fear. He grabbed me by the shirt, ripped it off, slugged me around a little, the rest of his boys joining in. They all split out leaving me laying there a bloody mess. I managed to get home when my parents were both out. I got rid of the ripped shirt and bandaged up the cuts as best I could. When my parents got home and asked about the cuts, I told them I got the cuts playing football.

The next day I was hesitating on whether or not to go to school. I decided to show at school because I knew that if I didn't show I'd get in just as much trouble and be expelled for ditching. I avoided the few friends I made in school and stayed in the shadows as much as possible. Then a break came for me.

One of my closest friends in school, Julio Mendez, told me about an outside of school club which he had recently been initiated into. The "Banditos" had a wide following both inside and outside of the school circle. Julio told me to meet him on the main highway 101 at eight o'clock and he would take me to the meeting place of the Banditos. This was my big chance. This was a great honor. I was asked to be a Bandito. Now I could belong, now I could be somebody. The Loco's wouldn't touch me if they knew I was a Bandito.

I met Julio on the main highway at the set time and from there we split to the meeting place in his car. He had a real cherry [sharp] '41 Chevy. It was pure black with beautiful red and white upholstery, dual loudspeakers, pipes, lowered, decked, chopped, french lights, the works. Julio was a great guy. He was respected in and out of school. It was a feather in my cap to know him. He figured I was an alright guy so he let me in on the club. There were thirty active members, Julio told me. I asked him what I'd have to do to get in the Banditos. He said you'll have to prove you're tough and not scared of anything, mainly the fuzz [cops].

I didn't want any part of that kind of gang and wanted to tell him to let me out. But I couldn't do it. I had gone this far, I might as well travel the rest of the way.

Suddenly we turned right just off the highway and Julio stepped on the gas. We were traveling down a lonely road in the back hills now, nobody around for miles. At last we stopped just off the road in a little ravine. We got out and started walking down into a miniature canyon-like. We came to what looked like the edge of a cliff. Suddenly I heard the chattering of many voices. Stretched out before me was a strange and eerie sight. There was a huge campfire burning and huddled around it were about thirty guys wearing black jackets with huge white pachuko crosses and

"Bandito" lettered on the back of them. "This is the place," Julio said. He told me to follow him. We walked up to the guy who looked like the leader of the gang. They said something to each other. Julio told me the leader said it was okay to stay and we walked over by the fire and sat down.

Julio told me that this gang was a branch of the Pachukos. He said the Pachukos are a more powerful group in their own way than the Klu Klux Klan or the Mafia. It is comprised of members all over the U.S. made up mostly of teenagers and some older men. The Pachukos were started as a reign of terror by older men in Mexico.

There was something very strange indeed about this whole affair. Just a bunch of guys, some white, mostly Mexican and Spanish, sons of Wetbacks and farmers who migrated into the U.S. looking for better opportunities, their sons becoming rebels to society. Just a bunch of guys standing around a fire, expressions of evil blanketing their faces.

Silence ruled over this meeting. Initiation of a new member was taking place tonight. The boy who was up for initiation stood before the leader. The leader spoke: "Come out here Juan Chichero," he ordered, "you are to get in this car and drive it the wrong way on the opposite side of the highway. You are to drive it with lights out against all the oncoming cars, dodging them the best you can till you reach the end of the curve."

This was insanity, this was suicide.

Juan set to the grim task in the car, which was a stolen police car. He dodged one car, almost sideswiped another. Then a huge moving van came into sight and another car was traveling in back of the van. Juan avoided the van but the car which was in back of the van before, was now directly alongside the van, and as Juan avoided the van he collided with the car alongside it. That was the end of Juan. We all split back to the meeting place.

The next morning the papers were full of what had happened to Juan and the police were looking for the stealers of their car. They couldn't tell what club Juan belonged to because he didn't have the Pachuko hash marks [cross] on his arms or the Bandito club jacket. After what happened to Juan I was more and more hepped up on the idea of getting out of this whole deal. That night I witnessed another initiation. This time a Puerto Rican boy, Manuel Quintano, was the pledge. We all split into town and parked the wheels in an alley. Since we were all hot we stayed in the shadows. The cops were looking for the car thieves.

The pledge's job was all cut out for him, all he had to do was take potshots at a cop on beat, and cut out, letting the cop run after him, thus leading the cop into our hands. We'd take care of the rest. I didn't like this whole deal. It all worked like a charm for the pledge. He shot at the cop, the cop followed after him, and played right into our hands in the alley. The guys beat at him with anything they could get their hands on. I made believe like I was kicking him but I actually didn't even touch him. The more they guys mistrusted a pledge, the harder would be his initiation. I dreaded to think what mine would be like.

That night Manuel was formerly excepted into the club. This ceremony impressed me deeply. Manuel stood before the leader in front of the fire. The leader spoke, "you, Manuel Quintano have been found suitable to carry the title Bandito and become a Pachuko." The leader then took out a push button knife, stuck it in the fire and carved the sign of the Pachuko in Manuel's forearm.

Instead of an expression of pain on Emanuels face there was a wide grin.

Next the leader handed him a Bandito club jacket. No matter how impressive this ceremony was, I still wanted no part of it. The first chance I got I would split out.

The next day in school I felt different, knowing I had protection. After school I walked by the Loco's again, only this time I was with Julio. The Locos knew Julio was a Bandito and if I was palling around with him I was with the Banditos too. Still, the Locos were rivals with the Banditos and they didn't like me, so they tried to start something with us. There were four Locos against Julio and I. The Loco's leader singled me out. Before he could do anything I let go with both feet at his stomach. Julio kept the other three guys in line. Then Julio pulled out a shiv [knife] and ordered all of us to break it up. Julio addressed the Loco's leader. "If you boys think you're so bad and want to prove it maybe the Banditos can arrange something. Meet us at the creek on 101 at eight." The Loco's leader agreed.

We had twenty guys against the Loco's thirty. We met at the creek at eight, both gangs ready to beef. Both leaders agreed upon a "Spanish Scarf" fight. In this type of fight the two opponents face each other. One end of a scarf inside their mouths, they stand the length of the scarf away from each other, both men holding a knife in his hand. Both gangs were well armed, each keeping an eye on the other, ready to move. Both gangs crowded around the two leaders. The fight was on! Both boys lunged at each other, feinted blocked and hacked. The first one to draw blood was the Bandito leader. He wedged a sharp cut across the Loco leader's face.

The Loco's leader looked scared. All of a sudden he faked a kick at the Bandito leader, putting him off guard. The Loco's leader took advantage of this, finding his mark in our leader's stomach.

The Loco's leader lunged in for the kill. Our boys stood ready to jump in and the Loco's knew it. Just as the Loco's leader stepped in for the kill we heard sirens. It was the cops.

Both gangs cut out, the cops on their tail. I ran all the way home. I was very lucky. My initiation was coming up any day now. The Banditos had about four charges on thc.n. Car theft, the innocent killing of a boy, and manslaughter. God knows what else before I came.

Well, my parents moved back to L.A. right on time. The papers were full of the capture of the two rival gangs, the Loco's and the Banditos. As for me, I'm a free kid and I've learned my lesson.

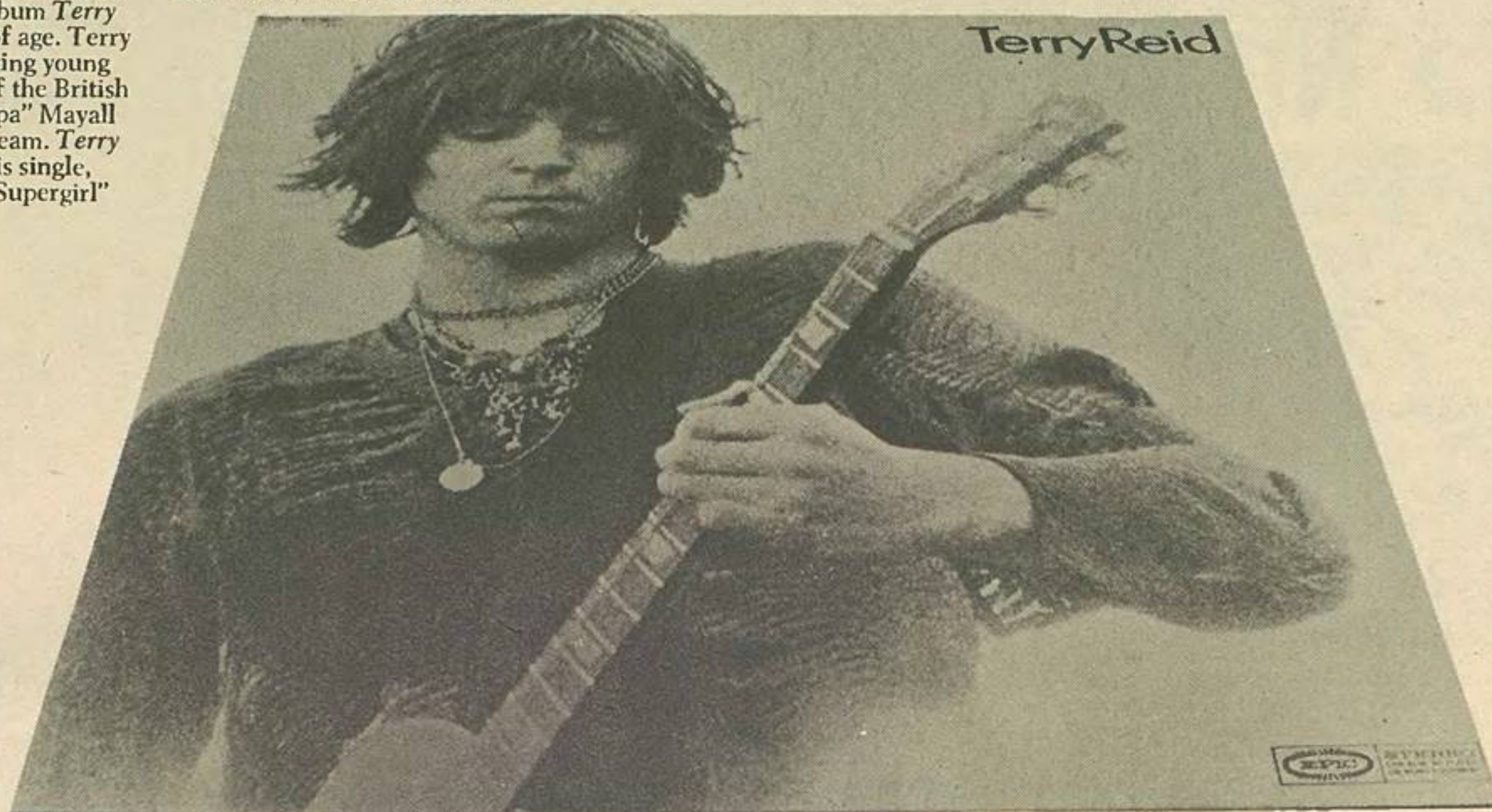
Keep away from trouble. I went wrong looking for protection, a chance to belong. It didn't work out. Nine-tenths of the guys who belong to clubs, like I almost belonged to, end up either in prison or a bloody corpse in the gutter.

Parents must pay more attention to their children if they expect their children to pay attention to their children.

The second album is enough to make you pick up the first.

When Terry Reid's first album, *Bang, Bang You're Terry Reid*, was released, a lot of people heard the beginning of a new generation of music. With his new album *Terry Reid*, it's come of age. Terry sings with a searing young voice born out of the British blues of "Grandpa" Mayall and "Daddy" Cream. *Terry Reid* includes his single, "Superlungs My Supergirl"

and Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited" as well as original Reid. Hear Terry Reid. And be prepared to spring for two albums. ON EPIC RECORDS



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AND NOW SOME EXCITING SCENES FROM OUR NEXT EPISODE OF **NICK DANGER, THIRD EYE.**

HEY POP!

HEY YEAH. WHERE AM I? YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE.

I'M LOOKING FOR THE SAME OLD PLACE.

OH, YOU MUST MEAN THE OLD SAME PLACE, SONNY.

THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE BUTLER I THINK HE WAS A PISCES. PROBABLY WORKING FOR SCALE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE ON ALL FOURS?

I'M LOOKING FOR MY SCRIPT. WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO ON WITHOUT ME?

RACCOCCA! YOU SLIMEY BLACKMAILER! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? YOU DON'T HAVE A KEY.

NO, ONLY HALF A KEY.

WHAT?!

NICK DANGER, THIRD EYE ON THE NEW FIRESIDE THEATER ALBUM, OR HOW YOU CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE WHEN YOU'RE NOT ANYWHERE AT ALL... ON COLUMBIA.

The Firesign Theatre presents ALL HAIL MORIX LEVISON

HOW CAN YOU BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE WHEN YOU'RE NOT ANYWHERE AT ALL

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Sha Na Na Na Yip yip Mum mum get a job



BY IAN HODENFIELD

If rock and roll is art and, like all art, is a refraction of all the events affecting all of us: and if it follows

—that rhythm and blues reached a mass white audience simultaneously with the civil rights movement

—that the Beatles, with their vigor, dry wit and flopping hair, evoked maniacal response immediately following the assassination of John Kennedy

—that popular music turned cold and threatening, demanding introverted performance and response, during the Johnson/Vietnam-scarred years—

Then there is, maybe yes, more than campy nostalgia in the revival of simplistic rock from groups such as Cat Mother and the All Night News Boys, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, the Wild Thing, N.R.B.Q. and, now, Sha-Na-Na.

A brilliantly crystallized dream from the past, Sha-Na-Na is eleven undergraduates from Columbia and a twelfth from Brooklyn College, managed, not surprisingly, by the originator of Columbia's trivia craze.

The three lead singers slouch on stage in gold lame suits. One spits. The other nine members of the group slide out on their own grease. Elaborate, hooded-eye boredom. D.A. haircuts. Drain-pipe trousers, ending at mid-thigh, where the white socks begin. T-shirts, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. "De Molay" slapped across one shirt. "Izzy's Knishes" across another. The rhythm guitarist is bundled up in a black leather jacket with 27 zippers. The microphone is tested: "Tough . . . Tough . . . Tough."

They do "Alley Oop." "Heartbreak Hotel." "Why Do Fools Fall In Love." "Donna." "Wipe Out." "Rock and Roll Is Here To Stay." "Teen Angel." "Chantilly Lace." "Little Star." "Teenager In Love." "Duke Of Earl." "Rama Lama Ding Dong." The entire repertoire is choreographed. In "At The Hop," everyone twists. For "Tell Laura I Love Her," hands are clasped in prayer; two of the lead singers then raise hands to form a chapel over the third gold lame; at the climax, the entire group stretches arms upward to form the tabernacle.

And, of course, the Silhouettes' "Get A Job."

Sha na na na
Sha na na na na
Sha na na na
Sha na na na na
Sha na na na
Sha na na na na
Sha na na na
Sha na na na na
Yip yip yip yip
Yip yip yip yip
Mum mum mum mum
Mum mum
Get a job

(Richard Goldstein, in his book *The Poetry of Rock* has it as Sha da da da. But Sha-Na-Na's leader, linguistics major Rob Leonard, says Goldstein just doesn't hear well.)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON PAULSEN

A group that just six months ago was futzing around as the Kingsmen, Columbia's 22-year-old answer to Yale's Whiffenpoof singers. Playing college functions, nearby girls' schools, daring a little folk, some soft rock.

For their own amusement, the Kingsmen played around with a few raunchy early rock numbers. "We always liked oldies," says group leader Rob Leonard, "and sang them on street corners like everyone else in New York City." Sneaking a few of them into a March concert, they were knocked over by the response. Rob's brother, George, a Columbia PhD candidate in English Literature, asked trivia expert Ed Goodgold to look them over.

In April, the Kingsmen drew 1,500 at a Columbia concert of rock classics. In May, 4,500 enthusiasts turned out for a show in front of the college's Alma

Mater statue. Even though Columbia, sided by black slums, white slums and the Hudson river, might often as well be in New Jersey for all its impact on the Manhattan mainstream (hence the surprise about, and consequent startled coverage of, the student riots there), word began to seep out about the group now calling itself Sha-Na-Na.

Goodgold, looking for a manager for the group, was elected by them. Sha-Na-Na signed with William Morris as booking agent. In early summer, Sha-Na-Na started rehearsing six hours a day. A hot show-business property, baby. Twelve clean-cut college kids.

David Garrett, first tenor, is majoring in electrical engineering, "due to a masochistic philosophy." Like lead guitar first tenor Harry Gross majoring in political science at Brooklyn College, and group leader-bass Rob Leonard, majoring in

sociology and linguistics, Garret is from Brooklyn. Piano-baritone Joe Witkin, majoring in analytical biology, and on the dean's list, moved to Brooklyn from Long Island when he was six. All but first tenor Donald York, from Idaho, are from the East Coast urban sprawl.

Bass Alan Cooper, majoring in religion, born in New York City, and raised in the suburbs, is typical of the group in his penchant for a seriousness parodied by self-irony. The same intelligence that leads to mastering the rules that lead to Columbia can only progress to an understanding of their very fatuousness. In high school, says Alan, "I was debating and oratory champion. Now," he says, "I am rather conceited and sometimes even mean . . . but I'm basically OK, although not so hot-looking."

Baritone Richard Joffe enumerates the situation of the student in the Ivy League college surrounded by slums: "Parents: Russian Immigrants. Father Chemist. Mother Designer. Two brothers, Harvard graduates. Born: Greenwich Village. Now lives: Jersey. Hero: Mickey Mantle. Plays: guitar, trombone, dead. President high school religious youth group. Editor jr. high paper. V.P. Political-Gov. club in high school. Also Assembly M. C. Participant student Gov. Thrown out of elections for school president. Travel: U.S., Europe, U.S.S.R. Jobs: Library Page, Camp Counselor, Bell Hop. Major: English/Government. Likes: Thighs. Speaks: English. Listens: All languages. At Columbia: Member of Kingsmen. Tutor in Spanish Harlem. Hates: L.B.J., Vietnam War, Greasers, Ignorance, Evil, Apple Pie. Also somewhat ambivalent about his mother. Favorite Music: Anything but nursery rhymes and acid rock. Oldies are almost as bad but not quite. Believes: There is no purpose in living. Has often considered suicide and does not now rule it out completely."

Only second tenor Denny Green, Harlem-born and bred, the only black in the group, seems unaware of any lunacy in the life programmed for him at Columbia. A scholarship student at Hotchkiss prep school, at the end of his first year at Columbia he had his own weekly radio show, was co-director of a film-making program, a member of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity and in pursuit of the American dream.

The group's over-all sense of irony extends to the long-standing interest they have all shared in popular music while following the straight go-to-college-get-a-degree - and - don't - make - waves dictum slapped on them by the culture of parents and guidance counselors.

Drummer and baritone John Marcelino, from a Boston suburb, worked with various local rock groups for six years. Joe Witkin, started piano lessons at six, and joined his first rock group, the Phenomenon, in high school. "I played rhythm guitar on my paisley Hofner . . .

—Continued on Next Page

SOME THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT

DOUG KERSHAW



Despite the fact that the show buried his normally electrified fiddle in a mush of Hollywood strings; despite the fact that he was nervous; despite that not an awful lot of people outside of Louisiana and the Black Poodle Club in Nashville ever heard of him—Doug Kershaw nearly walked off with TV's first "Johnny Cash Show."

So, realizing that the name Doug Kershaw will be popping up at all the right cocktail parties and amyl nitrate orgies this month, we're providing you with a list of interesting

THINGS

to point out about our favorite Cajun:

1. Doug made a single called "Louisiana Man" a few years back with his brother Rusty. The song has since

become a classic of its genre.

2. Doug plays 28 instruments. All of them expertly, the reports have it. But the fiddle and dobro extraordinarily.
3. Having been the focus of a recent CBS documentary on the Nashville music scene, Doug will soon be looked at in even greater detail on another CBS television special, this one to be filmed in Doug's native Louisiana.
4. In the words of *Rolling Stone* contributor Patrick Thomas, "Kershaw can blow up any club crowd to bursting. The playing would be sufficient, but he can whirl and twist his angular features in the most incredible geometric affronts to your sensibility... It's unfortunate, in a sense, that he has developed this dervish intimacy to such a degree, because if you can't see Kershaw this way, you'll never see all there is to see."

So see him. On the forthcoming Johnny Cash tour, or on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, or maybe even with Mother Earth

at the Fillmore East or at his farm outside Nashville.

And, having seen him, give a listen to Kershaw's startling new Warner Bros.-Seven Arts album, *The Cajun Way*. In it, if you're half as bright as we think readers of this rag are, you'll hear a new side of music. One that's very important. Kershaw's.



Their Way

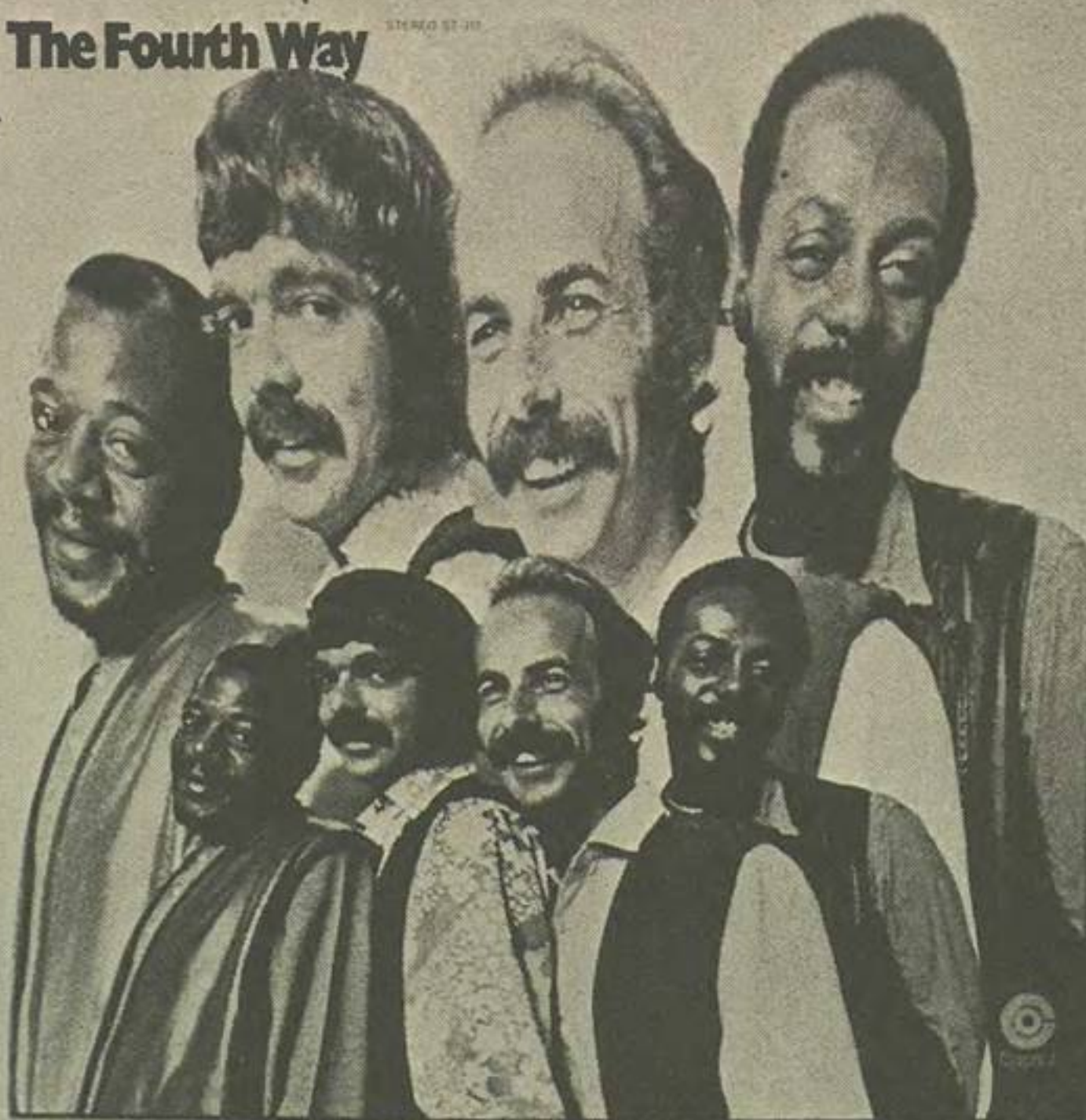
Ron McClure has come a long way from and with his Julius Hart Conservatory training.

By way of Maynard Ferguson Big Band and Sextet, Herbie Mann Quartet, Buddy Rich Big Band and Charles Lloyd Quartet. Now, his bass and guitar are going The Fourth Way.

Mike White, the heavy on violin, won Downbeat's highest award as New Jazz Star of 1967. Roland Kirk, Elvin Jones and John Handy knew why when he blew with them. Now, he's blowin' the new way. The Fourth Way.

Mike Nock began playing the piano at 12. Since being proclaimed a sensation in New Zealand and Australia, he's made his way in the U.S. with The Yuseff Lateef Quartet, Dionne Warwick and the John Handy Quartet. Now, he's making it his own way. The Fourth Way.

The Fourth Way



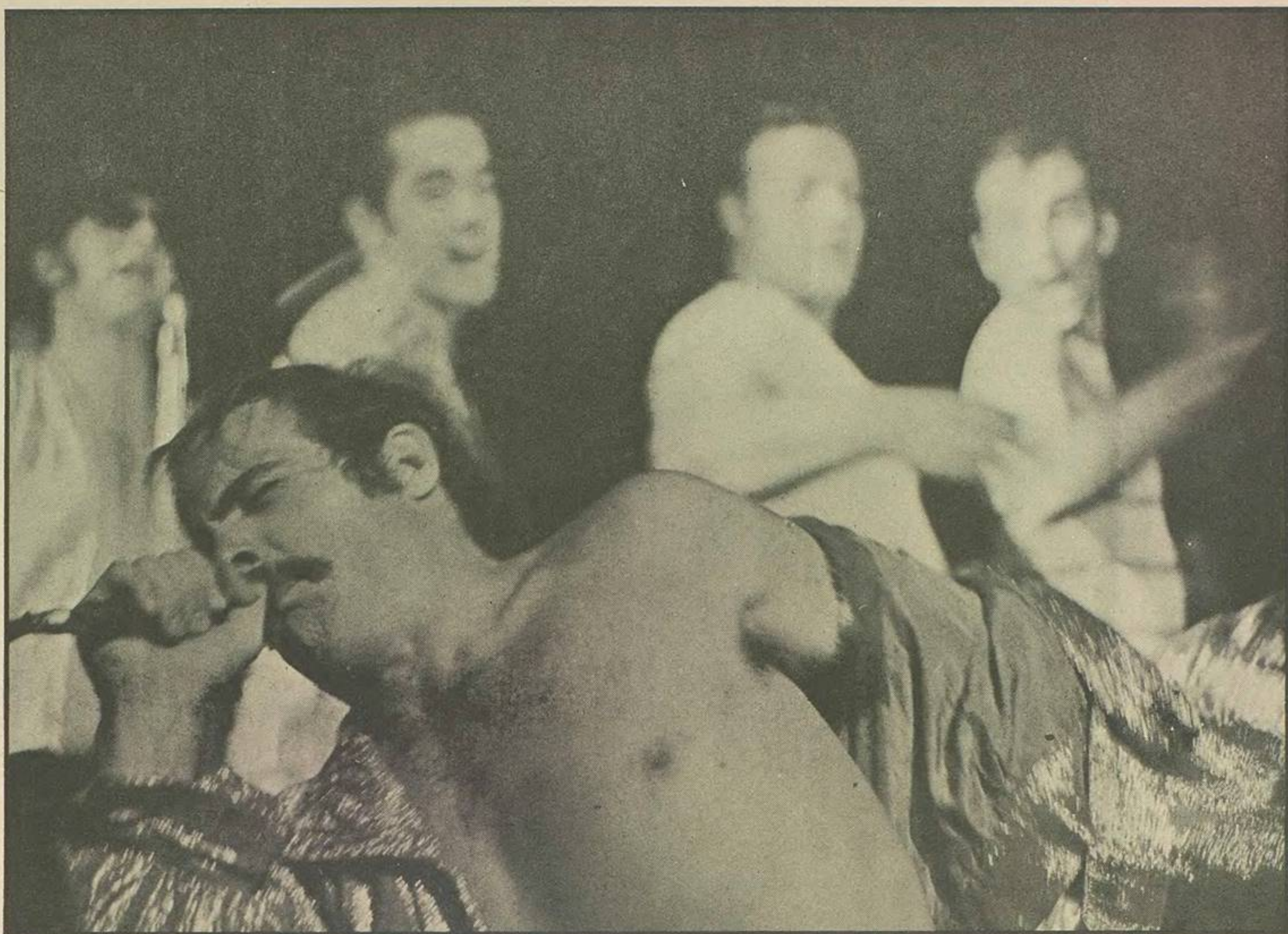
The drums and recorder of Eddie Marshall are the tight wrap-up. He's wailed and beat it out with Stan Getz, Gary Burton, Roland Kirk Quartet and Dionne Warwick. Now, he's wrappin' it up. The Fourth Way.

The Fourth Way is a vocal quartet which doesn't use voices—their instruments are their voices. They come from jazz, but have forged a new musical posture. Rock one way. Jazz one way. Folk one way—A new way. The Fourth Way.

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Continued from Preceding Page
played the worst sweet sixteens, but it was incredible fun." He went on to other groups, some with Henry Gross, playing lead and bass guitar. Bass guitar and second tenor Bruce Clarke, from Washington, D.C., cut his "guitar teeth in a group known as the Fuzz—the band with the arresting sound." When that broke up, he organized the "Fantastic Plastic."

Donald York, from Idaho, remembers "singing more than I would have liked to for church and ladies' clubs meetings at a very tender age, and my rendition of 'The Ballad of Davy Crockett' won me a first prize award when I was four." But it was his two sisters, ten and twelve years older, who turned him on to his musical reality. "When they were teenagers and I was just a little boy-kid, they provided me with my first exposure to a liberal dose of the kind of music Sha-Na-Na performs today."

As with rhythm guitar and second tenor Elliot Cahn, from Brookline, Massachusetts: "I was introduced to rock at an early age by my older brother, who is currently a PhD candidate at MIT. I was a regular customer at the local soda shop-teenage hangout, where I would listen to the jukebox and watch with wide eyes the local hoods as they guzzled birch beer and carved their initials in the booths. Late at night I would lie in bed as all the great hits flowed in my mind, and resolved that someday I, too, would be a big rock and roll star, and go out with girls and everything."

For all the members of Sha-Na-Na, the rock explosion was something to grow up into, like D.A. haircuts, pegged trousers, rubbers, beer drinking, wearing your shirt collar up, being a stud.

In that era of Debbie & Eddie, Janet & Tony, and Rock & Tab, when Archie Andrews was grabbing a shiv and rumbling through West Side Story, if you were a hip New York kid you had to make the pilgrimage to the Dick Clark Show in Philly. If you couldn't make that, you watched Juke Box Jury or its local equivalent. "It has a good beat," would declare the bright-eyed panelist, "and I'd like to dance to it. But I didn't understand the words so I'll give it an 82."

After which, you made out. Cool. Or zorch. Depending.

The members of Sha-Na-Na were in grade school.

"What they're doing," says manager Goodgold, "is presenting a poetic re-crea-

tion of the past. They're role-playing, imagining themselves as they would have been had they been allowed to suddenly realize the fantasies they had as kids.

"They don't like being regarded as quaint curios of the past, or being limited by nostalgic bullshit. They really believe they're in the vanguard and, rather than following other groups, new groups are going to follow them.

"Generally, the Fifties themselves are irrelevant to them. The audiences, with the same shared remembrance, are responding to them now. They do Elvis numbers and girls scream at them, girls who can have no remembrance of wild-man Presley who first burst on the scene.



"Young girls grab at Sha-Na-Na's clothes when they perform. They don't grab at Cream's clothes, at Blind Faith's.

"Recent musical trends have been predicated on coolness. The frontiers of coolness are always expanding. Somebody's always cooler. And you reach the danger of over-cool, which forces the audience to shrink back.

"A group like Led Zeppelin can leave people with a feeling of inadequacy. The audiences may flock to sophisticated groups, but they're really just faddish and in the end their audiences can't keep up with them.

"Sha-Na-Na doesn't ask its audiences to be cool. For them, it's like the 49th Psalm: Join us in a joyous noise."

Their joyful noise has led them to a contract with Buddah Records' Kama Sutra label (which offered them a strong advance and hard promises on promotions: one Sha-Na-Na, shrugging off Buddah's aura of tackiness, allowed as Sha-Na-Na should up the company's image). Appearances on Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin and Hollywood Palace are in the works.

The only bothersome question for their new-found show business friends is whether they're just this year's version of Tiny Tim. Or, worse, Mrs. Miller.

Manager Goodgold, increasingly harried by the non-trivial aspects of handling an emerging sensation, stoutly maintains that Sha-Na-Na is not just a novelty act.

"They are," he says, "the best singing rock group in history."

Bass singer Alan Cooper, a Mahler-freak and off-hours oboe player, says, "Because we're re-arranging these songs, we're aware of their technical faults. Like, in 'Little Star' the harmony (on the original recording) is a good half-note off. Bach would have thrown up. We're cleaning it up, making it tighter, the sound is clearer."

"But," he adds, "it's the same old Brooklyn."

"The point is that all good music is based on some tradition. Neither Mozart nor Bach were innovators. They took the musical traditions of their eras and brought them to fruition.

"And this is what the Beatles did to grease music. They culminated Presley and allowed a new period to begin. The people who have followed the Beatles have not grasped rock and roll.

"Acid rock, blues rock, is not happy music. It's introverted music. Contem-

porary sounds have been putting a lot of pressure on non-musicians. And everybody has to exert the negative energy to be cool, both audience and performers."

Or, as the New York Times deduced, in reporting on the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, most rock today is played by stoned musicians for stoned audiences.

"In the music we're playing," says Leonard, "there's a quality anyone can respond to. At first, people don't know what to make of us. 'Is this supposed to be funny?' they seem to be asking each other. Then they just slip into it. We're playing happy music and we get happy audiences.

"I remember at the Scene, Jimi Hendrix was standing on a chair, digging us, and that was really beautiful, that really blew my mind."

"The people are into the whole period we're into," says Cooper, "rather than just the songs. There's nobody nowadays who can say the music is before their time. Teeny-boppers know our songs even better than we do. The songs are part of our culture. And, with a heavy 1969 instrumental sound, we're giving the old songs a contemporary impetus. In the Fifties, vocal groups backed up bands. Today it's a band that just happens to sing. We're trying to strike a happy medium.

"We are not regressing. We're neo-classicists."

Which, indeed, is just what Eisenhower's vice president may be considering himself these days.

"Nixon? Well, that's more coincidental," says Cooper. "Sure, there's a nostalgia for the Steady Fifties. But there's also nostalgia for the Gay Nineties and the Roaring Twenties. If we are just an outlet for nostalgia, we're a more constructive one than some others, like Nixon.

"I don't know. The Steady Fifties are also referred to as the Silent Fifties. By and large, there has been a resurgence of political apathy, certainly at Columbia. There's a sense of futility in people's political involvement. The kids, even the most rabid SDS kids, are realizing that by trying to change things they only get their heads bashed in."

Rob Leonard said that Sha-Na-Na "isn't playing for the man on the street... we're playing for the man on the street corner."

And, it would seem, the man on the street corner is ready for them. Again.

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BARABAJAGAL (3:22)
(With The Jeff Beck Group,
Lesley and Madeleine)
SUPERLUNGS MY SUPERGIRL (2:40)
WHERE IS SHE (2:46)
HAPPINESS RUNS (3:29)
I LOVE MY SHIRT (3:38)

Side 2

THE LOVE SONG (3:17)
TO SUSAN ON THE WEST COAST
WAITING (3:13)
ATLANTIS (4:58)
TRUDI (2:25)
(With The Jeff Beck Group,
Lesley and Madeleine)
PAMELA JO (4:25)

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DONOVAN

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ATLANTIS



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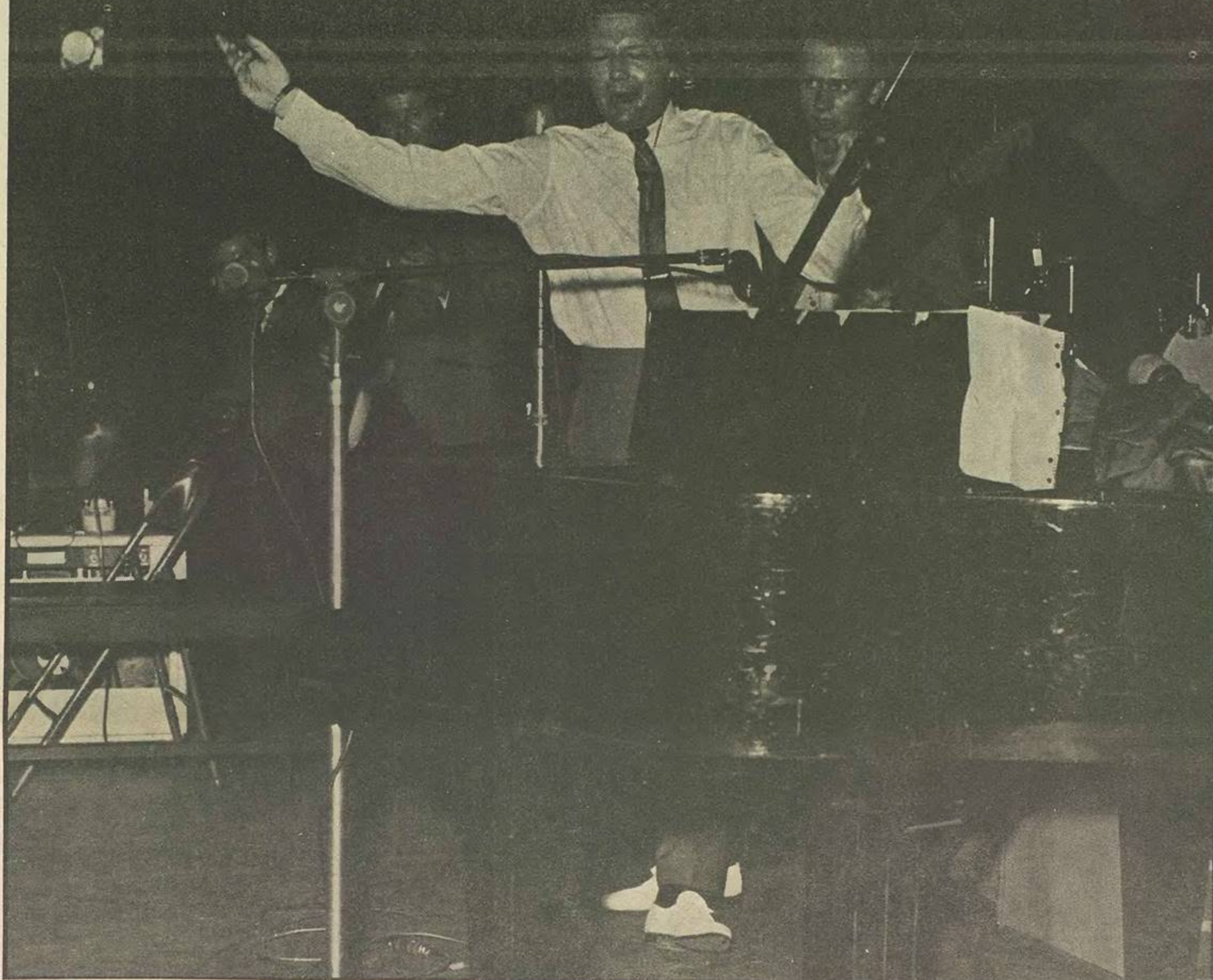
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RECORDS



Jerry Lee Lewis: Same old pumping piano, same old raw Louisiana voice

Original Golden Greats, Vol. 1, Jerry Lee Lewis (Sun 102)

Original Golden Greats, Vol. 2, Jerry Lee Lewis (Sun 103)

Nowadays, Jerry Lee Lewis is a respected country and western star, instant success following each release. Actually, he's always been country. But he hasn't always been such a well respected man.

These two albums of re-releases return us to the Fifties, when Jerry Lee was the Mick Jagger of his day. If his (for then) outlandishly long blond hair, wild clothing, and frenzied act didn't aggravate the public sufficiently, he made up for it in other ways. He married three times before his twenty-third birthday; the last marriage, to his thirteen year-old cousin, came before his second divorce was final and he found himself tossed out of England as a result. Headlining several of the late Alan Freed's cross-country rock circuses, he was crucified by the press. And when Dick Clark brought rock to prime time TV, Lewis was the opening night star. Singing "Great Balls of Fire" and "Breathless," the Pete Townshend of the piano discarded the stool, pounded the keys with his elbows, and transformed himself into a golden mass of perspiration. Jerry Lee was then at his peak, but the public wasn't ready for him, and he soon faded. His style, both on stage and off, was part of his downfall.

It's "Jerry Lee Lewis and his Pumping Piano," as the labels of his old Sun 45s once boasted; a distinctive vocal style, a country sound, a crazed piano, a guitar break, an occasional sax. His biggest hits are here; "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On," "Great Balls of Fire," "Breath-

less," and the equally good but lesser known "High School Confidential." They remain among the best examples of pure rock. The other numbers are straight C&W or rhythm and blues, all reflecting the musical flavor of the Fifties. We have a "Teen-Age Letter," a "Break-Up," and "Save the Last Dance for Me."

Many of the lyrics and arrangements are, of course, antiquated. People simply don't sing about "boppin' at the high school hop" or dancin' shoes anymore. And background "doo-wahs" are scarce today. Yet the result overshadows these distractions.

Lewis' voice, that slow southern drawl filled with power, urgency, sureness, and sexuality, is the same sort of voice that most of the early English groups tried to recreate, and it is still the voice of today. The white use of black pronunciation ("Great Balls of Fire," "Little Queenie") which Lewis carried on in true country tradition is now more common than ever. His fascination with boogie ("Lewis Boogie," "What'd I Say") reflects a knowledge of a form that many people today feel they have just uncovered.

"Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On" and "Great Balls of Fire" speak for themselves as Lewis' own contribution to the permanent history of rock, and "High School Confidential" is beautiful. Here he is, ordering his woman to open her door and get her dancing shoes before the juke box blows a fuse. The music stops, he sings; it stops, he sings. The song is so fast it stuns, the voice so urgent it spells emergency. So what if they're going to a high school hop? It could be anywhere, and it could be

any fuse getting ready to blow. He also does Chuck Berry's "Little Queenie" and Barrett Strong's "Money," long before the English "discovered" them for white audiences. Jerry Lee knew back when.

Again, while millions are only now finding country music, Lewis always knew it. The C&W numbers also show shapes of things to come, as well as what had been. "Move on Down the Line" reminds me of the putdown songs of the Stones. "Fools Like Me" and "I'll Make it All Up to You" are country, but like much country, they are also the blues. And everyone tries his hand at the blues today. Especially with Hank Williams' "You Win Again" do we see why Lewis is a top country figure today. The music is not as smooth as country's Top Forty, nor is the singing. But the beginnings are there, the feeling if you want to get corny.

For me, however, "Breathless" remains his masterpiece. The piano is pumping, the voice is raw Louisiana, and only the tired adjective "frantic" can describe the song's total effect. The gasp for air each time he confesses he's breathless, the substitution of squeals and groans for words, the half-talk, half-sing style; everything is perfect. There is a bit of "Breathless" in most good rock today. Only the "good-ness gracious" of "Great Balls of Fire" matches the creativity of this song.

Lewis is not a great singer, a great musician, nor does he write much. He is a great interpreter. He takes the words and the music that others have put on paper and makes them his. Not many of today's groups have this ability. The best write their own material. The others

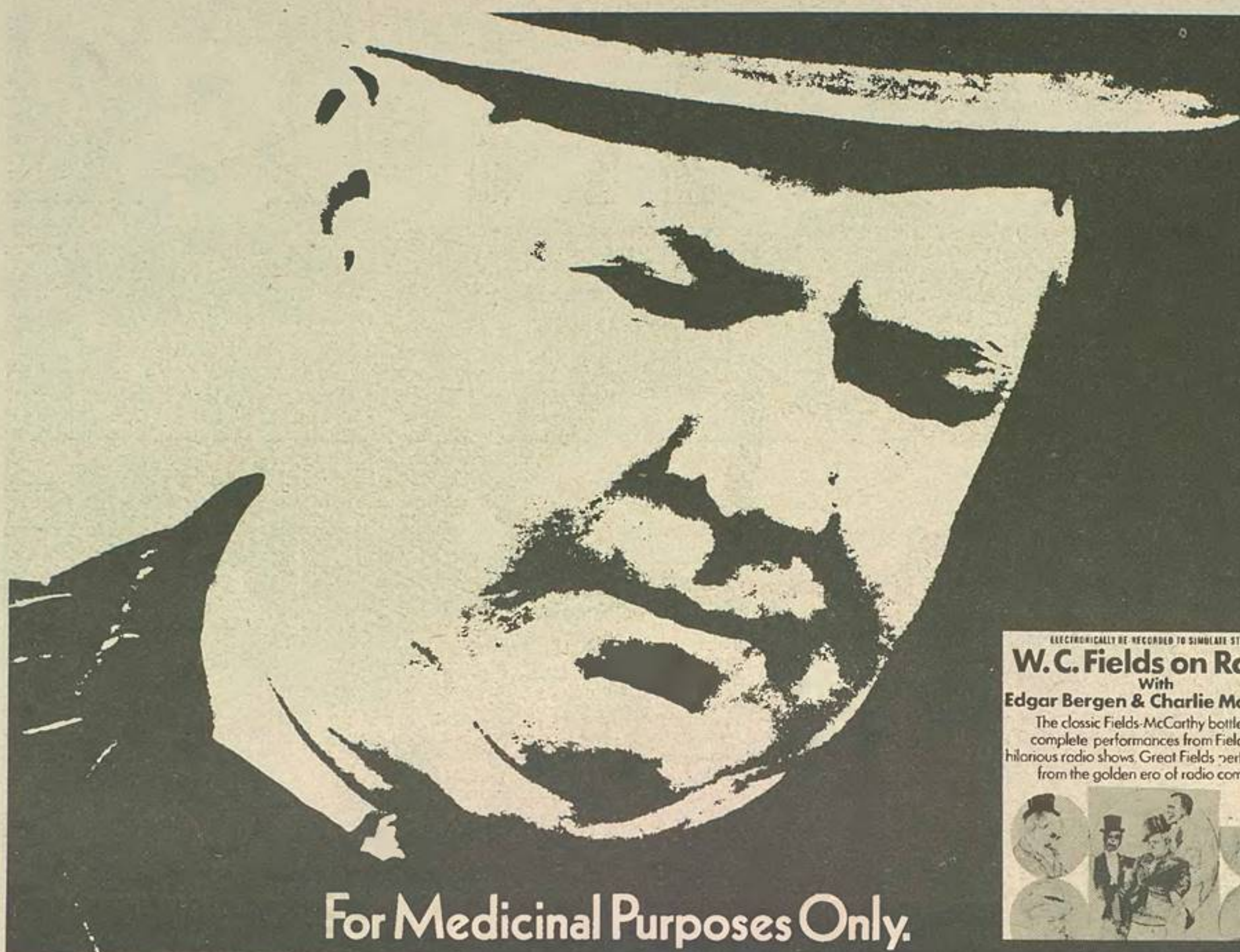
don't last very long. It is this ability that makes "Breathless," "Great Balls of Fire," and "Whole Lotta Shakin'" great.

Like a few of the other rock stars of his time, like Presley, the Everlys, and Roy Orbison, he unwittingly foresaw the future. The forecasting is one of the remarkable aspects of these albums. His rock numbers still stand up. His country flavor is again the big thing. The blues, the boogie, the monologue; it's all here. Those who saw him in the earlier days will recall one of rock's wildest, yet best performers. A wild white singer, Mick Jagger with a piano. Those who never saw him can visualize it all by listening to these numbers, songs running from self-pity to gloating overbearance to simple statements of fact. And Jerry Lee was a revolutionary before it became fashionable. He just did what he thought was right.

A few of the songs on the albums are truly great. Most of them are good. There are a few duds, which is remarkable considering that Sun probably scrounged through their files to find enough material for the set.

Lewis is now enjoying a revival among rock listeners as well as among country fans, but he's only doing what he's always done; a bit more subdued, but basically the same thing. Hearing these albums won't conjure up visions of him singing "What Made Milwaukee Famous Has Made a Loser Out of Me." But it's so very easy to close your eyes and be back in the balcony of the Brooklyn Fox seeing Alan Freed introduce the one and only Jerry Lee Lewis.

BOB KIRSCH



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KIM FOWLEY GOOD CLEAN FUN

Produced by Kim Fowley and Michael Lloyd
 Imperial Records LP-12443



Of all the people who've been involved with rock 'n roll over the years, and there must be thousands of them out there throwing parties or pumping gas, there can't be many with more background in the music than Kim Fowley. His first big record as a producer-composer was "Nut Rocker" by B. Bumble and the Stingers. From there, the Fowley fungus mushroomed; every time he dived into the studio he put down some history. Here now, in no particular order, is a list of the artists he's either recorded, jammed with, or generally messed around with.

His first band (while still at high school) included Sandy Nelson on drums and Bruce Johnston on bass. Kim was the equipment manager.

He was the founder-member of the Hollywood Argyles, and sang on "Alley Oop," co-produced "Papa Oom-Mow-Mow" with the Rivingtons, & jammed with B. B. King and Dee Clark.

Frank Zappa then asked him to join the Mothers which he did for "Help I'm A Rock." Kim formed Chatahoochee Records, cut the Murmaids' goldie, "Popsicles and Icicles,"

then split for the first of his two visits to England.

He recorded Mick Fleetwood and Ritchie Blackmore (leader of Deep Purple) in London, let Gary Brooker of Procol Harum sleep on the floor of his Earl's Court pad, was P. J. Proby's dance instructor, body guard, confidant and record producer. He raised hell and recorded with Keith Moon, wrote the flip side of Cat Stevens' first hit, was the first person to record Family, gave the Rockin' Berries their only two hits, let himself be produced by Mickie Most who wasn't game to release the tapes, and cut the first discs ever made with Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi.

Back in the States, he formed the House for Homeless Groups which produced October Country and Steppenwolf (who paid him \$25 a week for food, advice and lodging), was named by Jim Morrison as one of his favorite poets, had a heart attack, loaned Van Dyke Parks \$25 and took him into his first recording studio.

He has made \$1,300,000 from the record business, and he now lives in a room above a garage with no sheets on his bed.



Truly Fine Citizen, Moby Grape (Columbia CS 9912).

Moby Grape is a group which was afflicted by the curse of a perfect first album. There was a stylistic consistency to that album which belied the diversity of sources it drew upon. What resulted was an American *Rubber Soul*.

Inevitably, the wish to avoid repeating themselves combined with an uncertainty about exactly what to do with this wish caused a major identity crisis for the group. The Beatles resolved the problem of the perfect album by deliberately undertaking, in search of their identity, a parody-history of popular music. Moby Grape's second album, *Wow*, was a child of the self-conscious, post-Sgt. Pepper eclecticism which ruled the day, obeying one of the few laws of rock—when in doubt, do as the Beatles do. The album contained plastic blues, plastic C&W, some cuts in the style of the first album but without the former's enthusiasm, all of it adulterated by a bloated, L.A. production which hung over the album like smog.

The third album, *Moby Grape '69* was designed as a reaction to *Wow*. Arrangements were simpler, the frivolity had been curtailed, and while most of the album suffered from a failure of the imagination, there were three cuts worthy of the group—"It's a Beautiful Day," "If You Can't Learn From My Mistakes," and "Seeing," a particularly arresting song of beauty and madness written by Skip Spence, who had by this time withdrawn from the group.

When I first heard about *Truly Fine Citizen*, I had reason to be optimistic. It was going to be another one of Columbia's Nashville albums, under the guidance of Bob Johnston. It struck me as a wise choice. It symbolized a sense of direction for the band, a choice of an idiom which Moby Grape had always shown an aptitude for, and one which, being relatively circumscribed, was likely to minimize the risk of serious lapses.

When I first played the new album, I couldn't believe my ears. I hadn't heard in months a more complacent, pathetic LP. The band (now reduced to three members with the loss of Mosley) no longer seems to care. There is a banality of material, and even more, of arrangements, which is staggering. The singing, except for Peter Lewis', which is competent, if slightly bland, is tired and weak. Johnston, who is listed as producer and arranger, is less than useless. The only thing he seems to have done is reverse the convention of the first album—here the voices instead of the guitars are up front. Maybe Dylan can produce himself, but here is a group that was obviously foundering and so far as I can tell, they went unaided.

There is a deadly sameness to all of the cuts; but for the record, "Open Up Your Heart" is a sad attempt at good time music, "Love Song" is junior high school, "Love Song, Part Two" is cocktail-lounge music, and "Now I Know High" is the band's feeble attempt at the kind of stylistic modulation within a song which the Byrds accomplished on "King Apathy III"; on the instrumental portions Miller is still playing the "Indifference" licks of years ago. "Beautiful Is Beautiful" and "Treat Me Bad" have nice melodies, but are left to die of neglect. Neither of these last two was written by a member of the band.

Being a fan, it grieves me to say all this, but it is appalling to see what has happened to a band which at one time contained five men, all of whom could sing, write, and play their instruments—a super-group before that term was ever coined. Today, both in number and spirit, they are a vestige of their former selves. Moby Grape should look to others for replenishment, but, more important, they must look to themselves. If not, it's perhaps time for them to call it a day.

BEN GERSON

"My Guitar," the Mothers (Reprise 0840).

Frank Zappa rides again with a new single. His guitar wants to kill . . .

The LPs have never really captured the flat-out drive and excitement of a live Mothers' performance. Given two sides and forty minutes to play with, it seems Zappa feels he has to be significant (extending the boundaries of rock and roll, or something) instead of just stretching out. Lately, even in person, he can't seem to decide whether he wants to play rock or classical music.

But two singles exist, right there at the center of what made Zappa and the Mothers great. The first—"Big Leg Emma" b/w "Why Don't You Do Me Right?"—came out a few years ago. The second—"My Guitar"—is new. Both drive like fucking steam engines, and both are scalpel-sharp expositions on the subject of the music we had to grow up from in order to understand and find again. On a level of pure musicianship (not to mention sociology), the singles are just as im-

pressive as the LPs, but they're also good rock and roll.

"My Guitar" is prime, brilliant Frank Zappa music. At the same time that it undercuts a musical form through exaggeration, it manages to make the form do exactly what it was supposed to do in the first place. To put it another way, after you're done listening to the words you can dance to it.

Zappa pumps his wah-wah, the singing gloriously rock-and-roll-evil. I sure wish the Mothers and Zappa could have done it on their LPs the way they did it on the singles. Either that, or put big labels on the records, like "Dumb Rock and Roll" or "Serious Classical Music." I know that Zappa has been trying to achieve some kind of blend, but as yet I don't think he's managed to pull it off. A lot of *Uncle Meat* just sounds like ersatz Stravinsky. In any case, the four LPs don't begin to achieve the excitement of "My Guitar"—which clocks in at three minutes, seven seconds.

BLACK SHADOW



The Flock, (Columbia CS-9911)

Dizzy Gillespie used to advise that the hardest thing to learn in playing jazz was what to leave out. This is even truer today for rock and roll. Let's face it. A hell of a lot of ground has been covered recently. Most performers, producers and companies have in their grasp all sorts



The Flock

"Carry Me Back," the Rascals (Atlantic #2644)

"Suspicious Minds" Elvis Presley (RCA 47-9764)



The Rascals have hit again, rocking around with good old Stephen Foster, which is about as far back as one can get, unless you count Jimi Hendrix' revival of Francis Scott Key's greatest hit. A flashy piano intro, and then beautiful screams: "Carry me baaaaack, carry me baaaaack . . ." Back to where? They came from New Jersey. Back to dat good ol' suthun homeland, of course. "Lord Almighty I sure learned a lot/ Enough to send me back to where I come from/ To that old Kentucky home where I belong." And it's a great record, their best rocker since "Good Loving," year ago. Two pianos once it gets underway, a snappy rhythm guitar reminiscent of Clapton at his sharpest, jazzy horns at the bridges, the vocals so absurdly sincere. Produced by Felix Cavaliere and Arif Mardin, "Carry Me Back" has blazingly full sound that's irresistible in its impact. If this is a hint of what's in store on their next album, it'll be a record that will be a pleasure to buy.

Elvis' single, on the other hand, is disappointing, because all the pieces seem to be there but it simply doesn't jell. It's not exciting. "Suspicious Minds," apparently the show-stopper at the King's gig in Las Vegas, is on record inferior to

most everything on his current LP, *From Elvis in Memphis*. This is critical, because if Elvis' comeback is to be really successful (which is to say, if he's to recapture the younger audience that was once his alone) he can't afford to miss a trick, and most especially he can't afford to lapse into the crooning ballads of his last ten years. "Suspicious Minds" is not exactly a "miss"—it's getting more airplay than anything since Sgt. Pepper and will undoubtedly be number one by the time this is printed, unless the Rascals get there first—but it doesn't force you to turn up the sound on the radio every time it comes on, and that's what a truly solid single has to do.

Elvis is not allowed to project. He's buried in some odd mix of strings, horns, and a female chorus (which is, by the way, magnificent). Bass, guitar and drums are up front, but Elvis is supposed to be singing lead, not the rhythm section. The vocal, usually double-tracked, is given more echo and more distortion than on any Elvis record I can recall, and this only adds to the generally muddy sound which in the end destroys the disc. You end up listening to the great girl stepping out from the chorus to shout "Suspicious Minds!" two or three times, and *that's* the high-point.

The song itself, written by Mark James, is excellent, and perfect material for Elvis. It suggests that Elvis should record "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" on his next album. Whatever he records, this time he should be given space in which to move, rather than being hemmed in by a producer with an overly extravagant sense of "orchestration." This is *Elvis Presley*, not some hired hand trying to break into show biz. In the meantime, buy "Carry Me Back."

GREIL MARCUS

of high-powered equipment, technique, musical styles and commercial savvy. Everything's been done except polkas and madrigals and the next B, S and Tears album will probably take care of even those. With all of this stuff in the bin and ready to go the immediate response usually is "Throw it all in!" Feedback, horn sections, Moogs, sitars, choirs, Texas blues, Electrifying Eric (Satie, that is), more, more, more . . .

I am happy to report that for the most part the Flock avoids these pitfalls. It knows what to leave out. The exceptional talent of its members is not thrust into your face with the "Now we'll show 'em" vengeance of many first albums. Each of the instrumentalists is given a context of relative silence in which to perform his solos and takes advantage of it. The arrangements are carefully done. A real sensitivity for the dynamics of a tune is apparent at almost every point. The Flock is not, as John Mayall contends, the best band in America. But it is good enough to merit a close listening now and a considerable degree of hope for its future.

The important event on this album is the performance of violinist Jerry Goodman. Already an accomplished and resourceful player, Goodman needs just a bit more polish and imagination before he achieves true greatness as a rock soloist. Often taking bits right out of the Bartok string quartets, his attack reminds me very much of another fine violinist—Mike White of the Fourth Way. Both men know how to use the long-neglected instrument for a wide variety of musical textures. Both have a lot of gypsy in their souls. Goodman's work on "Introduction," "Clown," and "Truth" are the real reasons why you should take time to listen to this recording.

Much of the rest of the material on

the album can be placed in the respectable but not exciting "what we've gotten used to" category. Fred Glickstein's guitar and singing are right out of Chicago and leave little to criticize or rave about. Just pleasant, competent work. The horn section—tenors Rick Canoff and Tom Webb and trumpet Frank Posa—is together most of the time, but ragged at others. Occasionally there's the ever popular lapse of taste *a la* the Airplane and the Doors. "The Russians are comin' / The Russians are comin' . . ." shouted in a haughty voice in "I Am a Tall Tree" leaves me wondering how they went wrong. But on the whole the lyrics, singing, horns and guitar come off pretty well. Just when things seem to have gone over the cliff into the Chicago Transit Authority's abyss, Goodman's violin comes in to settle things down. A kind of musical parachute.

This is not a bad group at all. If the Band can't make it, I think I'd like to have the Flock play at my wedding.

LANGDON WINNER

Side Two has its moments, highlighted by Free's well-arranged and -sung version of "The Hunter." Rodgers also sings "Moonshine" mournfully and movingly, but the instruments keep overpowering him. "Sweet Tooth" is nothing; and then Part II of "Over the Green Hills" ends things gently—too bad Free saw fit to let so much crap come between its halves.

As for Fear Itself, I'm rather more interested, if only because their guiding light, Ellen McIlwaine, has a voice somewhere between those of Janis and Pigen, and she also takes a decent harp solo to open the album. When that harp fades and John Lee Hooker's "Crawling Kingsnake" begins, you know you're at least hearing something different—a white blues band that's harsher, more jagged, more electronic and adventurous. Fear Itself fails often, but they *pus* each song hard and make some of them seem new. (Though, in the case of "Crawling Kingsnake," not new enough for Dot Records or producer Tom Wilson or



The Stooges (Elektra EKS-74051)

As we all remember, in 1957, it was conclusively proven that there exists a causal relationship between rock and roll and juvenile delinquency. This record is just another document in support of this thesis.

We're just havin' fun." They emit a raw energy reminiscent of the very earliest British recordings—ever listen to the first two Kinks records?—and while there is ample reason to put them down, the fun is infectious, and that's more than you can say about most of the stuff coming out nowadays.

The album itself is, I am told, far better than the Stooges are in person, where they rely heavily on visual effects and loud freak-out scrapings of guitar strings and bashing of amps. Producer John Cale, a former member of the Velvet Underground, has squeezed everything he could out of them, and he has done a fine job. The only place where the album falls down, it falls with a resounding thud. "We Will Fall" is a ten-minute exercise in boredom that ruins the first side of the record. The rest of it—well, when something is as simple as the Stooges' music, it would take an artist to ruin it.

So, cats and kitties, if you want to have a real cool time, just bop on down to your local platter vendor and pick up the Stooges' record, keeping in mind, of course, that it's loud, boring, tasteless, unimaginative, childish, obnoxious. . . .

EDMUND O. WARD



Iggy: A blatantly poor imitation of early Jagger

Ellen herself to claim that she also wrote it. Ralph Gleason has recently pointed to many other instances of rock or white-blues groups playing fast-and-loose with composer credits rightfully owed to blacks. An even more glaring instance on this album is Ellen's credit as sole composer of the Jones-Bell modern-blues standard, "Born Under a Bad Sign"! On the other hand, maybe Dot and Stax—both now subdivisions of Paramount Pictures—have some sort of deal worked out).

"Underground River" has a haunting vocal and a sort of stutter beat. "Bow'd Up" is fortunately brief—a minstrel-show pastiche reminiscent of the Insect Trust—while "For Suki" gets heavy and dirge-like, but machine-gunning from drummer Bill McCord. However, the real test for Fear Itself is their 8-minute bust-out, "In My Time of Dying." Ellen starts it off a cappella (and does well except for her destructive inflection of "Well!" and "Yeah!"), then the band comes charging in. That driving energy continues throughout, but the best lick is a semi-steal from Randy California's guitar playing: Ellen's whoops and shouts are here hooked into his kind of electronic echo set-up, and they swoop and crash above and beyond the cooking instruments. "Dying" works for me, but it's radical and even gimmicky—and maybe my blues tastes are jaded.

Side Two mines this exotic vein further, with "Mossy Dream" and "Lazarus" making it (though I wish she'd abandon those phoney "Yeahs!") and the other three tunes faltering behind. The record ends with that unaccounted-for steal from, among others, Albert King.

So we have two more white blues bands, one ordinary, the other somewhat experimental. If only these were the last of them.

ED LEIMBACHER

The Stooges, formerly the Psychedelic Stooges, hail from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where, in case you've never been told, they do things high-powered—high-powered music, high-powered doping, high-powered fucking, high-powered hyping. The Stooges used to share a house with another local band whom they greatly resemble—the MC-5. The picture on the cover of the album shows the Stooges to be four nice middleclass-kids-gone-wrong wearing brand-new synthetic leather jackets and pouting at the camera in a kind of snot-nosed defiance. They don't look at all that bright, although they may be college dropouts, and I'm sure that all the high school kids in the area dig the hell out of them. Three of them play guitar, bass, and drums, while picturesquely Iggy sings in a blatantly poor imitation early Jagger style. The instrumentalists sound like they've been playing their axes for two months and playing together for one month at most, and they just *love* wah-wah and fuzz just like most rank amateur groups. The lyrics are sub-literate, as might be inferred by the titles: "No Fun," "Not Right," "Little Doll," and "Real Cool Time." This last is the monument of the Stooges' artistry: "Can-uh Ah come ovuh/Tognat-uh?/We will have a real cool tam-uh/We will have a real cool tam-uh . . ." Their music is loud, boring, tasteless, unimaginative and childish.

I kind of like it.

Granted that the Stooges are all I have said them to be, how can I explain this away? Well, it is certainly an understatement to say that they have a marked lack of pretension. They are a *reductio ad absurdum* of rock and roll that might have been thought up by a mad D.A.R. general in a wet dream. They suck, and they know it, so they throw the fact back in your face and say "So what?"



Preflyte, the Byrds (Jim McGuinn, David Crosby, Gene Clark, Michael Clark & Chris Hillman) (Together Records ST-T-1001)

The Byrds came along at a time when American rock needed a shot in the arm which would raise the music to the levels attained by the British groups and allow it to meet the emerging head culture. The Byrds did it; but the subtlety and and aversion to gimmick that is found in their music and in themselves doomed them as a sleeper group, always popular and musically influential, but denied the superstardom conferred on more pretentious, melodramatic personalities by an industry geared to the Image. That they have survived at all (in whatever form, despite their own internal storms) is one of those joyous accidents for which we should all be grateful.

This album was recorded in August, 1964, at the very beginning of the Byrds' career and prior to their contract with Columbia. Slightly rough and sounding a bit dated, it still overflows with that unique unschmaltzy beauty and lyricism that has been the Byrds' trademark. Four of the eleven songs appeared on *Mr. Tambourine Man*, and they sound like less focused takes of something that later became masterful and transporting. But place this music in perspective: suppose it had been released in late 1964. Aside from the first two or three albums by the Beatles or the Stones, there was absolutely nothing out as good, as aurally visionary, as unpackaged as this.

By the time the Byrds were released to the public, several other groups—the Yardbirds, the Kinks, the Spoonful—were working toward the same shift in the system, and few people realized what an innovation the Byrds were, both spiritually and musically. They took the basic lessons of the Beatles and the Stones, filtered them through Dylan and the less pretentious aspects of the folk scene, and came up with a big, new, visionary sound. Propelled by the ringing grandeur of McGuinn's electric twelve-string and Hillman's incredibly advanced bass playing, they created a stately, transcendent sound of magnificent brilliance, lifting listeners into bold new realms of dream, turning the stoned hordes from preachy, flatulent "folk music" to the vibrant new and old sounds of rock. And the Byrds' influence, in the years that followed, on *everybody*, from the Beatles to the Velvet Underground, is simply an undiminished fact of life.

Preflyte: an album marking the beginnings, but an album of fine and fascinating music as well. Gene Clark's songs

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Fear Itself (Dot DLP 25942).

Tons of Sobs, Free (A&M SP 4198).

Free comes from England, where America's blues have been sacred for more than a decade. Free, however, is little more than just one more face in the crowd—competent, usually musical, but ultimately boring. "Over the Green Hills," the brief opening cut of their tearful album, sounds Oriental and promising; but that's quickly lost in the same old throbbing drums, fuzz-and-freak guitar, and screaming vocal. "Walk in My Shadow" has an interesting line at least: "When I get you in the shadows, I'm going to lay you on the floor." And "Wild Indian Woman" offers good lyrics (by lead vocalist Paul Rodgers) with harmony chorus. But then comes the *de rigueur* 8-minute bust-out, Jimmy Oden's "Goin' Down Slow." Blues people from Oden himself through Howlin' Wolf to Aretha have done that painful number well; but Free butchers it, save for the faint barrelhouse piano (played nicely throughout the album by one of the many Steve Millers).

Continued from Preceding Page

abound, and though Clark seemed for the most part a formula composer, all his songs had a certain lovely feeling that seldom palled. *Declasse* influences like Johnny Rivers turned to lucid, beautifully methodical harmonies in Clark's mind. "She Has a Way," for instance, utilized the "Spanish Harlem Incident" guitar lead and early Beatles composition, but like everything else the Byrds have ever done, it glided effortlessly over the puerility and crass, mindless imitation which dominated the scene in '64, to emerge as a shining, deeply felt piece of music.

Preflyte recalls the inception of a genius outfit that has contributed more to rock than anyone else on this side of the Atlantic. Even if you're not a hardcore Byrds freak, I hope you'll buy this album for that reason. At this late date, they deserve all we can give them.

LESTER BANGS



Green River, Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy 8393).

Because Creedence Clearwater Revival first rose to prominence with hits like "Suzy Q," and achieved such immense popularity with a teenybopper audience, many people (myself among them) have until now refused to take them very seriously. But "Proud Mary" should have clued us in. It was more than simply a fine song by Top-40 standards; it was a superb song by any standards. Creedence's new album, *Green River*, demonstrates convincingly that "Proud Mary" was no fluke. Make no mistake about it; Creedence Clearwater Revival, despite some rather clear limitations, is one of the most exciting and satisfying bands around.

When I first heard "Green River," the initial cut on the album, I thought, "Oh, shit, another Creedence bayou song!" But John Fogerty's raw guitar quickly drew me in. The throbbing riff which introduces the song signals that Creedence's return to the bayou will be a complete delight. And it is. Fogerty's tough, gritty voice infuses the lyrics ("walkin' along the river road at night/barefoot girls dancin' in the moonlight") with a marvelously evocative feeling.

"Wrote a Song for Everyone," the only cut on the album in a slow tempo, creates a haunting mood somewhat akin to that of "The Weight." It features a graceful, tantalizing brief country guitar solo by Fogerty. The lyrics are really weird; as far as I can tell, their central message is the failure of message songs.

"Bad Moon Rising" was the follow-up single to "Proud Mary"; unlike most follow-ups, this song generates as much excitement as its predecessor. Like the Beatles' "Daytripper," it is marked by a curious ambivalence. The music is joyously kinetic; it is hard to listen to it without feeling like getting up and dancing. The words are something else again. Here is paranoia, 1969 style—"hope you got your things together/hope you are quite prepared to die." "Bad Moon Rising" accurately measures the distance we've travelled since the Sunset Strip riots of "For What It's Worth."

But the true highlight of the album is "Lodi." This mournful tale of a musician stuck in a nowhere town has everything it takes to become a real classic. John Fogerty's masterful vocal makes "Lodi" one of the most convincing hard-rock stories I've heard in a long time. He never makes the mistake of straining to be "poetic"; he selects ordinary words and images which always manage to be incisive. With a fine sense of economy, he depicts an American landscape that is somehow both older and newer than Chuck Berry's classic rock description of America—older in its nostalgic visions, and newer in its nightmarish perils and traps. From "Proud Mary" and "Green River" to "Bad Moon Rising" and "Lodi," this heartbreaking American circle of beauty and ugliness

is drawn. I wish John Fogerty could have written the score for *Easy Rider*.

Creedence's deficiencies are readily apparent. Their music tends to lack variety (sometimes giving the feeling that you can predict the next guitar lick) and occasionally to lack finesse. But their distinctive driving sound, when fused with Fogerty's vocals, results in something so fine that it makes such criticisms seem irrelevant. *Green River*, whatever its flaws, is a great album. Creedence Clearwater Revival have come a long way since "Suzy Q"; they are now creating the most vivid American rock since *Music from Big Pink*.

BRUCE MIROFF



Word of Mouth, Merryweather (Capitol STBB-278)

Since the term "super-session" was inserted into the everyday vocabulary by Al Kooper, it's come to denote a joint attempt between musicians and producers to reap the largest amount of money for the smallest amount of effort. As such, it's usually reserved for "name" musicians in need of cash but unwilling to strain their imaginations musically. People like Kooper and Mike Bloomfield have made it into the biggest thing since the Boston Sound.

With the sole exception of the Masked Marauders' set, rock has yet to produce a true super-session, and it's albums like this one that make the term so utterly meaningless. Needless to say, a "super-jam" cannot be what it purports to be unless the music itself is super. Otherwise it's just some musicians who don't usually do so playing together for an LP. Even by these standards, *Word of Mouth* is the most dubious such album yet. Here we have an unproven band joined by the likes of Steve Miller, Howard Roberts, Charlie Musselwhite, Barry Goldberg, Dave Mason, and Bobby Notkoff. There's almost enough decent music between them to fill a fair album, but since it's a "super-jam," and everybody has to take his turn, we get instead a boring double album.

Merryweather itself is a suffocatingly typical blues-rock band. *Word of Mouth* sounds very much like one of those endless sets you'll sit through at a concert while waiting for the band you came to see. It's not surprising that they'd want Steve Miller on this album, because leader Neil Merryweather has styled his vocals after Miller, and the group's material sounds a lot like Steve Miller Band rejects.

While David Burt is a competent guitarist, Merryweather really has no good soloists. The band has a ragged quality which on songs like "I Found Love" makes you think they're on the verge of breaking loose into something worth hearing, but they always slip back into some dull riff which destroys that quality. Merryweather is so lacking in any musical identity that guest artists thoroughly dominate the cuts on which they appear. "Mrs. Roberts' Son," a plodding nine-minute jazz-rock instrumental written by Burt, might as well be Howard Roberts and some sidemen.

Bobby Notkoff does a fine job on electric violin on "The Hard Times." The violin, with all the sounds of which it's capable, has infinite possibilities as a rock instrument, but few musicians have found them. Instead, they come up with saccharine arrangements like Ed Roth's on "Where Am I," on which Notkoff is pretty good, though the rest of the string section is unmentionable.

And Side Four, if you make it that far, features guest artists on every song. To call it a jam is ridiculous. Some cuts may have been composed and worked out in the studio by trial and error, but all seem to have been carefully prepared for the album. There isn't a trace of spontaneity with the sole exception of a bit of Musselwhite's harp work.

You'll find every studio gimmick in

the book on this set, too. They sing through megaphones, run the tapes backwards, slow down the sound, and do everything else they can think of to squeeze out enough time for two records.

Oversaturation with mediocrity is the ultimate drag; at least if it was really out-and-out horrible music you could listen once for a laugh. As a super-jam or as a Merryweather album, *Word of Mouth* is too much of nothing.

JOHN MORTHLAND



The Masked Marauders (Deity DKS 9001/2).

They began months ago, the rumours of an event that at first seemed hardly believable but which in the end was accepted as all but inevitable. After all, with *Grape Jam*, *SuperSession*, *The Live Adventures of . . .*, Blind Faith, Joe Cocker's LP, Crosby Stills Nash & Young, *Jammed Together* and *Fathers & Sons*, it had to happen. Set for release late this month, the "Masked Marauders'" two-record set may evoke an agonizing, tip-of-the-tongue, lobe-of-the-ear recognition in some, or cries of "No, no, it can't be true" in others. But yes, yes it is—a treasured, oft-xeroxed sheet of credits (which, for obvious contractual reasons, will not be reproduced on the album), and the unmistakable vocals make it clear that this is indeed what it appears to be: John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan, backed by George Harrison and a drummer as yet unnamed—the "Masked Marauders."

Produced by Al Kooper, the album was recorded with impeccable secrecy in a small town near the site of the original Hudson Bay Colony in Canada. Cut in late April, only three days were required to complete the sessions, though mixing and editing involved months of serious consultations on both sides of the Atlantic. Word has it that the cover art was intended as a "send-up" of Blind Faith, but none of the principals were willing to comment on the situation.

The LP opens with an eighteen-minute version of "Season of the Witch" (lead vocal by Dylan, on which he does a superb imitation of early Donovan). The cut is highlighted by an amazing jam between bass and piano, both played by Paul McCartney. Then, the tone of the album is set by the next track, "With a Little Help from My Friends" (all), followed by a very brief "In the Midnight Hour," which collapses in giggles and is the "joke" of the set.

Side Two begins with an extremely moving a cappella version of "Masters of War," sung by Mick and Paul. You'll truly wish, after hearing this cut, that you "could stand over their graves until you're sure that they're dead." This is followed by an indescribable twelve-minute John Lennon extravaganza, James Brown's "Prisoner of Love," complete with a full ten-minute false ending. "Don't let me be a prisoner . . . ooo, ah, eee, uh . . . please don't let me be a prisoner . . . ak, ow, arrrgghhh, ooo."

The oldies craze is not slighted; Dylan shines on Side Three, displaying his new deep bass voice, with "Duke of Earl," Jagger with "The Book of Love," and John, of course, with "I'm the Japanese Sandman." Paul showcases his favorite song, "Mammy," and while his performance is virtually indistinguishable from Eddie Fisher's version, it is still very powerful, evocative, and indeed, stunning. And they say a white boy can't sing the blues!

After the listener has recovered from this string of masterpieces, Side Four opens with a special treat, two songs written especially for this session: Dylan's "Cow Pie," which is very reminiscent of Billy Ed Wheeler's "The Interstate is Coming Through My Outhouse," and Mick Jagger's new instant classic, "I Can't Get No Nookie."

In line with the present trend toward "simplicity," the album nears an

end with a very simple duet on acoustic guitars—George and Bob—a marvelously sensitive, yearning, melancholy exploration of "Kick Out the Jams." The final cut, a group vocal, is, what else, "Oh Happy Day." This track will probably be released as a single.

All the hassles of creating a special label, of re-arranging schedules, chartering planes, and minimizing the inevitable "ego-conflicts" were worth it. It can truly be said that this album is more than a way of life; it is life.

T. M. CHRISTIAN



Santana (Columbia CS 9781).

Maybe it's just a coincidence that Santana and speed become popular at about the same time. Maybe not. At any rate their "long awaited" album is definitely a speed freak's delight—fast, pounding, frantic music with no real content. For those who hoped that the second generation of San Francisco bands would be an improvement over the first, this record along with those of the Sons of Champlin and It's A Beautiful Day should destroy such fantasies forever. In the post-psychedelic area all of the bands have their styles down pat. But like methedrine which gives a high with no meaning, the dazzling rock styles now offer us music with virtually no substance.

Santana is largely an exercise in rhythm. Lots of drums and drumming. Santana apparently noticed that rock audiences inevitably go berserk at the slightest sign of a drum solo. Why not triple their pleasure? Give them drums plus congas plus timbales! The fact that all of them are terrible will never be noticed. The incompetence of each will cancel out the incompetence of the others.

On top of this is the work of the guitar and organ. Carlos Santana has stumbled upon a tired and mechanical guitar lick which he likes so well that he plays it in virtually every song. It's even possible that it was recorded only once and then overdubbed wherever the engineers thought it would fit. You'll know it when you hear it. Gregg Rolie contributes his share of redundancy with some organ solos which sound like Earl Grant rejects. His tone reminds one of nothing so much as the noise made by that guy in junior high who used to scratch the blackboard with his fingernails.

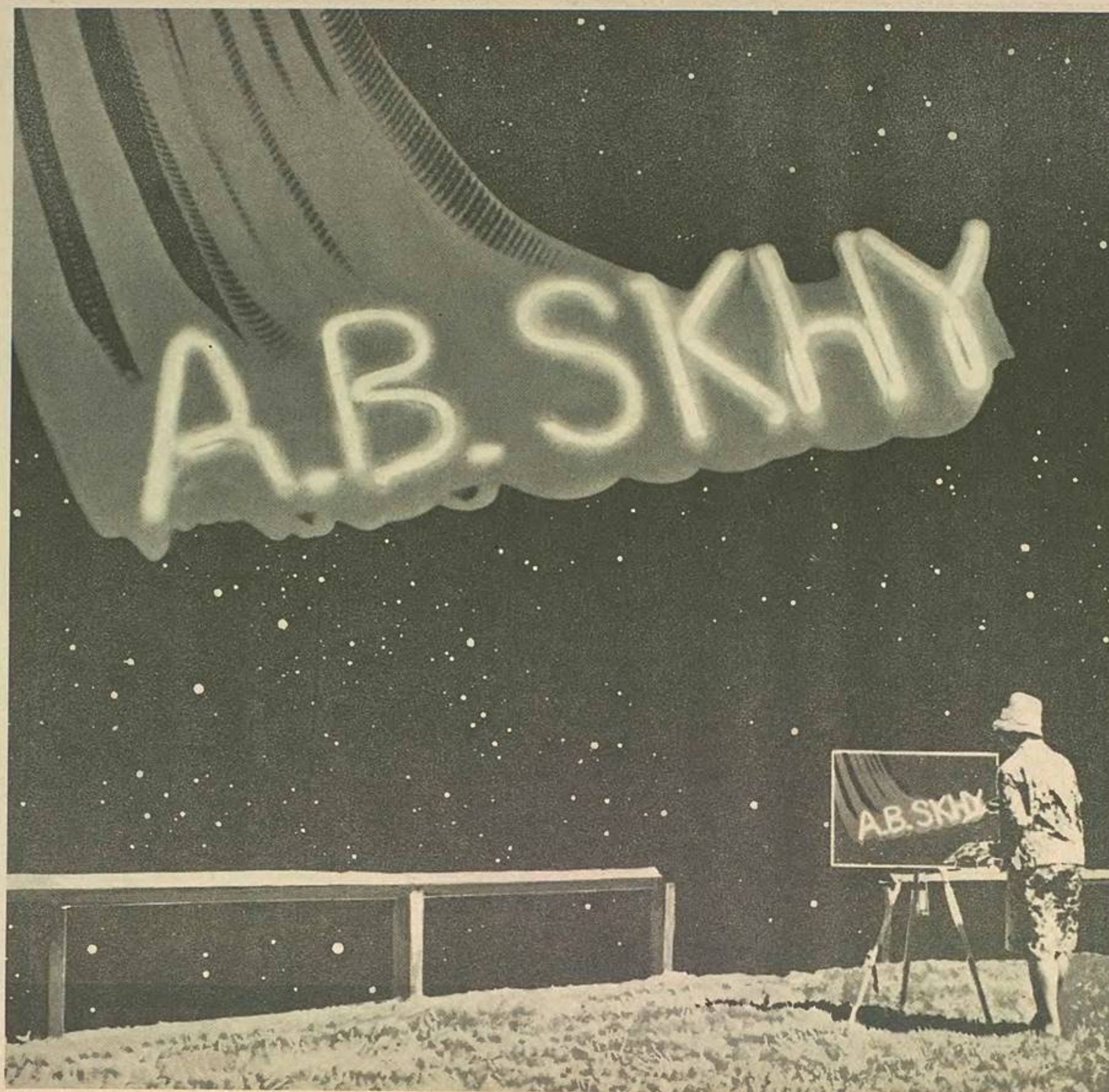
The vocals on such songs as "Evil Ways" do little justice even to these paltry lyrics. Columbia, incidentally, slipped up on this one and did not include a libretto. Here it is. Go-Ba-Ba Go-Ba-Ba Go-Ba-Ba, Lumpa Thumpa, Boom Boom, Bang Bang, Thump Thump.

And the engineering! Along with the loudness of the drumming it almost makes you forget how bad the music is. Super slick. The instrumentals like "Waiting" and "Soul Sacrifice" are all well balanced and mixed. But that's the story of this whole effort. It is a masterpiece of hollow techniques.

On the day this record was released newscasters gave considerable coverage to a big fire that filled the sky with billowing clouds of smoke and brilliant flames. It took crews of firemen eight hours to control it, but there was little damage. All that, yet the fire had done almost nothing. The parallel between it and this album is obvious.

One can't help wondering how many takes Santana required on each song before it was "perfect," how long they spent mixing it until everything was just right, and yet how little they accomplished. It will pay off. The album will sell very well. People who buy it will play it night and day for a week, then most will file it away under "S" and forget about it. If they saw through it, though, they'd skip the first three steps and just forget about it altogether.

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orchestra composed of 60 of New York's best studio musicians. What happens when you listen to this album is strictly between you and Moondog.

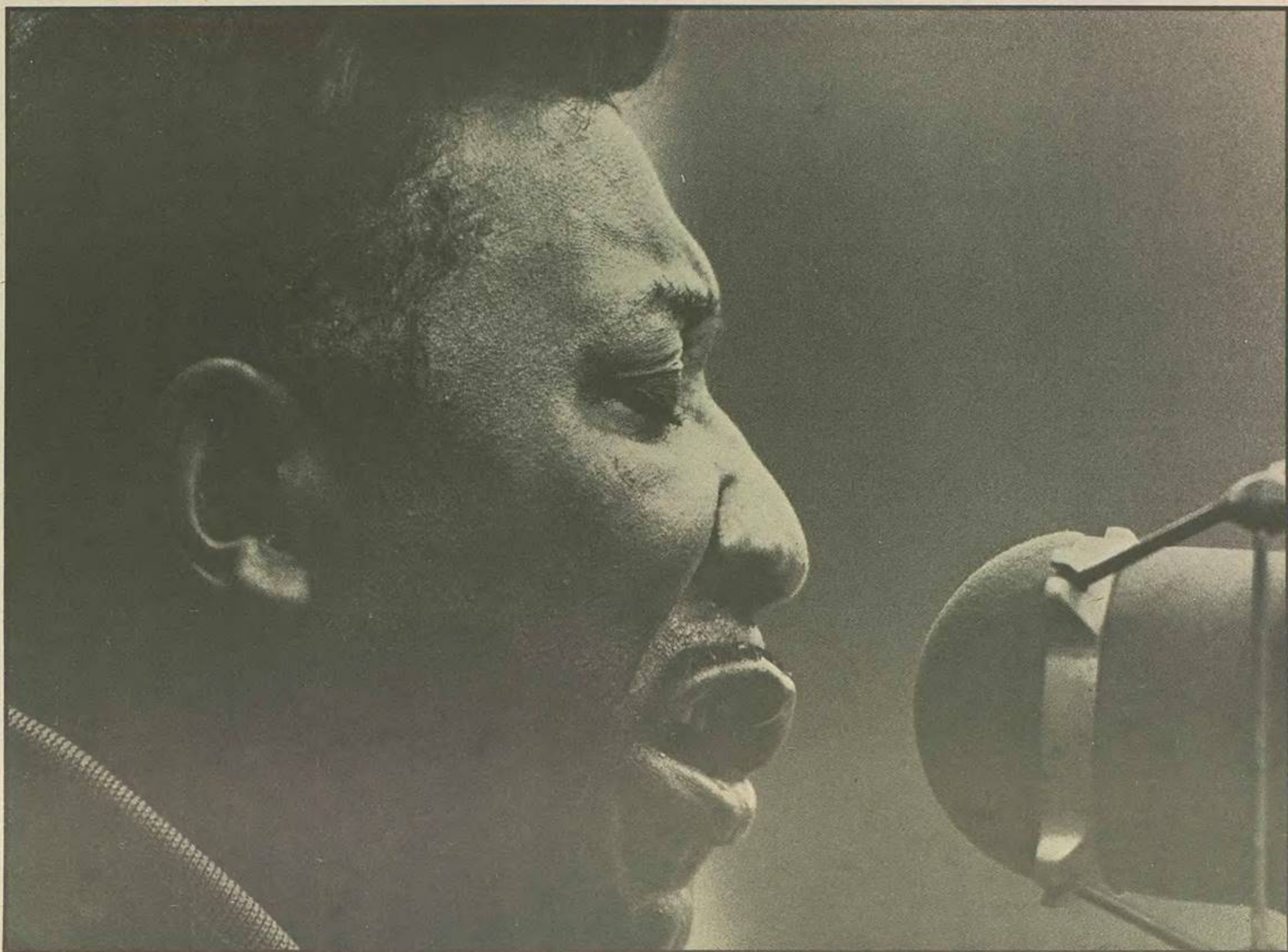
As if being an incredible individualist trying to make it on his own terms wasn't hard enough, Moondog can't even read about his own good fortune.

Louis Hardin, known as Moondog, is blind.

MOONDOG



Theme
Stamping
Ground
Symphonique
1, 3, 6
Minisym - 1
Lament 1
Bird's Lament
Witch Of
Endor



JEFF LOWENTHAL

Fathers and Sons, Muddy Waters-Paul Butterfield-Mike Bloomfield-Otis Spann-Duck Dunn-Sam Lay (Chess 127).

Chess' much-vaunted *Fathers and Sons* 2-LP set, which documents the studio (1st LP) and live (2nd LP) encounters between the old guard and the new Turks of the Chicago blues, is an attractive, unpretentious success and should do well commercially. Certainly it's one of the finest sets of performances from Muddy in quite a while and will do much to offset the bad taste left by the previous *Electric Mud* and *After the Rain* albums.

Actually, the performances are surprisingly conservative efforts—certainly not the sort of exciting or fruitful cross-generation, cross-stylistic music one might have been led to expect from the lineup: Waters and Spann (and perhaps drummer Sam Lay) representing the modern Chicago blues mainstream, Bloomfield, Butterfield and Duck Dunn signaling more recent extensions of modern electric blues styles. No, the anticipated fusion doesn't really take place, and the younger musicians seem content in undertaking roles that are wholly subservient to Muddy's music. It gives an indication of just how highly the sons regard the father(s), and is a fine tribute to Muddy.

Mike and Paul are almost completely self-effacing throughout the album, particularly on the studio-recorded tracks—"All Aboard" (actually a remake of Crudup's "Mean Old Frisco"), "Mean Disposition," "Blow Wind Blow," "Can't Lose What You Ain't Never Had," "Walkin' Thru the Park," "Forty Days and Forty Nights," "Standin' 'Round Crying," "I'm Ready," "Twenty-Four Hours" and "Sugar Sweet." The impression left by these performances is that the participants were striving towards recreating the sounds and textures of Muddy's original recordings of them and, in this, they're fairly successful. They're also helped greatly by the fact that these are songs that have not been done to death, so there's a certain amount of freshness just due to this. Producer Norman Dayron chose wisely in determining what numbers were to be concentrated on at the sessions (I know for a fact that he sifted through virtually every Waters Chess recording, including unreleased numbers, to come up with a program of tunes that were good and strong but not over-familiar, and his advance

planning paid off handsomely).

Happily, Muddy is in excellent voice throughout these performances and he comes across solidly and excitingly. This is in fact some of the best, most convincing singing from Muddy in a hell of a long time; these tracks show that when he's at the top of his game he's unbeatable. And he's there most of the way through these performances. The music takes its lead from Muddy, and everything falls in place behind him.

Butterfield is excellent, playing with a great deal of controlled power, with taste and invention to spare, and tons of energy in reserve. His amplifier tone is beautifully gutty and funky, with just the right edge of cutting intensity. And he never overplays or indulges himself; his accompaniments perfectly complement Muddy's singing—Paul is listening and responding all the time. Why, Butter, what big ears you have! The basic impetus of his work here is clearly Little Walter, and he's got it down beautifully, as any number of performances reveal—"Mean Disposition," "Blow Wind Blow" (two tasty hot Buttered choruses, the first with Bloomfield fills), "Forty Days and Forty Nights," "I'm Ready," and so on. Just tasty, intelligent, feelingful harp work, spare, lyrical, driving in turn—and always appropriate. And almost as rhythmically relaxed and insinuating as Little Walter, which is high praise indeed. By the way, while we're talking about harmonica playing, there's superlative chromatic work by Jeff Carp (formerly with Sam Lay, lately working with Earl Hooker) all the way through "All Aboard," acting as a sort of continue to Muddy's singing and Paul's rhythmic interjections, on regular harmonica, on the other channel. But on this track it's Jeff's show, and he does a hell of a job.

Though he gets a few solos, Spann's role is primarily rhythmic, and his playing seems a shade less incisive than it has been in the past (his recent heart attacks doubtless explain his adopting a more subdued role). And his piano sound, while clearly defined, is a bit distant sounding.

Bloomfield is almost completely subsidiary to Muddy, although he does have a few solos in his usual style. Mike's at his best here—in terms of the overall contours of the music, that is—when he works closely with Muddy and plays in a style akin to the usual second-guitar

role developed by such as Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers. That is, good, interesting bass guitar lines that contrast nicely with what Muddy's playing, or in brief line or phrase-ending fills. He's actually less effective in solo, for here he plays in his own distinctive, very modern style and this tends to clash with the generally funkier meeds and colors of Muddy's music. Mike's playing on "You Can't Lose," for example, seems a bit too cute for the tune, and his solo on "Walkin' Thru the Park," while good, is just a bit too frantic, particularly in view of the already busy textures on which it's overlaid. The solo with which "I'm Ready" ends also seems inapposite when contrasted with what's gone before. And so on. Generally, though, Mike does a good supporting job, the only clashes occurring when his own basically sweet melodic style is superimposed on Muddy's guttier, more rhythmically forceful and less introspective of lyrical approach.

Let me emphasize, however, that these are fine performances on their own terms. It's perhaps unfortunate that they hew so closely to the arrangements and textures of the "original" recordings of the tunes because this inevitably invites comparison with the originals. And quite frankly, these recent performances—all of them—come off second best. I don't believe I'm being unfair, obstinate or wrongheadedly romantic in saying this, either: the originals just happen to have greater power, more clearly defined textures, better organization and focus more subtle rhythmic playing and, finally, greater originality than do these. For people who are not familiar with Muddy's originals this will not be a problem, of course, and these pieces can be enjoyed for what they are—strong, direct, modern Chicago music played honestly and unpretentiously. I do hope, though, that new listeners will be motivated by these performances into checking out the original recordings, which Chess hopefully will be issuing as part of its forthcoming ambitious reissue series.

The second LP contains six performances—"Long Distance Call," "Baby, Please Don't Go," "Honey Bee," "The Same Thing," and two versions of "Got My Mojo Working"—recorded at an April 24th Chicago benefit concert for the Phoenix Fellowship. Personnel is the same as for the studio sessions, with the exception that drummer Buddy Miles

is added (to little audible effect) for the second "Mojo." Not as polished or as well recorded as the studio material, these tracks possess a good bit of excitement and spirit—though not enough to challenge comparison with the original Waters recordings of the tunes.

Again, Muddy is in excellent voice and, fortunately, his singing is one of the few elements of the proceedings that were recorded adequately. His singing here is simultaneously relaxed and driving, with a nice easy swing that is never forced. Then, too, Butterfield plays slashing, burning harmonica on these tracks, never letting up and pushing things along. He and Muddy make these performances what they are. Bloomfield has two brief solos, neither particularly interesting primarily because they're just too short, and he pretty much stays in the background, working with the rhythm section.

The recorded sound is not very good; it starts off very poorly but does manage to get a bit better. Spann's piano and Bloomfield's guitar are inaudible on "Long Distance Call," but they're brought up to a relatively proper level by the time "Baby, Please Don't Go" (composer credit given Muddy rather than to Big Joe Williams; why?) gets under way. Things pop in and out through the rest of the performances. Sometimes Butterfield's harp playing is all but lost in the shuffle, other times it cuts through the fuzzy textures with an abrupt sharpness. Apparently the recording situation was difficult (people milling around backstage, etc.), but still and all recording engineer Reice Hamel—who ostensibly specializes in location recording—should have been able to do better than this. With good mikes and a Scully 4-track, the sound should have been far better defined and balanced than this.

Verdict: some of the finest Muddy performances in a while but still a long way from the original performances on which his towering reputation rests. The project is helped not a little by Butterfield's intelligent and feelingful playing, and Sam Lay's propulsive drumming. Certainly this is the only recent Muddy Waters set to buy . . . and that's what this set is—a Muddy Waters album. The faces of some of the sidemen may be white and young but otherwise that's the sole difference between the performances of this and several earlier editions of the Waters band.

PETE WELDING

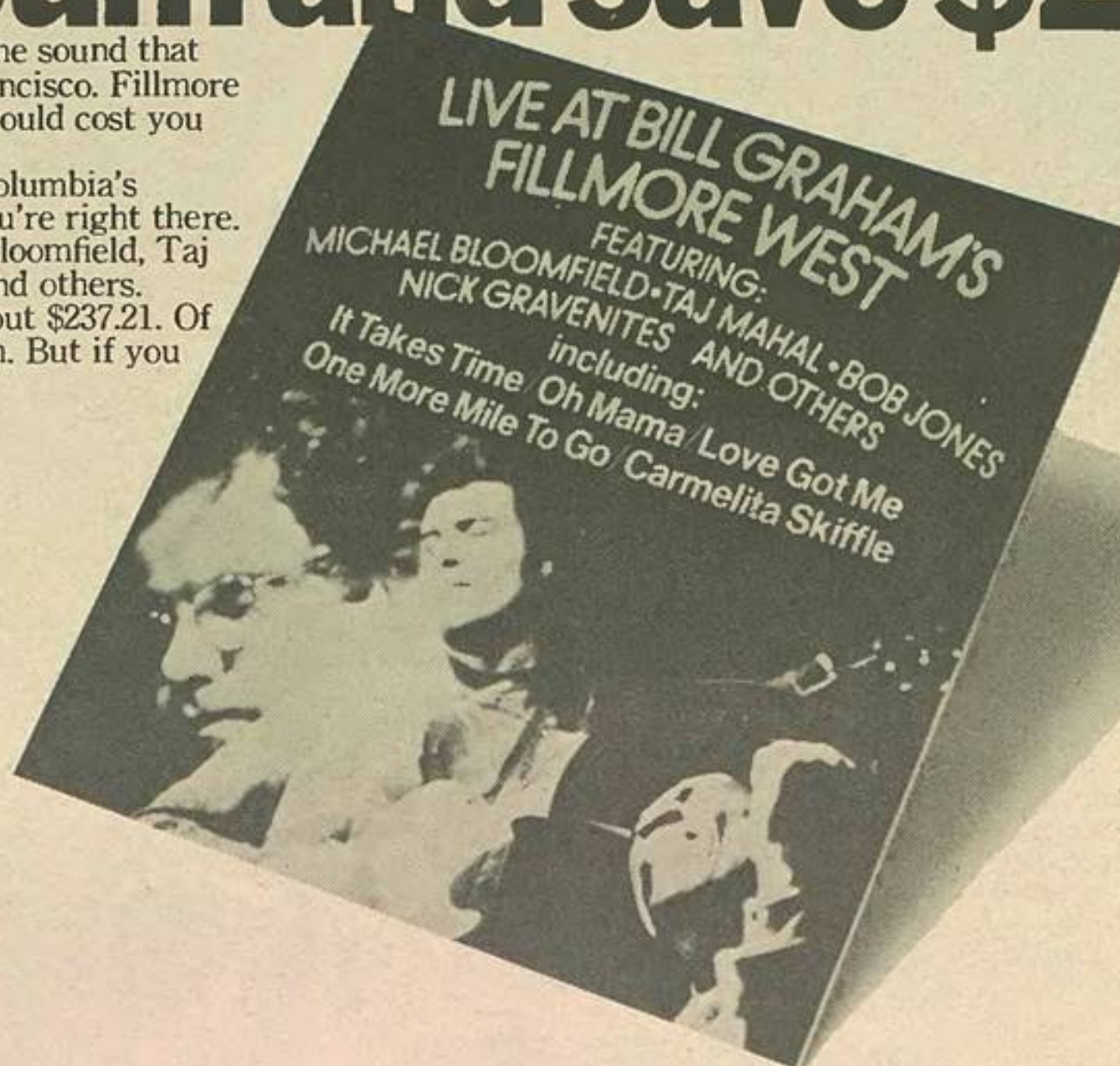
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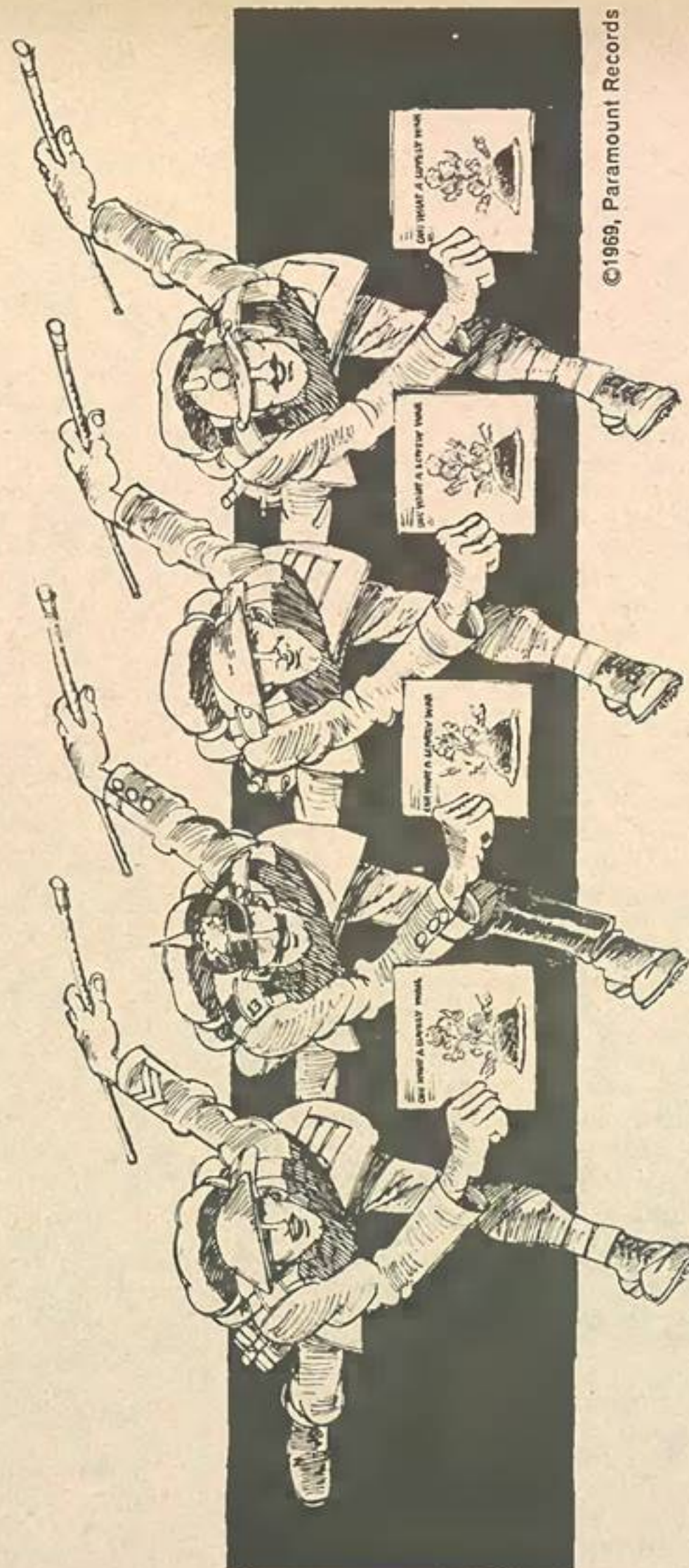
JOHNNY ALMOND*



* featured saxophonist with John Mayall

CRITICS ARE UNANIMOUS! WORLD WAR I WAS LOVELY!

“...The melodious conflict that made the world safe
for democracy...Sort of...” MADELAINE CRISCO



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Black and White, Tony Joe White (Monument SLP 18114)

Tony Joe White is a young singer-songwriter who originally hails from somewhere in the deep South and now works out of Houston. He is one of those grass-roots personalities that come upon the scene full-blown and overflowing with talent and a flair for overcoming even the most seemingly impossible odds placed in his path by the public, the record business, and/or the label. His songs reflect a gutsiness and warmth that is missing in many of today's songwriter-performers, and he is possessed of a natural delivery ("soulful," the liner notes call it—I'll leave it to you to quibble over that one) that must make grinders like John Hammond bilious with envy. His guitar playing is superb, with a sensible, one might say even sensitive, approach to the wah-wah pedal that almost makes me stop wishing it hadn't been invented. His songs are wonderfully infectious and he's already had one of them in the top ten.

What with all of this, you might think that his record company would have some idea of what to do with him. Strangely enough, though, his debut album is a lump mixture of country, soul, pop, blues, and, oh yes, his own songs. Fortunately, the shit is all on side two: "Who's Making Love," "Scratch My Back," "Wichita Lineman," and "Look of Love." I guess it's to White's credit that someone with such a superb naturalness should sublimate it so successfully in order to turn out these dull, mechanical tracks, but anyway, side two's not what the record's all about. Side one gives us six slices of Tony Joe White, served up quite nicely. True, the band behind him is nothing special, but that only serves to emphasize his talents better. Two of his songs have already achieved national attention: his hit "Polk Salad Annie" and "Willie and Laura Mae Jones," which was recently recorded by Dusty Springfield. This last-named could only have been written by a southerner; it deals with the black family that used to have the farm down the road and how they've been acting a bit more distant recently. No preaching, no judging, just a gentle commentary on the way things are—a superb song. "Whompt Out on You" and "Don't Steal My Love" are opportunities for some vocal and instrumental expertise, as is "Soul Francisco," a humorous ditty that was a big hit in France, of all places. "Aspen, Colorado" is an easy-listening type ballad that I rather enjoy for its nice melody, although I can see how some people might object to it.

Now, if you're the affluent type that can go out and buy albums that have only one listenable side, you'll be pleased with this record. If you're not, wait around till the next one, and we'll see if it's any better. EDMUND O. WARD



Karma, Pharoah Sanders (Impulse A-9181).

Five years ago the late John Coltrane recorded a highly personal album of religious music—*A Love Supreme*. It remains one of the most satisfying experiences in any jazz listener's collection. Shortly after the album was made Col-

trane added to his orchestra a young protegee with a similar approach to the tenor saxophone and to human spirituality, Pharoah Sanders. Like his former mentor, Sanders believes that there is a beneficent diety who watches over the universe offering an eternal grace to each man. His new album, *Karma*, is a beautiful expression of this conviction. Anyone who enjoyed *A Love Supreme* will certainly find this music pleasurable and rewarding.

Although the record jacket and label fail to notice it, almost all of both sides are taken up with a single composition. "The Creator Has A Master Plan" borrows the bass line and rhythmic pattern of Coltrane's "Acknowledgement" and extends them in new directions. The piece begins with a ringing crescendo of sleigh bells, cymbals and flutes accompanying the forceful affirmation of faith by Sander's tenor. From there it moves through a series of moods—some quiet and reverent, others tormented and frantic—which impress the listener with their unpretentious depth. The voice of Leon Thomas enters the sphere of sound twice with a short benediction. "The creator has a master plan—peace and happiness for every man. The creator makes but one demand, happiness through all the land."

Maybe I'm getting soft, but I find Sanders' message really pleasant and inspiring. There are times when I like to be told above all of the absurdity, violence and flux there is a divine force waiting to take his solo on the last chorus. In the first two days after I purchased *Karma* I listened to it twenty-one times. LANGDON WINNER



Sssh... Ten Years After (Deram DES 18029)

Ten Years After is a band which has managed to parlay being in the right place at the right time into a career. By possessing the trappings of the sound which such groups as John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and Cream pioneered, Ten Years After has become a practitioner of rock "mood" music—the kind to be played loudly and not listened to. In its pursuit of a parochial approach to blues rock, and in its formal austerity, any real substance or personality has been avoided. The music, in a peculiar way, is as passionless as Lawrence Welk—more strenuous, of course, but equally tepid.

Ten Years After is more or less built around Alvin Lee, the guitarist, singer and writer. His singing is at best functional. But it is the reputation of Alvin Lee as guitarist nonpareil which has to be confronted. So far as I can tell, his only distinguishing feature is playing to excess. Lee plays like everyone's kid brother, only five times faster; there's very little qualitative difference. One of B. B. King's bent notes means more than all of Lee's acrobatics. There is little overall development; nowhere are dynamics, rubato, or any of the other conventions which make music an emotional event employed. Nowhere do I feel in the presence of the Lord or even anything particularly human. It is the music of a machine (and this applies to the rest of the band as well) which has overcome its master.

Sssh opens with "Bad Scene," a song with a jack-hammer beat which alternates with some lazy, Mose Allison styling; it then proceeds to "Two Time Mama," which sounds exactly like Canned Heat, with bottle-neck guitar and a self-effacing Al Wilson vocal. "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl," that old Sonny Boy Williamson chestnut, consists of an endlessly repeated, grinding riff, and one of Alvin Lee's promiscuous leads. In the second stanza Lee starts shouting, "I want to ball you." I have never heard an authentic blues singer actually come out and say it. The sentiment is always there, but the delight of it is in the subtlety, the evasion, the embellishment of the facts. I want to put oil in your crankcase, or maybe, I want to help you with your

homework—really, much more of what it's all about. When Lee plays the guitar, he displays that same kind of grossness.

On the second side, "If You Should Love Me" is an orgy of repetition a la the last half of "Hey Jude," and "The Stomp" is strictly a Canned Heat boogie with a schoolboy attempt at the depravity of a Junior Wells or a John Lee Hooker. The last cut, "I Woke Up This Morning," gets something cooking, only to dissipate into a flurry of notes.

Sssh, in spite of Alvin Lee's liner notes, cannot be considered a step forward. *Stonedhenge* was a somewhat better, looser album, but the same difficulties were present. It consisted of some cool jazz, slightly warmed over, some scat-singing, and a nice, easy-going blues, until those mischievous fingers ran away with it. The last cut, an unconscious bit of self-analysis, was called "Speed Kills." No question. But still there was the same concern with being a respectable, if pedestrian, blues/rock/jazz band, rather than discovering what was inside their own heads.

Hopefully, something like the definitive version of the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" won't be served up on the next album. After four LPs, we know that the band doesn't have arthritis. Now is the time for Ten Years After to apply their hearts and minds to that much flaunted technique. BEN GERSON



In the Plain, Savage Rose (Polydor 24-6001).

William Burroughs, in one of his less arcane anthropological observations, once said "I never knew a Dane that wasn't bone dull." Savage Rose are from Denmark, and if we are to believe the blurb on the back of their album, they are "Denmark's hottest group . . . second only to the Beatles in Danish sales in 1968." The first time I heard their record I was reminded of what Burroughs said, but something I could not quite define kept sending me back, and after a score of listenings I became convinced that the Danes' chauvinistic pride in this group was justified.

This is a rather peculiar album. Savage Rose are not exceedingly original, but neither are they particularly imitative. There are some obvious Jefferson Airplane licks, and the guitar solos are the standard liquid fuzz ooziings, yet somehow the sound of the group sticks in your mind. The first thing that grabs you is this chick that sings, Anisette. She looks like some weird combination of tangle-haired gypsy and pouting flapper from a Twenties movie, and somehow she sings like she looks—a high squeaky childlike voice forced into a raspy nasal wail that sounds a little bit like Grace Slick at 78 rpm, a little bit like Rosie of the Originals (of "Angel Baby" fame), and more than a little like Minnie Mouse on a belladonna jag. And yet, giving the LP repeated listenings, one comes to realize that there is no one else in rock who sings with precisely this same peculiar intonation and manner of delivery (perhaps, admittedly, because no one else is singing English words with a Danish accent). Anisette doesn't really have a very broad range either technically or emotionally, and yet somehow she stays with you, and for all the raspy straining of her child's voice (or perhaps because of it), she is a uniquely powerful singer and you find yourself wanting to hear again and again.

Much the same might be said for the rest of the group. They're not really that inventive as musicians—in fact, at first it all sounds the same. But their textures grow on you, and eventually their strangeness and subtlety manifests itself in an unpretentious musical lucidity that one would never have imagined on first listening. "The Shepherd and Sally," for instance, is a weird little fable that

sounds almost like a surrealist lullaby, with its cascades of electronically precise organ notes pouring like stardrifts down from vast black skies into the cobblestone streets of the shepherd's vigil. Meanwhile, Anisette is wailing the lyrics like some demented maniacal angel. It is a quietly powerful and sustained track.

But the best number is "Evening's Child," a rhythmic, throbbing song with a rather unusual arrangement that makes it sound something like Hungarian gypsy music and something like Gabor Szabo's "Lady Gabor." The harpsichord playing is beautiful, sliding mournfully up and down the keyboard until it sounds in places almost exactly like a gypsy violin, as evocative as the soundtrack from an old Bela Lugosi movie, but not at all corny.

None of the other tracks are quite as distinctive as these two, but they too are listenable, and even if this group isn't coming on in a blaze of glory, they at least aren't coming on with some bombastic hyped-up monstrosity, either. It's enough to say that they are working very hard at the incredibly difficult process of learning to sing their own song. Their debut as a whole remains something more than worthwhile. To look forward to their second album, as I do, is simply to acknowledge them as part of that beautiful number of semi-anonymous musical workmen quietly advancing the cause of true rock and roll everywhere. LESTER BANGS



Through the Past Darkly (Big Hits Vol. 2), The Rolling Stones (London NPS-3).


This is one of the great party records. All the cuts are favorites, all are terrific—loud, tough, flashy rock and roll. Even if you already have every song on *Flowers*, *Aftermath*, *Between the Buttons*, and *Beggars' Banquet*, all together they've probably never sounded as good as they do on this LP. Whether or not the songs were chosen with great care or virtually at random, they form an album of tremendous impact, just like any record of Little Richard's greatest hits. If you're a true Stones fan, you won't be able to take your eyes off the cover.

That said, it's still disappointing that things like "Mother's Little Helper" were included while "We Love You" and "Child of the Moon," which have never been on albums, were omitted. If the Stones are really going through the past darkly they ought to at least give us a reminder of where they've really been—in jail, for instance. And they might have given American listeners a treat by including the best of their really old material: their school-boy proud versions of Chuck Berry's "Come On," "Poison Ivy," "Money," "Bye Bye Johnny," and the tune that really put the over the top, "I Wanna Be Your Man." But albums like this are part of the Stones tradition—don't be surprised when you buy "Ruby Tuesday" for the fourth time, come a year from now. GREIL MARCUS


I Know What You're Thinking

The man cooking beans by the railroad track looks as sturdy as the log he sits on. He notices this poem and send me a telegram these words passed on yellow paper: "Hobos weren't built in a day."

—Billy Collins



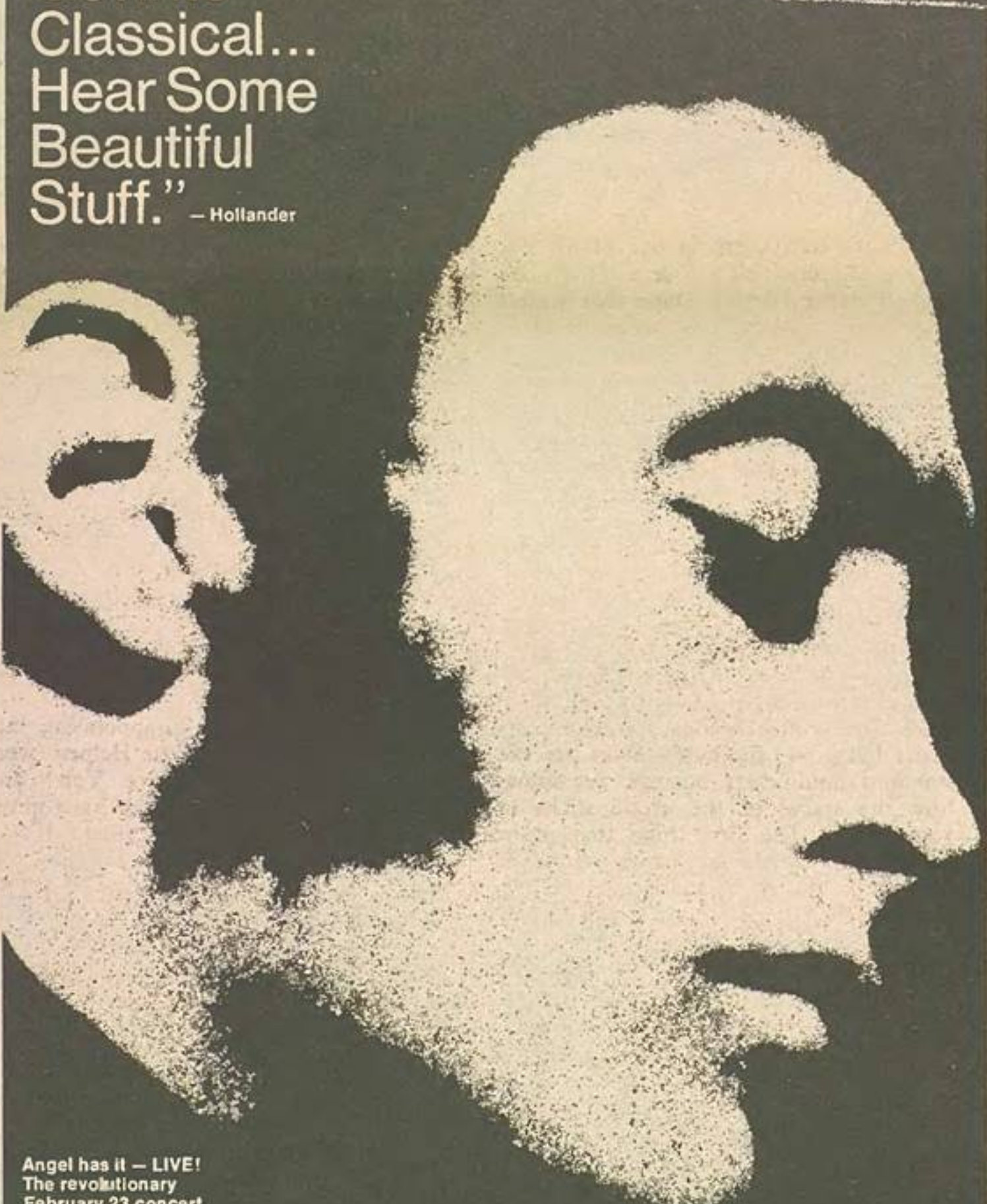
Angel




FILLMORE EAST

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Classical...
Hear Some
Beautiful
Stuff." — Hollander

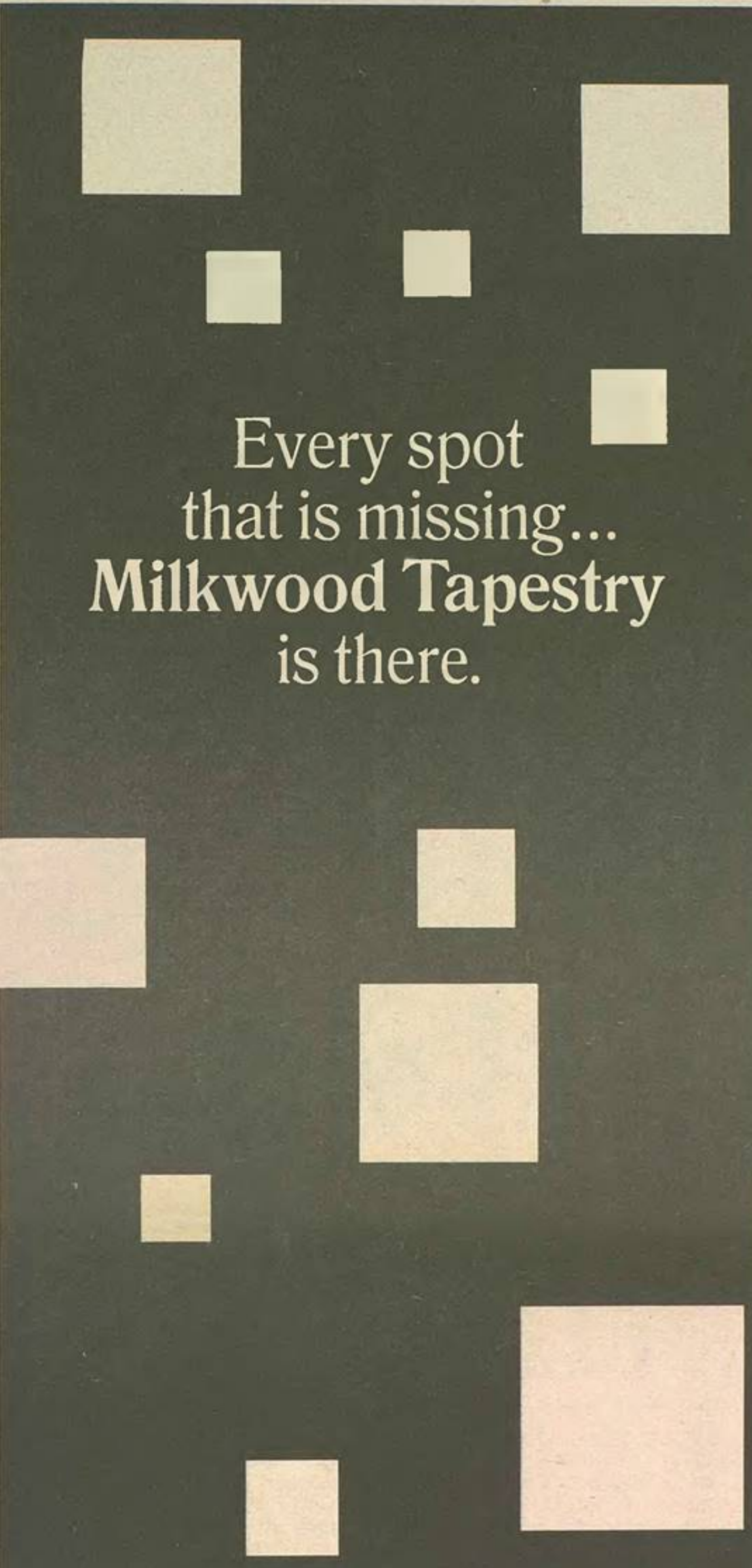


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METROMEDIA RECORDS, 1700 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019



Levon Helm, Robbie Robertson: "I aimed right at him, I wrote for him, he gets to say it all"

THE BAND

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

The Band (Capitol STAO 132)

It's home made, Robbie Robertson says, done in the house they rented in Hollywood last winter in which they fixed up a room with baffles and a projector for flicks and the recording equipment. Robbie was engineer for about 90% of the work and they really produced the album themselves. John Simon, aside from being odd man in for the horn section, became "that outside ear and outside opinion you could trust."

So it really is just the Band.

There are twelve tracks. Robbie wrote eight of the songs himself and collaborated on one with Levon Helm and on three with Richard Manuel. Richard Manuel sings lead on five of them, Levon sings lead on four, Rick Danko on three and there are numerous occasions when the lead voice is joined by another and sometimes two others. Robbie and Garth Hudson do not sing at all on the album, unless they are way in the background on some of the ensemble vocal bits.

The band doubles all over the place on various instruments. Richard Manuel, for instance, not only sings but plays piano, drums, baritone sax and mouth harp; Garth plays organ, clavinet (which he keeps on top of the organ), accordion, soprano, tenor and baritone sax and slide trumpet. Levon plays drums, mandolin and guitar; Rick Danko plays bass, violin and trombone and John Simon plays tuba (a fine effort, too, it is), baritone and pack horn, and Robbie plays guitar.

About the only way I can go about discussing the content of the album is to use as an illustration a view of Mt. Tamalpais on the Pacific Coast shore line above San Francisco. The western part of that mountain runs right down to the sea and the more you look at it, the more you see. Week in, week out, month by month, hour by hour even, nature conducts a change which rings through the twelve months and the four seasons, and there is the change in daylight when the

sun shifts and the shadows bring out silhouettes and crevices in the rocks and accentuate the gullies and the draws and at night when there's moonlight, it is a different mountain altogether.

The album is like that. It is full of sleepers, diamonds that begin to glow at different times. As with the Beatles and Dylan and the Stones and Crosby-Stills and Nash, the album seems to change shape as you continue to play it. The emphasis shifts from song to song and songs prominent in the early listening will retreat and be replaced in your consciousness by others, only in later hearings to move to the fore again. Little things pop up unexpectedly after numerous listenings and the whole thing serves as a definition of what Gide meant by the necessity of art having density.

Take "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," a Civil War song sung by Levon ("I aimed it right at him, I wrote it for him, he gets to say it all," Robbie says). It is the story of a Rebel soldier who served on the Danville and Richmond railroad which supplied Richmond during the war and which was cut several times by Gen. George Stoneman's Union Cavalry. Virgil Kane is the soldier's name and the song builds a story of the winter after Appomattox, lean and sparse like a Hemingway short story.

Nothing that I have read, from Bruce Catton to Douglas Southall Freeman, from Fletcher Pratt to Lloyd Lewis, has brought home to me the overwhelming human sense of history that this song does. The only thing I can relate it to at all is the *Red Badge of Courage*. It is a remarkable song, the rhythmic structure, the voice of Levon and the bass line with the drum accents and then the heavy close harmony of Levon, Rick and Richard Manuel in the theme, make it seem impossible that this isn't some oral tradition material handed down from father to son straight from that winter of '65 to today. It has the ring of truth and the whole aura of authenticity. Yet after

playing the album a dozen times, I began to feel that "Dixie" was an obvious song, the superficial standout number on the album and I acquired other favorites. But I kept coming back and coming back until now I am prepared to say that, depending on one's mood, these songs stand, each on its own, as equal sides of a twelve-faceted gem, the whole of which is geometrically greater than the sum of the parts.

Just as "Dixie" evokes history, "Up On Cripple Creek" throws images of trucks and trailers rolling down the great inland highways, putting the Danville and Richmond Railroad, as well as many others, out of business. "Up On Cripple Creek" is a modern song, its rhetoric is the rhetoric of today and even the line "When I get off of this mountain, 'y'know where I'm gonna go, straight down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico" (on Highway 61 from Minneapolis to New Orleans, paralleling Ole Miss?), which is, as a friend remarked, surely the oldest line in American folk history, does not date it. "Cripple Creek" is the story of a trucker and the gal he has stashed away in Lake Charles, "a drunkard's dream if I ever did see one." It is a salty, sexy, earthy (rather than funky) ballad and it is Levon who sings it with a little help from his friends Rick and Richard. (Levon's chuckle towards the end is surely the nastiest, dirtiest, vilest sexual snort in the history of the phonograph record). And again the rhythmic tension created between the interplay of the bass and drums and the line of the voice sets up a tremendously moving pulse. It vies with "Dixie" as the song that hooks you first and like the former it fades and then returns to fade and return again.

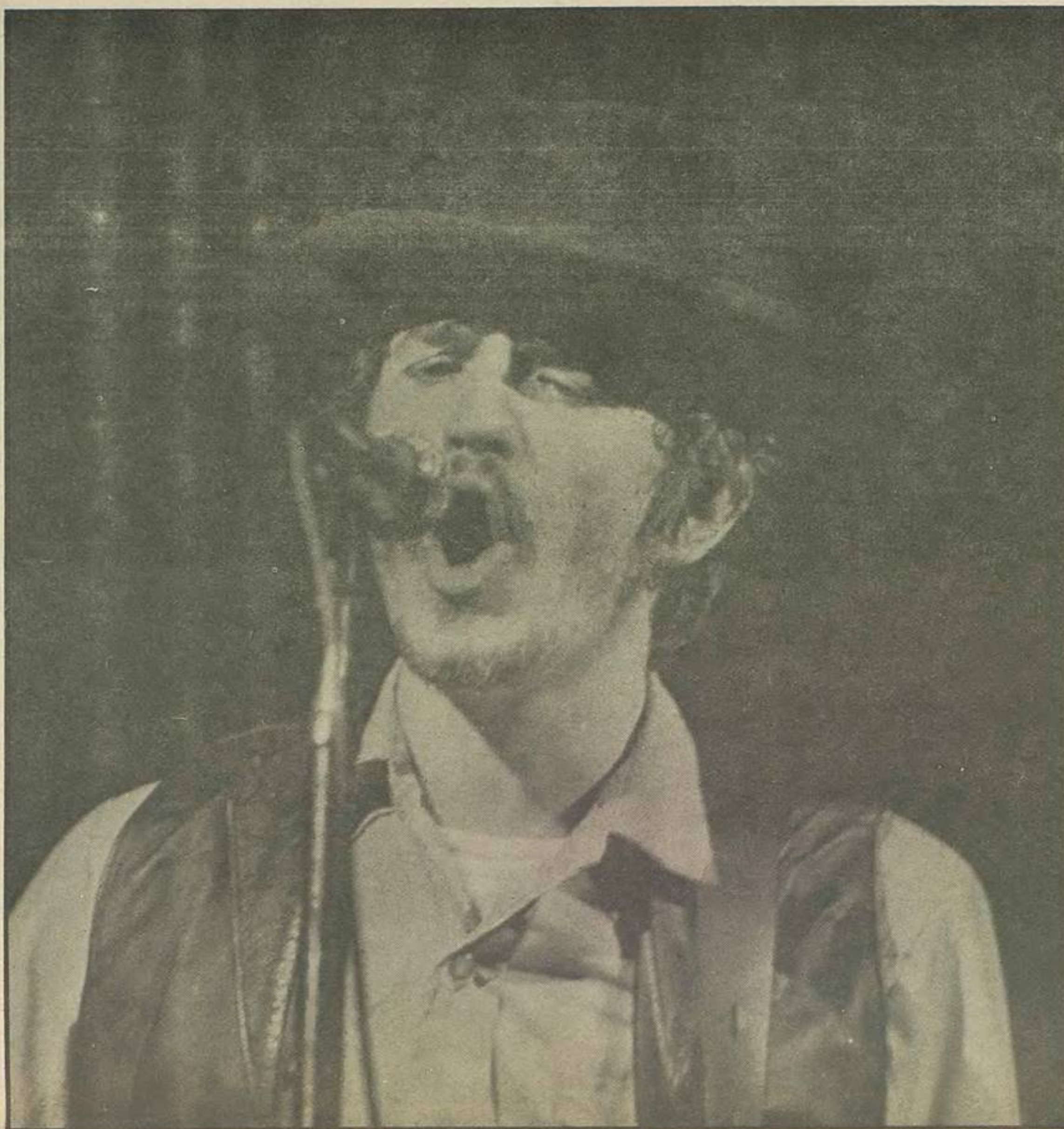
I hear these songs as a sound track to James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, to the real documentary of the American truth. They are sparse songs with never a superfluous note or an unnecessary syllable. And yet the sparseness, like a Picasso line, is so right that it implies everything needed. Lean and dusty, perhaps, like Henry Fonda walking down the road at the beginning of *Grapes of Wrath*, it says volumes in a phrase ("me and my mate, we were at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box. I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk") and though the device is folkish

the images are contemporary ("I'll bring over my Fender and I'll play all night for you" in "Jemima Surrender," a racy love song).

There is, paradoxically, no paradox at all in the electrical band giving forth the simple philosophy of country living backed by the sounds of Fender bass and electric guitar (there hasn't been really since TVA). Robbie's wah-wah pedal makes a human sound and the snarl of his guitar string twisting through the amplifier is the triumph of the man over the machine. That they could produce this contemporary marvel in the basement, home cookin', so to speak, is in itself a triumph of man over the increasing complexities of the electronic studio and its 60 hours of recording, twelve track machines and God knows how much overdubbing. The simple way, with only as much overdubbing as is needed to allow Garth to play organ and then dub on a horn track, turns out in the end to be more effective (and greater art) than the electronic marvels.

With their flashing images of the American continental landscape, Canadians though they are, they speak for the continent in "King Harvest Has Surely Come." They could have called the album *America*, Robbie says, and after you play it a few times you know what he means. We live in these cities and we forget that there is more than 3000 miles between New York and the smog of Los Angeles and those 3000 miles are deeply rooted to another world in another time and with another set of values. "King Harvest" takes us there.

The hymn-like quality of the voicings, the use of counterpoint and contrapuntal rhythms by the singers, the weaving of the voices in and out into a pattern that grows each time you hear it, are the things that make the sound of this music so compelling. In "King Harvest," as in other songs, individual sections with contrasting timbres, moods, rhythms and sounds are juxtaposed to make a totality that is so open it can cover whatever you feel. The sense of doom, almost Biblical in its prophetic warning, of "Look Out, Cleveland" is unique in contemporary popular song, so far removed from the obvious morbidity of some of the songs of past years as to be an adult to their child. (This music, of course, is mature,



Rick Danko: Country living backed by Fender bass

made by men who know who they are and what they want to do. Its appeal to the teenybopper Top 40 audience seems, on the evidence, to be limited.)

In a way, it seems to me that the use of the drums in this band typifies how their music is constructed. The drums are not used solely to keep time nor solely to underscore a line or emphasize a rhythm. Rather the drums are used as sound, as punctuation, as the spine for the whole skeleton of the song. Levon uses wooden drums and tunes the bass so that it gets a crunchy, not a zappy sound, as Robbie explains it, which is like a punch in the stomach. You hear the drums if you listen for them, but, like the bass, you feel them all the time. That is how the music is made, out of the flesh and blood of human beings and part of their flesh and blood and its humanity sings to you, music that you feel you know. It has the sound of familiarity in every new line because it is ringing changes on the basic truths of life, you have been there before, and like the truths of life itself, it nourishes you. As the old pitchman used to say, "it's good for what ails you and it gives you what you haven't got."

by Atlantic over here), but this album is the answer. True, it has some stuff that is on the *Bus* album, but the intrepid Who collector will never let that stand in his way, because the rest of the cuts on this collection make it invaluable.

Side One has "Bucket T," "Pictures of Lily," "Doctor, Doctor," and "I Can See For Miles," which are familiar enough to Stateside audiences. It also has "Substitute," that controversial song that everybody's heard about even if they haven't heard it, and "I'm a Boy." This last song is one of the Who's greatest neglected numbers, released here as a single shortly before "Happy Jack." According to Townshend, the song takes place shortly after World War III, when mothers can determine the sex of an unborn child by taking girl pills or boy pills. The mother of the song's protagonist has ordered four girls, and wound up with three girls and a boy. It is one of Townshend's best songs about kids ("I wanna play cricket on the green/Ride my bike across the street/Cut myself and see my blood/I wanna come home all covered in mud") as well as being one of the band's best performances.

Side Two has three songs familiar to American listeners—"Happy Jack," "Call Me Lightning," and "Mary Anne with the Shaky Hands." It also has the famous Who version of "The Last Time," recorded hours after the Stones' first bust, and rush-released a day later. It's not the Who at their best, but it is full of fire and vitriol and certainly conveys the spirit in which it was made. "In the City" is a Keith Moon ditty about simple urban teen-age pleasures like "gurls" (he says it just like the Beach Boys), dancing all night, and super-stock racing, all delivered with an appropriate degree of reverence.

But the finest thing on the album is the last song, "Dogs." It is understandable that this was never released here, because it is so thoroughly British in tone. "Dogs" deals with a romance between a kennel-maid at the greyhound races and one of the regular customers. Finding a mate with whom he can share his one abiding passion in life is truly the greatest thing ever to happen to this

man, and he sings "There was nothing in my life bigger than beer/'Ceptin' you, little darlin'." The production on this cut gives it an epic sound, sort of like the climactic point of an Italian opera, and the tone, while satirical, shows more than a little compassion and doesn't presume to make a judgment—something that the Kinks have been doing to perfection for a long time. At the end there is some dialogue ("Where's me wage packet? I'll put twenty-five nick apiece on Gallop Winter. Ooooh, if the wife could see me now. Yes, yes, sure to win, isn't it . . . Lovely form, lovely buttocks") that puts the perfect final touch on song and album alike.

EDMUND O. WARD



Thunderclap

"Curly," the Move (A&M 1119)
"Something in the Air," Thunderclap Newman (Track #2656)

My fellow devotees of what is frequently referred to as rock and roll's

English sound should, on finishing this sentence, rush out willy-nilly in excited pursuit of two wonderful recent imports from the British charts, the Move's "Curly" and Thunderclap Newman's "Something in the Air," both of which guarantee a splendid time for all.

The Move, who have been noted in Europe at various times for their Al Capone dress and demeanor, their performance-closing destruction of television sets and automobiles, and their unauthorized use of a likeness of Prime Minister H. Wilson in what was legally determined to be a bawdy advertisement for a 1967 single, could scarcely be more obscure in America.

Take note: they are as strong a group vocally as can be found, reportedly as thrilling as the Who in performance, and their songwriter, lead guitarist Roy Wood, writes usually clever, super-commercial, and mostly fun songs, among them such mindbursts as "Flowers in the Rain," "Fire Brigade," and last year's "Blackberry Way." Which is not even to mention that they do absolutely wonderful things with such diverse oldies as Eddie Cochran's "Weekend" and Tin Pan Alley's "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart."

But on to "Curly," the first of their recordings to be given anything even vaguely resembling a push in this country (A&M, after sitting on their first album so long that it became unfeasible as an American release, has apparently glimpsed the light, at long last).

Reportedly written in tribute to singer Carl Wayne's pet pig of the same name, "Curly" is extremely simple and catchy, ultra-commercial, unabashedly teenage rock and roll; as such, it is neither more nor less than incredible fun. What makes the song is Wayne's weird foppish Birmingham tenor, which comes at you through a variety of filters and in the funniest Irish accent you've ever heard during the choruses, and a chirpy little recorder that's constantly dancing around his voice and giving the whole number a carnivalish feel.

The story is simplicity embodied: Curly, the only son (de-dum/de-dum/de-dum) of a practical man named Mr. McCann, discovers the world in a wonderful girl (though he plays with more than one) who ends up making a fool of him by running off, perhaps to Liverpool.

The Thunderclap single is, to my mind, not nearly so easily gotten into as is "Curly," but, once dug, proves fully as great a gas. My initial reaction to "Something in the Air" was to be mildly charmed (P. Townshend, who produced it, is, after all, my idol) and more than a little skeptical. I mean, most of it came across as quietly exploitative teenybopper nonsense: "We have got to get it together," this silly adolescent falsetto seemed to nasalize *ad nauseam*, and the record seemed to be going in too many directions at once, with a funny-awkward piano passage here, lush movie-soundtrack orchestration there, heavy drums and a feedbacky guitar line somewhere else.

Happily, it all begins to make sense after a few listenings, and, as a decidedly teenage expression of the desire to revolt, starts to come across as an unqualified delight. I've begun to find that wonderfully freakish lead voice (which belongs to drummer Speedy Keene, who wrote the song as well) telling me and us to get it together because the revolution's here endlessly charming in its pimply earnestness. And Thunderclap's bizarrely honky-tonk piano, backed by very quiet strings, has so little to do with the rest of the song that one can't help but dig it, can one?

Simply, "Something in the Air" knocks me out, as does its flip, the Newman-Himself-composed "Wilhelmina," a polka-based drinking song in which T. Clap proves to have marvelously clumsy Ringo Starrish voice and sense of humour.

Thunderclap Newman, by the way, is the professional name of a portly former postman with a goatee who looks about forty-three and is really something between twenty-six and thirty-five (depending upon which English trade-paper account you choose to believe). Word has it that he was quite skeptical about becoming a pop idol under Townshend's supervision because it would mean becoming ineligible for his postman's pension.

At that rate he'll be a rock and roll legend in no time at all.

JOHN MENDELSON



Direct Hits, The Who (Track 613006)

So you like the Who, huh, and you've been looking for a concise collection of some of their best tracks, and you bought *Magic Bus* and got disappointed? Well, it may take you some searching to find it (Track is a British label distributed

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EXCELLENT GUITARIST with acoustic axe wanted. Mainly back-up for singer/guitarist. Prefer much-exp'd. cat for club work. Will—564-8154, SF.

AFRICAN THUMB pianists wanted to play with. Interested in all African music. 647-1536, SF.

HARP PLAYER, some vocals, seeks blues band, mellow & tight. Dig Little Walter, Sonny Boy, Butterfield, etc. Keith Parks—387-2321, 1650 Page, SF.

DRUMMER, 25, exp'd., available. I'll jam with anyone for fun, but need to join a working band. Ted—621-4359, SF.

DRUMMER NEEDED. We play mainly for yuks, plus some small money gigs. Country/Rock. Mike — 533-0897 before 7:30 p.m., Oakland.

SWEET LINDA Divine, minus Linda, looking for exp'd. versatile, R & B vocalist. Must know music—453-6498 or 755-5375.

KEYBOARDMAN / RHYTHM guitarist wanted to complete serious rock group. We supply equip. — 681-4117; 664-6294; 843-1843; 4315 Lincoln Way, SF.

EXP'D EQUIPPED lead guitarist & pianist sought.—135 Castle Hill Ranch Road, Walnut Creek.

BASS & DRUMMER needed for eclectic new group. Must be together, excellent musician, & have beautiful head. Terry Riley—843-6486, Berkeley.

FEMALE DRUMMER, exp'd., looking for group to join or form. Either sex. Varied musical tastes. JoAnn—771-4614, SF.

TIRED OF fucking around & getting stoned all the time? Good lead guitarist, blues oriented, seeks sensitive, serious, tasteful musicians. 4 yrs. exp., Gibson & Marshall equip. Eric—387-2321, SF.

ROCK 'N' BLUES band wants singers, 16-20 & manager with connections for gigs. Jack—387-1722 or Rick—386-8921, SF.

HEAVY DRUMMER needed, 4 piece blues/rock/jazz group. Hip & no hang-ups. Chuck—647-2490, SF; John—755-4113, SF; Chris—379-7017, San Jose.

CHRISTOPHER KENNETH—Peace and love. Please write or call Eve.

LOS ANGELES AREA

RHYTHM GUITARIST / vocalist needed. We're into 3-part harmony & our own mat.; dig Crosby, et al. & Beatles. We're not foolin' around. Howard—475-1087 or 340-3838, LA.

SEEKING TWO musicians—370-8037, LA.

WANTED: VIOLINISTS, cellists to back-up recording folk/rock duo. Must read music. Richard—656-4298, Hollywood.

DRUMMER WANTED for working soul/blues group. Must travel.—428-6674, 381-W. 15th, San Pedro.

NEEDED: GIRL, 18-22, organ/keyboard, writer, singer & wants to form magic link to all-girl recording group. Wild Honey—656-6796, LA.

OTHER CALIFORNIA

CREATIVE JAZZ musicians interested in Glowing the New True Blue Jazz Gospel According to Mojo Tiller—823-9151, 307 Tilton Rd., Sebastopol.

DRUMMER, 21, looking for serious, good musicians. 13 yrs. exp. Available anytime, anywhere. Larry — 263-0289, San Jose.

WANTED: USED Guild 12-string J312, don't care about finish, just no cracks or bowed neck. Ken Denton—500 Mari-gold, Corona del Mar.

KEYBOARD/SINGER & guitarist/singer wanted by recording & gigging band. Should have exp. & versatility—747-0355, La Honda.

LEAD GUITARIST, composer, arranger, 8 yrs. exp. on Gibson axe, seeks work with English or Dutch "together" band. Want work badly. Mike Parker—336-6042, 739 Tamar, La Puente.

GUITARIST, 25 & union, wide exp.; fanatical about tightness, timing & hard work. Desires creative group with Hammond B-3, C-3, or M-3, bass & drums. Dennis Fullerton—494-9814 (collect person-to-person), PO Box 231, Laguna Beach.

NEW YORK CITY AREA

BASSIST & DRUMMER wanted for blues/jazz group together 1 yr. Must have good equip. & transp.; no children. (914) 337-4409 or 656-3799, NYC.

GOOD SONGWRITER/singer seeks band/group. Not hung up. Leave message for Conrad after 5:30—774-7906, NYC.

ORGANIST WANTED (console a must), for est. rock group, 19 & over, draft-free & no hang-ups. Tony after 4:30 PM—FO 7-2066, NYC.

FEMALE SINGER, 18, blues/heavy rock; knowledge of bongos & tambourine. Dependable. Carol Davis—JA 9-2564 after 6 PM, Queens.

VERSATILE LEAD guitarist & drummer needed to complete group. Don—857-2719, NYC.

MUSICAL ROCK score wanted for recently completed independent feature on contemporary college students. Green City Films—309 W 97, NYC 10025.

MUSIC AS a lifestyle management/production/publishing co. getting together & wants to listen to new artists. Fast yes/no; no hype. Write Stonehedge Prod.—39 Hillside, Atlantic Highlands, N.J. 07716.

OTHER EAST COAST

RHYTHM SECTION wants elec. guitar & sax who are looking for direction within jazz/rock/blues. Carl—331-6040 after 6 PM, Kingston, Woodstock, NY.

ORGANIST, 6 yrs. exp., own equip., composes & can double on guitar & bass. Looking for serious group intent on making it. Dig Traffic, Auger, Jethro Tull, etc. Dave Bickman—254-9268, 99 Lake Shore Rd., Brighton, Mass.

BASSIST/EX-WOODY'S Truck Stop, seeks well-established group with orig. material. Ron Bogdon—RA 2-3641, 6600 Lynford St., Phila.

BASSIST, 4 yrs. exp. looking for serious blues band with gigs set up & place to rehearse. John — 478-3252 evenings, Queens.

EXPERIENCED RURAL blues harp player wants gig with working blues band in New England area. No draft hang-ups. Write for tape. Doc—229 Fayette St., No. 6, Lowell, Mass.

3 MUSIC FREAKS need support. Want bassist, drummer & lead guitarist for Blind Faith/Grateful Dead type thing. All orig. mat. Must own equip. Also, need manager willing to invest money. Joe—676-3944, Orange, N.J.

BASSIST & DRUMMER with exp., good heads & good equip., looking for serious band. Libra & Gemini. Gene—LI 9-7590 after noon, Phila.

ELSEWHERE

BASSIST & LEAD guitarist would like to join/jam with/start blues/hard rock group. Dig Ten Years After, early Clapton & Yardbirds. Pete Foss—949-3583, 2125 McKinley St., Honolulu.

EXP'D LEAD & bass players, very serious, want far-out heavy rock or blues group. Lots of equip.; will travel. Gary Brown—715-11 Ave No., So. St. Paul, Minn.

GUITARIST & DRUMMER, both exp'd., seeking bassist, guitarist, etc. for jazz/rock. Michael—PO Box 51, Burton, Wash.

ALL MUSIC News in the upper midwest is in "Connie's Insider." We're an exciting pop market. Subscriptions \$5/yr. Published bi-weekly.—PO BOX 9602, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.

Woke Up This Morning Feeling

faintly through memory
i know about soon,
and time,
the way i will be moving out
again. i have dragged
my door around on my back
demanding of everyone
please, produce the proper key.
or else man
you can do me
nothing. Joannie ah maybe
she's asleep on my bed
and i prided myself
that i know all about walls
the lady needs

(so badly cant you see)
a change of scene.
if then well sometimes
this mind so far away
cant hear,
still

(because
when i know i know that
the music is all there
and the magic musicians
and me,

we just channel the flow)
this path is singing my feet
to dance, baby.

—Robert Sundstrom

CENSORED

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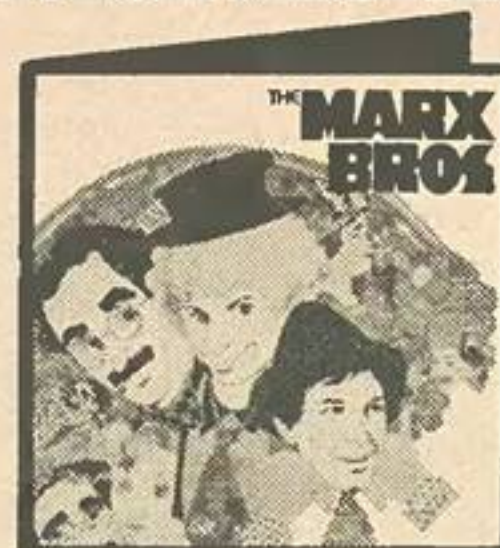
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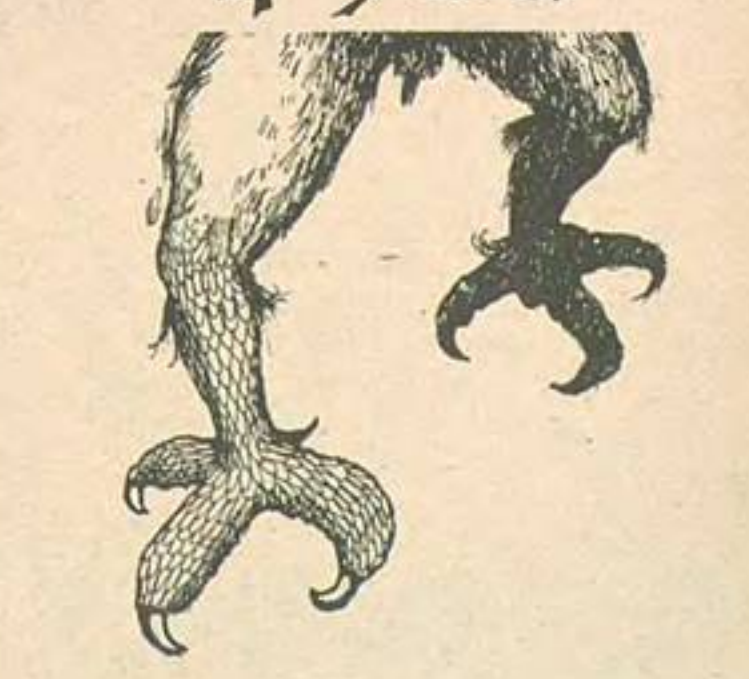
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if YOU



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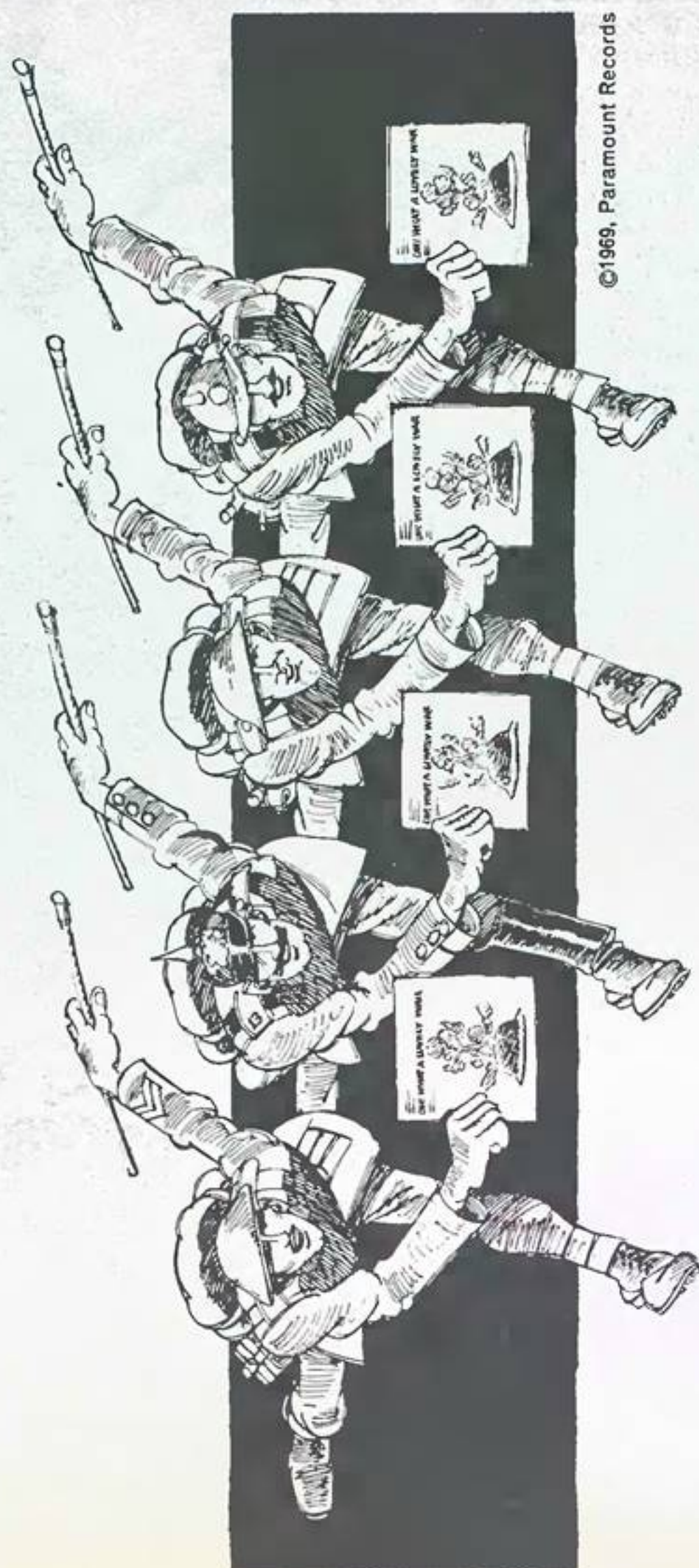
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Deadline: Oct. 15, 1969

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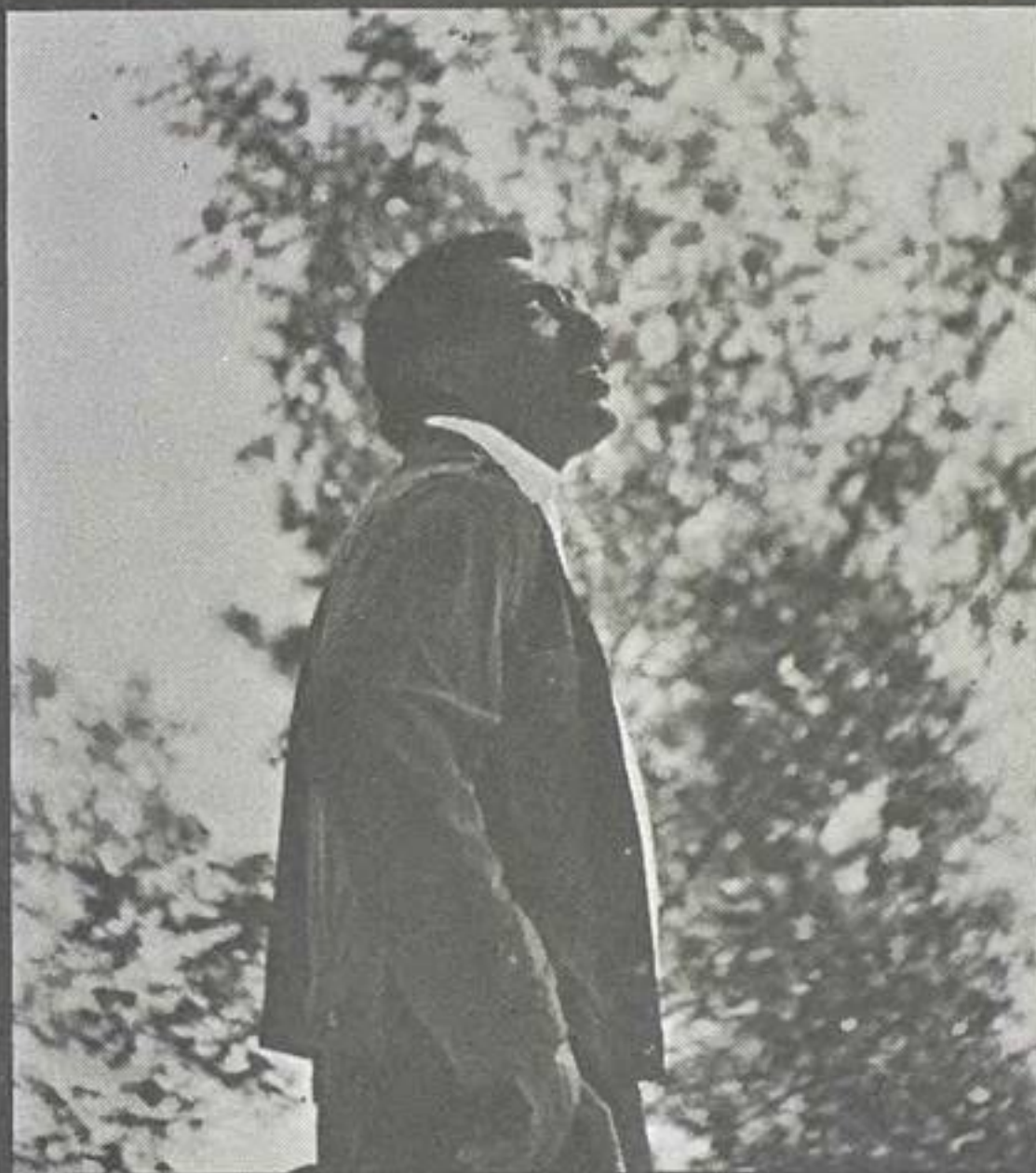
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